Men of the Covenant

Alexander Smellie

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LADY GRISSEL BAILLIE.

After the Portrait at Mellerstain.

Men of the Covenant

BY

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WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY
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MEN OF THE COVENANT

CHAPTER XIX.

A MAY DAY ON MAGUS MOOR.

JAMES SHARP has fallen for some time out of our story. But through all the twelve years of Lauderdale's administration he had been fighting busily his evil fight. The statesman, determined to suffer no plotters against his individual ascendancy, had humbled the Prelate's pride when he began his own reign. Sharp's submission was abject. With some verbal protests, for the sake of shielding himself among his episcopal brethren, he even helped Lauderdale to pass the Act of Supremacy, by which "the clogs laid upon the King were knocked off," and His Majesty was endowed with absolute control over all ecclesiastical persons and meetings and matters. "Four lines in the Act," Sharp asserted at the outset, "were more comprehensive than a hundred and odd sheets of King Henry the Eighth"; yet, when the Commissioner and he "had a sound bout, and I dealt freely with him," all his scruples vanished into thin air, and he riveted the chains round the wrists and ankles of his Church. The Bishop of Ross would have fought for some small limitation of this all-embracing Royal prerogative; but his Grace of St.

Andrews "snapt him up, and said how foolish such a jealousie would be." He could always be relied on to second the plans of those who showed themselves possessed of sufficient power, and with whom it was hazardous for his comfort and prosperity to quarrel.

No doubt, they had perpetually to watch him, although they used his crafty diplomacy in their own interest. He was so apt to lift his head overweeningly. "St. Andrews brags mightily," the Earl of Kincardine wrote, in the July of 1671, "and even grows insolent. You know cajoling looseth him, and that he is never right but when he is keept under." But a little astute management would sober his arrogance, and would transmute him once more into a serviceable tool. Nobody detested the conventicles with such virulence, or meted out such punishment to the men and women who frequented them. "Most of all that were at these rendezvouses," one of the members of the Privy Council said, "catched violent colds, in so much as they may be tryed and found out by coughing." Some pity might have been extended to those for whom the road of the Cross was thus thorny and steep; but James Sharp had none. In the spring of 1679, a year after the Highlanders had left the west, he brought before his fellow-Councillors the draft of a new edict, more deadly even than those which had been formerly devised. It gave liberty to kill any man who went armed to or from a meeting in the fields. No trial was necessary. The meanest officer who wore the King's uniform might shoot the suspected person on the spot. This was the culmination of the Archbishop's endeavours to stifle the Presbyterianism which he had once professed. But, before it received the Sovereign's consent, his race was run, and he had met with terrible death.

Before now, there had been warnings given him of the burning hatred engendered by his presence. Back in 1668, James Mitchell, a man whose brain was touched with madness, had tried to assassinate him in the streets of Edinburgh. For six years the would-be murderer escaped ; but, at the end of that time, Sharp recognised him one day, and had him apprehended and led before the Privy Council. The Council, knowing that he was scarcely responsible for his actions, persuaded him to confess the crime under a solemn promise that his life should be spared. He was sent to the Bass Rock. But if the poor man reckoned himself safe from the scaffold because of the explicit stipulation made to him, he had not fathomed the unrighteousness of his judges. In 1678, ten winters after he fired his shot into the Primate's coach, he was haled before the Justiciary Court. It seems incredible, but it is true, that the Earl of Rothes, who was Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, Charles Maitland of Hatton, who was Lord Treasurer Depute, the Duke of Lauderdale, and the Archbishop of St. Andrews himself, one after another entered the witness-box, and swore that no promise of pardon had ever been given by the Privy Council. It did not matter that a copy was instantly produced by Mitchell's advocate ; mere copies of documents are without legal value, and the Council's register was itself deliberately withheld. Even Lauderdale had his dubieties and regrets about the iniquitous transaction, and would have been content to see the prisoner consigned again to the dungeon on the Bass. It was Sharp who showed no relenting. He meant that, at long length, the capital sentence should be inflicted ; and James Mitchell, in the mocking language of the day, was sent to "glorify God at the Grassmarket."

Sixteen months after his execution, the Archbishop was face to face with his own doom. Predictions of it, if some of the Covenanting writers may be credited, had gone to him in advance, awesome forerunners of the awesome event. John Welwood, whom God took in youth from the evil to come, preached one Sabbath at Boulter Hall, in the parish of Forgan, not far from St. Andrews. His text was that levelling word of St. Paul, *Not many wise, not many mighty, not many noble are called*; and he bade Christ's people who were in stations of distinction rejoice in the initial M.; for what had befallen them if the apostle had said, *Not any*? In the congregation he saw a lad wearing the Archbishop's livery, a servant from his Grace's palace. Calling him when the sermon was ended, he commanded him to carry a grievous message to his master. "Tell him from me that his wicked life is now near an end, and that his death shall be sudden, surprising, and bloody." The young man went home, and, being questioned in the evening where he had been, announced the preacher's augury of terror. His lord made sport of it. But James Sharp's wife, poor lady, was not disposed to be merry. "I hear," she said, "that these men's words are not vain words." And thus the premonitory shadows, harbingers of dread, had fallen across his path. Now Sharp was on the eve of starting from Edinburgh for London, that he might secure Charles's signature to his new law against the conventicles. First, however, he went northward to St. Andrews. It was Friday, the 2nd of May 1679. He rode in his carriage of state, drawn by six horses. With him was his eldest daughter, and he had an escort of four or five servants. Having crossed the Forth, he travelled as far as Kennoway, some twenty miles from his

destination, where he spent the night. On the morning of the 3rd, about nine o'clock, he left the house of his host, Captain Seatoun. Twelve miles on, he came to the manse of Ceres, where he "smoked a pipe with the Episcopal incumbent." Meantime he sent one of the servants with his salutations to Lord Crawford, whose mansion was near at hand.

We must leave him in Ceres for a few moments, that we may learn what has been transpiring at no great distance. On the Friday evening, thirteen men had met on one of the Fifeshire moors, to carry out a scheme which they had been discussing for some weeks. One of the thirteen was dismissed, the rest not being clear that they could admit him to their confidence. The twelve who remained were David Hackston, of Rathillet; John Balfour, of Kinloch, better known by the erroneous and mistaken designation of "Burley"; James Russel, in Kettle; George Fleming; two Hendersons, Andrew and Alexander; William Daniel; three Balfours, James, Alexander, and George; Thomas Ness; and Andrew Gillan, a handloom weaver, who had already suffered for his stubborn refusal to listen to the curates in Dundee, and who, four years after this memorable Maytime, was to be hanged at the Gallow-Lee. What was their scheme? It was to chastise William Carmichael, a drunken and insolvent magistrate, whom Sharp had appointed Sheriff-depute of Fife, and who had gleaned a harvest of obloquy by his brutal energy in putting into force the statutes against the Covenanters. It is not certain that they intended to kill Carmichael; probably they would be satisfied if they succeeded in frightening him from the district. That night, they went to Robert Black's in Baldinnie, who, being a prudent and wary man, had absented himself from his own homestead,

leaving his guests in possession. They slept in the barn, having first sent one of their number to try and discover Carmichael's whereabouts. He returned from Cupar, about seven o'clock on Saturday morning, with the information that the Sheriff, along with three or four friends, was to spend the day in hunting. At once they prepared themselves for the pursuit. But one mishap followed another. First, Rathillet's horse stumbled, and, when it had recovered its footing, took fright and fled ; and time was lost in recapturing the nervous animal. Then Russel, and one of the Hendersons, and Fleming, and George Balfour, catching sight of a rider not far off, and hoping that this was the man of whom they were in search, chased him for miles, only to find to their mortification that he was an innocuous laird of their own acquaintance. By and by, one of the band reported that he had seen Carmichael hastening to Cupar with all speed, some hint having reached him of the risks by which he was beset. "God," they began to conclude, "had remarkably kept them back, and him out of their hand." Wearied and chagrined, they gathered about midday at a part of the moor close to Ceres—all of them, except James and Alexander Balfour and Thomas Ness, who had turned their horses' heads homeward. Here they halted, and stood talking, before they said their farewells and separated on their various roads.

But, just then, a farm-boy from Baldinnie came running to them. He gave them the startling news that the Archbishop's carriage would pass in a few minutes. They were thunderstruck. They had planned the castigation of a subordinate ; could it be that God was surrendering to them the prime author of their troubles ? John Balfour said so in as many words—John Balfour, the Jehu of the Covenant,

"a little man, squint-eyed, and of a very fierce aspect," who had been invested with his nickname of "Burley" because in physical appearance he was "laigh and broad." And Russel, afterwards one of the most irreconcilable of the Hillmen, was equally convinced. "Having more than ordinary outlettings of the Spirit for a fortnight together at Leslie," he had felt it borne in upon him that the Lord would employ him in some piece of service, and that there would be some great man, who was an enemy to the Kirk of God, cut off; and he could not be quit of the thoughts of Nero, and asked "where he could find that Scripture, for he could not get it":—a somewhat nebulous revelation of the will of Heaven, one is tempted to think. But his comrades listened approvingly. They mounted their horses, and moved in the direction which the carriage must take. Again, for an instant, they paused, to select their commander. With one consent David Hackston was chosen—a man of fearlessness, of principle, of honour, of compassion too, although he was strictest of the strict. But he declined the responsibility. "The Lord is my witness," he said, "that I am willing to venture all I have for the cause of Christ; yet I dare not lead you on to this action. For there is a known private quarrel betwixt the Bishop and me, so that what I should do would be imputed to my personal revenge and would mar my testimony. But, as you are determined to go forward, I will not leave you." When Rathillet refused, "Burley" cried in loud tones, as he spurred on his horse, "Gentlemen, follow me!" He, at least, was without scruples, without questions, without visitations of regret.

The carriage had gained the rising ground of Magus Moor; and now, for the first time, its coachman saw

the men on horseback. Sharp himself saw them. "Drive! Drive!" he shouted, in an access of terror; for, whether he remembered John Welwood or no, ever since Mitchell's attack he had been dogged by fears of violent death. The carriage bounded on; but Russel, who was ahead of his companions, came up with it. Firing in at the window, he exclaimed, "Judas, be taken!" The others were but a few seconds behind. Some of them held the servants, and, severing the traces, let the horses go free. Then Russel went to the door. "Come out," they commanded; for they were anxious that Isabel Sharp should receive no harm. Again and again the old man refused; and Fleming and George Balfour shot at him seated within, and another of the group thrust at him with a sword. Strangely enough, amid such a throng of dangers, he was not wounded; but they believed him killed, and would have remounted and ridden off. But the prelate's distracted daughter was heard sobbing, "There's life yet." It was a sorrowful and fatal indiscretion. Once again the remorseless men, with the single exception of Rathillet, gathered round her father.

They found that he was "safe and whole." Kinloch told him their purpose—to slay him, not from personal malice, but because he had shed like water the blood of the saints. "Gentlemen, gentlemen, save my life!" he begged, still from within the carriage, "and I will see to the saving of yours." But the sole answer he had was the stern one that nothing could shake their resolution; for they were spokesmen and swordsmen of God that day. Then he offered them money. "Thy money perish with thee!" they retorted impatiently. As he continued to crouch within the shelter of the carriage, they fired again, and one of

THE TOWERS OF ST. ANDREWS.

them stabbed him. He was wounded now, but not mortally. Trembling, he came out at last. They urged him to devote his last moments to prayer ; but he would only pray to his assailants to have pity. Soon he caught sight of Hackston, "standing at a distance with his cloak about his mouth, all the time on horseback"—standing, "revolving his case of conscience" : a figure which fascinated Robert Louis Stevenson. He crept on hand and foot towards him. "Sir," he besought him, "you are a gentleman ; you will protect me." But Hackston, although he had his doubts, could not interfere. "I shall lay no hand upon you," was all that he said. Meanwhile the others, unable to induce their victim to pray, were growing tired. They fired simultaneously. Perhaps in their excitement they did not take proper aim ; for Sharp was still alive. Wild thoughts of sorcery seized them ; Satan, they fancied, had rendered his servant proof against their bullets ; nothing but cold steel would accomplish their end. Their swords were drawn, and he saw the blades gleam in the sun, and knew at length that his fate was sealed. He was not a brave man, although in such an hour of horror and anguish the very bravest might have quailed ; he abandoned himself to despair. His daughter, saddest of all the participants in the frightful scene, sprang desperately between her father and the avengers of blood. Hackston could not remain longer at a distance. Hurrying to his friends, he entreated them to "spare these grey hairs." But daughter and intercessor were both too late. The swords which deal death were plunged into the body of the man who, for twenty years, had striven with might and main to destroy the Church of Scotland. An examination afterwards showed a great gash over the left eye, many cuts on the back of the head, a

gun-shot wound near the collar-bone from Kinloch's "brazen blunderbus," the scar left by a dagger-thrust in the region of the kidneys, three gaping slits on the left hand and one on the right. The assassins had done their part with terrible zest, and there was a wound for every outlaw present. "They took nothing from him but his tobacco-box and Bible, and a few papers. With these they went to a barn near by. Upon the opening of his tobacco-box, a living humming-bee flew out. This either Rathillet or Balfour called his familiar; and, some in the company not understanding the term, they explained it to be a devil. In the box were a pair of pistoll-ball, parings of nails, some worsit or silk, and, some say, a paper with some characters, but that is uncertain." The odour of wizardry hung about the miserable Archbishop to the close. "Go!" James Russel said to the servants, when all was over, "go, take up your *priest!*"

History repeats itself. Three-and-twenty years later, in July 1702, a party of fifty men met in the wood of Altefage in south-eastern France, a score carrying fowling-pieces, the others armed with scythes and axes. They were Camisards, and their leaders were the Prophets, Pierre Séguier and Salomon Couderc and Abraham Mazel. After a harangue from Séguier, and a blessing in the name of the Lord of Hosts, they started their march, at sunset, through the forest and across the wastelands, to the little town of Pont-de-Montvert. It was where their arch-enemy, the Abbé du Chaila, had his home. They burst open his doors, and loosed their fellow-Huguenots lying in the cellars with stiff and swollen limbs, and fired the house. Du Chaila, twisting some sheets into a rope, attempted to escape to the garden; but, falling in the descent, he broke his thigh. He crept painfully to the concealment

of a hedge ; but the blaze disclosed him crouching in his thicket. " Ah, here thou art ! " Séguier cried, " the persecutor of the Enfants de Dieu. The Spirit wills that thou shouldst die." He dealt him the first blow ; and, afterwards, the others struck him one by one. " Take this for my father broken on the wheel," one said ; and a second, " And this for my brother sent to the galleys " ; and a third, " And this for my mother dead of a bleeding heart " ; and a fourth, a fifth, a sixth, " And these for our friends imprisoned, exiled, beggared." He received, the curé declared who buried him, " fifty-two wounds, twenty-four of which were mortal." And all that night the Camisards, on their knees beside the dead body, sang the psalms of Marot and Beza, the grim chant mingling with the sound of the flames and the rush of the torrents close by.

What judgment shall we pass on the tragedies of Pont-de-Montvert and Magus Moor ? Infamous as Du Chaila and James Sharp were, this must be our verdict, " The deeds were foully done." Sharp's character was despicable. His presence was a menace and a blight. But these facts do not excuse his murder. There are, of course, elements of extenuation. The act, unlike that of Séguier and Couderc and Mazel, was unpremeditated, committed by those who had come out to scare an inferior antagonist, and who had not a thought, when they started, of dealing with their chief enemy. It was condemned, soon and utterly, by the responsible leaders in the army of the Covenant. The captain of the band, moreover, that ferocious and iron-hearted John Balfour of Kinloch, was scarcely a religious man ; he was an enthusiast, whose enthusiasm darkened into the bigotry of the fanatic ; but he showed few signs of personal godliness, and, even before this sanguinary 3rd of May, he was kept back from sitting

down at the Sacramental Table: his was not a nature sensitive to the highest and holiest things. In Walter Smith's verses we hear him speak in his own tongue—

> I killed the Archbishop, while Hackston stood by,
> And he was as much in the deed as I;
> But, for they had a quarrel, his mind was not clear,
> Our nice punctilious cavalier!
> O, we must not sully the end we seek
> With a personal grudge or a private pique!
> So we stand aside, in the noonday sun,
> Like a stern old Roman, and see the deed done.
> Was he better than I, with my dirk to the hilt
> In the old man's heart, when his blood was spilt?
> He had scruples, forsooth—and the priest's head was grey—
> And he did not the deed, nor yet said it nay.
> Bah! give me a conscience that rules with a will,
> Or one that can hold its peace and be still;
> But neither the Lord nor the devil will care
> For your conscience that scruples and splits on a hair.

It is an accurate portrait of one whose co-operation was no blessing to the Covenanters, but a weakness and a reproach.

Yes, there are extenuations; but the old word is the right word: *Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is Mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.*

CHAPTER XX.

THE LORD ADVOCATE.

ARCHBISHOP SHARP had gone to his account. But the winds blew as unkindly, and the hail smote as bitingly, on the men and women who loved Kirk and Covenant. In the ranks of the Royalist party new figures come into prominence about this time; and the succession of persecutors was not yet exhausted. One of the keenest and most active of these opponents of Presbytery was Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, who stood second only to Sir George Lockhart among the lawyers of his day, and who in the summer of 1677 had been made King's Advocate.

He was a man versatile, cultured, and liberal in his ideas, beyond most of his contemporaries. His treatises fill two stately folios; and they are far from being concerned exclusively with codes and statutes, with pleadings and litigations and verdicts. He was author and stylist as well as barrister and politician. Sometimes we meet him in the singing-robes of the poet, and again in the teacher's gown as philosopher and moralist. Mr. Omond, the biographer of the Lord Advocates of Scotland, gives an account of his boyish romance of *Aretina,* published when he was five-and-twenty, and probably the earliest novel to be written north of the Tweed; and, if the story is bombastic in its diction and tame and tedious in its plot, it has

the interest which attaches to the performance of a pioneer, breaking in advance of his neighbours into territory hitherto untrodden. The youthful venture was followed quickly by literary work of a more serious kind. Two years after recounting the tale of the Egyptian princess, whose thoughts were the only stars by which her lover Philaretus could cast his horoscope, Mackenzie, in a book that he entitled *The Religious Stoic,* unfolded those principles of belief and action by which he desired to regulate his own conduct. They are tolerant and kindly principles, though he declared that he meant the volume to be an exposure of "the madcap zealots of this bigot age." Never was there a gentler Stoic. "My heart bleeds," he wrote, "when I consider how scaffolds were dyed with Christian blood, and fields covered with the carcases of murthered Christians." "It fares with heretics," he argued, "as with tops, which, how long they are scourged, keep foot and run pleasantly; but fall, how soon they are neglected and left to themselves." And on another page he inscribed a freedom-loving sentence which the author of the *Areopagitica* need not have disavowed: "Opinion, kept within its own proper bounds, is a pure act of the mind; and so it would appear that to punish the body for that which is a guilt of the soul is as unjust as to punish one relative for another." We can but marvel that a theorist, so frankly generous in sentiment, and apparently so sincere in his comprehensiveness and charity, should as he grew older have degenerated and hardened into the prejudiced and unrelenting partisan, whose professional violence was to contradict in almost every particular the nobler creed of the study; the end in this life-story was not better than the beginning. Sir George Mackenzie had his academic debate, too,

with John Evelyn — a debate which was singular enough. For, absorbed in affairs as he was, and entertaining no thought of abjuring his strenuous toils, he constituted himself the panegyrist of solitude and retirement; while his rival, always enamoured of the "havens dumb, out of the swing of the sea," came forward to laud the virtues of active citizenship and public service: each was depreciating and controverting his truer self. The Lord Advocate was historian, also, of the law of Scotland, and stout defender of the hoary antiquity of its regal line, adding one nebulous and imposing monarch to another, as Merlin conjured up roof by roof, tower after tower, spire beyond spire, to dignify the sacred mount of Camelot and all the dim rich city. If we could judge him by his books alone, we should think of Sir George Mackenzie as an erudite, reasonable, gracious and lenient man, who was likely to be as indubitable a peacemaker in the State as Robert Leighton had striven to prove himself in the Church.

Moreover, the Covenanters had a right to expect his friendship. In his first years at the bar, he threw much zeal into their defence. Again and again they counted themselves fortunate in having for their exponent and champion the brilliant nephew of the Earl of Seaforth, the rising hope of the Courts, who had received his training in jurisprudence not only in Aberdeen and St. Andrews, but in Bourges, the great Continental school of law. We have seen him already as one of the counsellors for the Marquis of Argyll. He did the work with a vigour and courage which filled those who listened to him with wonderment. "What is so desirable," he had asked in an essay on the advocate's calling, "as to be a sanctuary to such as are afflicted, and to pull the innocent from the claws of his accuser?"

—and this was the spirit in which he sought to shield the incriminated chieftain. It was his one regret, he affirmed, that his client should have a pleader so unripe both in years and in experience. Was the Marquis blamed for acquiescing in Cromwell's usurpation?—but few indeed were guiltless of that crime. It was an unavoidable fault, a weakness to which the strongest and stablest had succumbed, during those unhappy years of His Majesty's exile: "this only kept men from starving, and by it only could men preserve their ancient estates and satisfy their debts." The very Judges whom he addressed, and who had the life or the death of the prisoner in their gift, had complied with the Lord Protector's demands; and was it conceivable that they should punish in another an error into which they had fallen themselves? Not their duty merely, but their interest, might persuade them to acquit his Lordship of Argyll; for "who in this kingdom can sleep securely this night, if this noble person be condemned?" The vindication could scarcely have been more boldly uttered; and, when men shook their heads over its rashness and told him of the risk he was running, the young lawyer smiled that they should be so timorous, and gloried impenitently in what he had done. "It is impossible to speak for a traitor," he laughed, "without speaking treason." Or let us pass on for a few years. After the Pentland Rising, the King's Advocate of the day, Sir John Nisbet of Dirleton, "who, at a time when bad men were common, was one of the worst," determined that no one implicated in the ill-starred movement should escape the sorest penalties the law could inflict. It was not sufficient, he thought, to send to the scaffold those who had been captured by the Royalist troops and who appeared for trial. He went much farther. He

SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE.

After the Portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller, in the Parliament House, Edinburgh.

moved that certain other delinquents, who had played their part in the fight on Rullion Green, but who had not yet been caught by Dalzell's soldiery, should be tried in their absence and, with no opportunity to say a word in their defence, should be sentenced to death. It was a new procedure ; there had been no instance of its adoption in the Scottish Courts before ; and the judges hesitated. But Nisbet, appealing to Roman law, to the reason of the thing itself, to the practice of Parliament, and to the analogy found in those investigations into the conduct of a rebel which had followed the actual endurance of the death-penalty, browbeat the occupants of the bench into agreement with his proposal. Yet, though he had his way, the popular voice was raised loudly against him ; and Sir George Mackenzie coincided with the people. He distrusted, he said, this excessive increase in the powers of the public prosecutor. The innovation, he was sure, carried concealed in it the seeds and possibilities of grave danger ; and, had it been reckoned safe for the representatives of the Crown to possess these huge prerogatives, they would have been dowered with them long ago. " Let us not make snares in place of laws," he exclaimed ; " and whilst we study to punish such as are traitors, let us not hazard the innocence of such as are loyal subjects." Again he had come to the help of the Covenanters in their season of stress and suffering.

It must be set down to his praise, also, that, in the enunciation of his personal convictions, he had not been afraid to encounter the suspicion and enmity of those who stood highest in the Councils of King Charles. As member for Ross-shire in the Scottish Parliament, he was more than once a troublesome thorn in the side of the Duke of Lauderdale. In October 1669, the dictator wished the House to adopt a resolution in favour

of the Union of the Kingdoms—perhaps the solitary ambition cherished by Oliver Cromwell to which his successors had served themselves heirs. There and then, being no friend at any time to a Fabian policy, he would have forced the matter through to its conclusion. But Sir George Mackenzie intervened. He bade his fellow-legislators pause. If they were to approve a project of such far-reaching importance, he advised them to give it first the calmest and most dispassionate consideration : " What is got cheaply is little valued, and in these affairs wherein we can do but once we should deliberate long." The scheme ultimately fell to the ground ; and the antagonism of the member for Ross-shire was one of the main reasons for its dismissal from current politics. That is but an illustration of a refusal repeated on various occasions ; Mackenzie was not prepared to surrender to Lauderdale the unfettered and arrogant autocracy which the Secretary of State coveted. At last, the King's minister became so angry at the inconvenient and persevering criticism, that with an oath he vowed he would " remove that factious young man from Parliament." But Sir Archibald Primrose, whose diplomacy made many rough places smooth, contrived to pacify the indignant consul, and a truce was declared between the disputants. It raises Sir George in our esteem that, in those years when Lauderdale's nod was as fateful as a Moorish sultan's, and when brave men were dumb for fear of offending the tyrant, he kept his private judgment clear, and continued to steer right onward in the course which he had marked out for himself.

So, if here and there, the adherents of the Covenant ventured to predict a more peaceful era when he received the reins of power, they could adduce reasons in support of their anticipation. For a long time the Lord

Advocates had chastised them with scorpions. The older men and women could recall the Saturnian reign of Sir Thomas Hope, as great a statesman as he was a lawyer, who had always rendered to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, but who had been an ardent lover of Presbytery and a convinced opponent of every one that interfered unrighteously with its simplicities and sanctities. But Hope had been dead for one-and-thirty years ; and since the Restoration the office, to which his character and endowments lent so notable a lustre, had been filled by men entirely different in disposition and aim. Sir John Fletcher, the Earl of Middleton's friend, was as rude in speech and as devoid of mildness and conciliation as his superior ; and he surpassed him in shameless greed. His unconscionable rapacity led in the end to his downfall ; for it reached such lengths that the Privy Council in Edinburgh and the Government in London—neither of them a tribunal disposed to exact any stringent and taintless morality from its agents—having expostulated with him in vain, were driven to denude him of his title. Sir John Nisbet, who succeeded, was not a whit better. Kirkton insists, indeed, that he was worse. He portrays him as a man of " more dangerous temper ; for money might sometimes have hired Fletcher to spare blood, but Nisbet was always so sore afraid of losing his own great estate, he could never be officious enough to serve his cruel masters." It was in connection with his regime that the laws against conventicles were enacted, that the Court of High Commission was set up, and that the poor refugees from the rout at Pentland were hunted to their doom. Well might Lord Fountainhall quote of Nisbet's unwearying misdeeds the significant and scathing Latin hexameter,

Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo.

But, in 1677, he, too, was forced to resign ; and " it does not appear," says a modern writer, " that, in the course of his public career, he ever did one deed which lightens the darkness of his mercenary and servile life." When Sir George Mackenzie stepped into the vacant place, onlookers, remembering the new Advocate's past, and supposing that the tireless ingenuity of his predecessors in abusing their opportunities and degrading their office could not be rivalled by another, may have indulged the hope that now the " old shapes of foul disease " were gone, and that a larger heart and a kindlier hand had come to govern Scotland in their room.

But these visions were speedily and roughly shattered. The Lord Advocate was not the George Mackenzie of former years, who had befriended the Whigs in their extremity, and had striven to shield the liberties of the people from despotic infringement. His face was turned in the opposite direction. In the heyday of his success he revealed himself as a thorough-going Episcopalian and King's-man, to whom the Covenant and its allies were nothing else than anathema. The biography of a curious and fitful wandering scholar of the nineteenth century delineates its subject as discarding, in his later life, every one of the friendships of his youth. His comrades, as one of them expressed it, were more than mortal, when he gave himself to them at first ; he painted them in the beautiful colours of fancy, and worshipped them. But he had not only the poet's temperament : he had the insight of a man of science. He came soon to understand that his idols had feet of clay ; and then he flamed into indignation against them for having, as he thought, deceived him. It was an extravagant idealism, which robbed himself of desirable wealth, and which was both ungenerous and

unjust in its strictures on his companions. Sir George Mackenzie was no idealist of this supersensitive kind. It was not because the associates of his opening manhood had disappointed his requirements, and fallen short of the too lofty standard to which he would have had them aspire, that he forsook them and passed over to the side of their adversaries. The motives that prompted him were, as Mr. Omond shows, less austere and rigorous. One was his lifelong jealousy of Sir George Lockhart, a more accomplished lawyer if not a cleverer man, whom he had a chance now of outstripping in the race for preferment and influence. And the other was that, at length, he was discovering his own true sentiments. A quarrel that had recently set the Scottish bar in sharp conflict against the corrupt bench, and, as a consequence, against the King whose creatures the unworthy and venal judges were, had helped him to realise that he was much more of a Royalist than he had dreamed. At the outset of the duel he was, heart and soul, with his brother-advocates ; but as it went forward—for it was prolonged through more than two years—he gradually lost faith in their cause, and so complete the revolution became that, employing all his skill in argument, he persuaded them to abandon it also. He told them that they were martyrs by mistake ; that "it was no dishonour to submit to their Prince" ; and that "all such tumults tended to sedition, and sedition to war." It was the commencement of another epoch in Mackenzie's life—an epoch less attractive, less hospitable and free-hearted, more arbitrary and truculent. He who had been accustomed to plead for popular rights was henceforward to be an aristocrat to his finger-tips, an upholder than whom none was more immoderate of the absolutism of the Stuart kings. "No Advocate," he boasted towards

he close of his career, "has ever screwed the prerog ve higher than I have. I deserve to have my statue ced riding behind Charles the Second in the Parliament Close." He ceased to give the soldiers of the Church any countenance; he pursued them with a logic, a satire, a ridicule, an oratory, which were consistent in the antipathy they disclosed; he became the "Bluidy Mackenzie," whose imposing tomb may be visited in the Greyfriars, and over whom, as he lay low and silent under its adornments, the Edinburgh schoolboys gloried in a triumphant jingle:

> Bluidy Mackenzie, come out if ye daur;
> Lift the sneck, and draw the bar!

His term of office has its own assured title to an honourable remembrance; for it was during its continuance, and at his express instigation, that the Advocates' Library was founded. But its brand-mark of disgrace is more incontrovertible than its wreath of fame. It was crowded with the pains and wrongs which he visited on the Covenanters. During the nine years when he was at the helm of affairs, there was hardly a prosecution, of nonconforming nobleman or westland farmer or humble servant-girl, in which he was not active. He had "a violent temper, an insolent manner, a cutting tongue"; the prisoners had meagre chance of escape, when he examined them and then bade the judges do their duty. "That excommunicate tyrant, George Mackenzie, the Advocate," Marion Harvie was to call him tersely and fiercely in her Testimony from "the women-house on the East side" of the Tolbooth-prison in the High Street; and there was too much justification for the immitigable words. At times the scenes in his Court-room were frightful; as when Alexander Gordon, the Bull of Earlston, was led in, and went raving mad on seeing the pitiless looks of

his judges and the instruments of torture which the King's Advocate had provided for him ; or when a poor working-man, his strength spent by his privations on the hills and moors, was ordered by his ruthless inquisitor to the Boots, and was saved from the agony simply because the surgeon found his legs so weak that a single blow of the hammer would have broken them beyond possibility of cure. It is among the strangest paradoxes of history that the author of *The Religious Stoic,* with the homage which it pays to the quality of mercy, should have lived to practise those iniquities ; we compare him in our minds with Maximilien Robespierre, "nearly weeping" for one slain innocent in the September Massacre, and yet directing the Reign of Terror and sending the tumbrils to the guillotine. John Dryden salutes Sir George Mackenzie as "that noble wit of Scotland," and the greeting is accurate for one aspect of his personality. But James Beattie, who is a lesser poet, is perhaps a better authority on the matter at issue : he gives us the Lord Advocate's other side, when he writes that his "hollow promise helped the princely hand to screw confession from the tortured lips."

CHAPTER XXI.

CLAVERS IN A' HIS PRIDE.

MACKENZIE, writes Mr. Francis Watt, "seemed the brain that plotted"; but Claverhouse "was the hand that struck." In the Council Room the Lord Advocate planned his oppressions, and in the field John Graham translated them into intense and piercing facts. We have reached the moment when one of those men whose very name separates the lookers-on into contending factions, kindling either a flame of enthusiasm or a brooding fire of repugnance, comes to the forefront in Covenanting story; and we must try, if we can, to understand his personality. He has often been painted in colours which are entirely dark and forbidding; and that is not surprising, when we recall the vigour which he threw into the fulfilment of an ugly task. Yet he had his virtues. His own private life was pitched on a worthier key than that of most of his Royalist compeers; and the garland of the soldier whose courage is beyond debate has belonged to him ever since the triumph and the tragedy of Killiecrankie. The tartan of the Grahams, with its green and white and azure, is an inviolate and heroic tartan. It "kissed the death-wound of Dundee"—the death-wound of a loyal gentleman, and a warrior who fought even more bravely for a losing cause than ever he had done when the sun was shining on his banners. The pity is that he espoused the wrong side, and that,

having espoused it, he strove for its maintenance and supremacy with an energy which was merciless and which never dreamed of giving quarter to its opponents.

To look at his portraits, one would not imagine that he was flint-hearted. No doubt, Dr. Hewison, in his masterly history of the period, more than disputes their accuracy. He quotes John Dick, the student-martyr of 1684, who describes Claverhouse as "the pitiful thing," escaping in hot haste from Drumclog, "where there fell prettier men on either side than himself"; and John Morrison, of Terregles, who told Sir Walter Scott that the persecutor's "arms were long and reached to his knees," that his "hair was red or frizzly," and that his features were "altogether diabolical"; and Thomas Brownlee, laird of Torfoot, who wrote, after seeing Dundee, that he "had a complexion unusually dark," that "his irregular and large teeth were presented through a smile which was very unnatural," and that, in fine, the whole countenance suggested to his view "the image of the Emperor Julian the Apostate." But it is hard to believe that the evidence of the Leven and Glamis pictures is absolutely misleading. They show us a face which is high-bred in every line and curve. There are some haughtiness and some superciliousness in it, the hints of a proud and peremptory character lying behind. But, especially in the more youthful delineation, it is a winning face. It is boyish in its smoothness. There is a kind of womanly loveliness about it. If it were humbler, and illuminated by the grace of God, it might be the face of a Monica, or a Catharine of Siena, or a Mary Sidney—"the subject of all verse, Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother." As it is, we may be nearer the mark if we compare it with

> the face that launched a thousand ships,
> And burnt the topless towers of Ilium.

The eyes are large and full and dark. The brow and cheeks are framed in the long love-locks of the seventeenth century, the curling hair of which its owner was so careful, attaching small leaden weights to it at nights to keep the tresses in their place. The hands, too, are small and fine ; are they capable of shooting John Brown, while his wife stands by with her baby in her arms ? We survey the outward aspect of Graham of Claverhouse, and we remember the two Florimells whom Edmund Spenser sings. One of them was invested with every attraction, for she was formed of purest snow in massy mould congealed. But she was an enchanted damsel. A spirit full of guile inhabited her ; and, set beside the true Florimell, she vanished into nought. Beside some of the humble folk whom he pursued to death, God's little and hidden ones, the surface beauty of the persecutor is dissipated and forgotten.

He came of a noble family. His father was William Graham, of Claverhouse, in the shire of Angus, a few miles north of Dundee, who was in a distant way related to the great Marquis of Montrose. His mother was Lady Magdalene Carnegie, youngest daughter of the first Earl of Northesk. She survived her husband for many years, and must have had a more important share in the upbringing of her famous son ; but no tradition remains to tell us what manner of woman she was. Uncertainty hangs about the date of the boy's entrance into the world where he was to run so swift and memorable a race. It used to be given as 1643, the year when the Solemn League was subscribed in Westminster ; but, a quarter of a century ago, the *Dictionary of National Biography* argued for 1649, and, more recently still, Professor Sanford Terry has written that, " with a narrow margin on either side,

Claverhouse's birth may be placed in July 1648." If this conclusion be accepted, he went to St. Andrews soon after passing his eleventh birthday ; and, indeed, the Scottish Universities of the time were little else than the advanced classes of the parish schools. In 1661, before he was fourteen, he was a graduate. He had not dallied, therefore, on the road to the activities of life ; but it may be surmised that his tutors in St. Salvator's College did not find him very eager to learn. It is true that, in the Memoirs of his friend, Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, his attainments in various directions are depicted as more than creditable. He had made, we are told, " a considerable progress in the Mathematics, especially in those parts of it that related to military capacity " ; and there was no section " of the Belles Lettres which he had not studyed with care and exactness " ; and he was " much master in the epistolary way of writeing," and " expressed himself with ease and plaineness, and argued well, and had a great art in giving his thoughts in few words." The last encomium is well-deserved ; for Claverhouse was always clear and forceful, practical and pungent, in his style of speech. But, in their other commendations, Sir Ewen, and Sir Ewen's biographer, Drummond of Balhaldy, are too partial witnesses ; or else, in the rovings and fightings of his later years, John Graham must have lost his relish for the exhilarating waters of the Pierian spring. His letters, despite their pithiness, are poor productions in composition and in orthography. He " vainly struggled after grammar," Mr. Hill Burton says ; and, in an epoch when the idiosyncrasies of every individual appeared to be reflected in his spelling, he " spelled with rare originality." It may be feared that, at St. Andrews, books had no commanding charm for him. Already " his eyes were

with his heart, and that was far away," on the battle-fields where swords are crossed and the drum summons the combatants to action. "I am young, and thinkis til pas til France," he might have confessed with the militant parson in Sir David Lindsay's satire. Not, however, until quite ten years had elapsed after his graduation—years about which little information has descended to us—did his governing desire bear the fruit he craved.

Then, probably in 1672, he enrolled himself in one of the two Scottish regiments serving in France. Over these regiments, and over the others that were composed of Englishmen, the Duke of Monmouth was commanding general; and thus Claverhouse would gain some insight into the character of one whom he was to meet a few years later at Bothwell Bridge. But his French experiences were brief-lived. Charles was shamed by his people's displeasure into dissolving his compact with Louis. Monmouth went back to England. John Graham, and the man who was to be his antagonist in his last campaign, Hugh Mackay of Scourie, transferred themselves to the army of Holland. Strangely enough, Claverhouse came soon to be a favourite with William Henry, the young Prince of Orange and Stadtholder of the Netherlands, against whom by and by he was to contend to the death. He was made a cornet in William's bodyguard. In a note to one of the pages of his *History,* Lord Macaulay rejects the tale, once received without disbelief, that on a critical occasion he saved his master from a violent end. It was the August of 1674. At Seneffe, near Mons, William was fighting the Prince of Condé. It was a weary and indecisive battle; but it added to the Stadtholder's fame for bravery and calmness. "The Prince of Orange," Condé exclaimed, "has

acted in everything like an old captain, except in venturing his life too like a young soldier." In the heat of the struggle his horse plunged with him into a treacherous marsh. Immediately his enemies closed round, and it appeared as if his daring and his wisdom were both to be prematurely quenched. But Cornet Graham saw his commander's peril. Without the delay of a minute, he galloped to him, and, leaping from his horse, bade the Prince seat himself in the saddle. Little by little the two fought their way through the ring of their adversaries, back to the firmer ground. The cornet received a captain's commission for his courage, and his leader was loud in his praise. Such is the story; and if its dramatic fitness stirs in us Macaulay's scepticism, we must remember, too, that it is a legacy bequeathed to us from Claverhouse's own time. At the New Year of 1683, one of his admirers addressed some verses to him—verses which recalled his "conduct, prowess, martial gallantry" on the day when he wore his "white plumash" at Seneffe. And there is an old Latin poem written in his honour by his standard-bearer at Killiecrankie. It pictures "bonnie Dundee" musing over his camp-fire on the thanklessness of the Prince whose life he once had preserved:

> Ipse mei impositum dorso salientis equi te
> Hostibus eripui, salvumque in castra reduxi.

John Graham could never have spoken in hexameters; but there remains the shadow of a possibility that, after all, he did something like the feat which the hexameters commemorate. Had it not been for his luckless aid, says that extraordinary Jacobite, Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, "the persecutor of his family, the evil genius of the unfortunate James, the fiend of Glencoe, might have sunk innocuous, and comparatively unknown, in the depths of a Batavian

marsh." It is curious to think of the last and stoutest defender of the Stuarts helping to bring about the Revolution of 1688.

In the late winter of 1677 Captain Graham was back in Scotland. He was still under thirty, handsome, fearless, a soldier of repute. Some knowledge of his Continental exploits had preceded him, and from the first he was in favour in high quarters. William, who had come to England to marry the Princess Mary, spoke well of him to his father-in-law, the Duke of York; and the Duke in turn commended him to the young Marquis of Montrose, grandson of "the finest gallant in the realm"; and at once the Marquis offered him a lieutenancy in his troop of cavalry. "I pretend that non bot gentlemen should ride in it," Montrose wrote, being eager to induce his kinsman to join him. But the offer was declined, perhaps because the troop had been raised for foreign duty; and Claverhouse, newly arrived from the Netherlands, had no wish to recross the seas so soon. He did not have to wait long for an appointment more to his mind. In September 1678, three regiments of horse were added to the King's army on the north of the Cheviots and the Solway. The Earl of Airlie received the command of one of them, the Earl of Home of another; and John Graham, as it seems by the express desire of Charles, was placed over the third. The money required for the maintenance of these regiments was procured by means of the odious tax which the country people called the Cess—an impost which they paid to provide the Government with the opportunity of overriding and spoiling themselves. The Cess was expressly devoted to the upkeep of a military force whose work was the repression of the field-meetings. We do not marvel that it brought into the Covenanting camp

—that wind-smitten camp weakened from within as well as from without—a new subject of debate. Many submitted to the outrageous tax, as in the early ages of Christianity the saints had yielded to Tiberius and Diocletian the tribute they asked. But the sterner spirits rebelled. They reasoned that, if they paid an unjust exaction, they connived at the injustice. Our hearts bleed for them, beset by enemies, and vexed by the questions which inflame friend against friend.

This was the state of things to which Claverhouse had returned ; and in it he was taking soon a principal's share. In charge of his company of dragoons, he was sent to Dumfriesshire and Annandale, to deal in all rigour with the dogged people who persisted in attending the conventicles. It was not the most honourable employment for one who had carried his white plume so proudly ; but he girded himself for its performance with promptitude : already he was learning, as he phrased it in a letter to the Earl of Linlithgow, his Commander-in-Chief, that "this contry has been very loose." At first, indeed, he was a precisian ; he would not transgress by an inch the limits which had been mapped out for him. "They tell me," he went on, "that the one end of the bridge of Dumbfrich is in Galaua"—on that side of the Nith where his commission had no validity ; and thus, he complained, "they may hold conventicles at our nose, and we not dare to dissipat them." He begged Linlithgow to see that the difficulty was rectified. "Such ane insult as that would not please me, and, on the other hand, I am unwilling to exceed orders." Two or three months later, he was Sheriff-depute of Dumfries, Annandale, Kirkcudbright, and Wigtown ; and then he could use more freedom. But the bestowment of these fresh powers angered Lord Queensberry, one of the great

landowners in the district ; and the jealousy between Claverhouse and the influential nobleman had its commencement—a jealousy which increased in sharpness and rancour as the years ran on. The young officer's perplexities were of many sorts.

So we see him, in this south and south-west of Scotland, devoting himself with unremitting zeal to the execution of the Government's policy of extirpation, and heartily endorsing the policy. Sometimes it is a little building that has been raised, "upon the expence of the comon purse of the disaffected," to be a meeting-place for the men and women of the Covenant ; and this he levels to the ground, writing its memorial afterwards in his despatch to headquarters—"So perished the charity of many ladys." Sometimes it is a capture he makes of those who have been foremost among the irreconcilables. He wishes to seize six of them ; but after galloping forty miles—"which is the most can be riden in one night"—he finds only two. The womenfolk have outwitted him, and have concealed their husbands safely where, with all his prying, he cannot discover them ; and they themselves, like hospitable housewives, have "great candles lighted" in expectation of the arrival which he meant to be a profound secret. It is a frequent source of chagrin and disappointment that the enemy's scouting is much more effectively done than his own : "Mr. Welch and others preach securely with in twenty or thretty myles of us, but we can doe nothing for want of spays." Yet he may be trusted to strain every nerve and to apply every possible method of restraint and punishment. Because "those rogues run over to Yrland," he stations his sentinels at Portpatrick and Ballantrae. He apprehends wandering ministers, and all others whose seizure will be welcomed by the

JOHN GRAHAM, OF CLAVERHOUSE.

After the Leven Portrait.

Privy Council. He cites before him those who have attended any gathering for worship in the fields, or who have had a child baptized by the outlawed preachers. He deals summarily with the obstinate people who will not frequent the parish Churches, and will not give heed to their discipline. The fines of all who are not landowners he is allowed to retain for himself and for his troop ; half of the money extorted from Covenanting proprietors he sends to the Commissioner for the district, while the other half is the property of the King. As Sheriff-depute he holds his court "once every week at least, and oftener as he thinks fit." These were John Graham's occupations during the first five months of 1679.

Then he found himself suddenly confronted by one of the outstanding episodes of his history, although an episode on which he could not dwell with any pride. But, before we describe it, let us leave the strict chronology of the narrative, to glance at some events which help to unravel the character of the man. It has been said that he had two controlling motives, that of a vaulting and quenchless personal ambition, and that of undeviating loyalty to the Stuart monarch. The analysis does him no injustice. These were the "fountain-light of all his day," the "master-light of all his seeing." And the events, to which we are to refer, are proof of it.

One was his courtship of Helen Graham. There is no evidence that, when he proposed to wed the lady, he had himself ever seen her. But the union, as he perceived with clear-sighted eyes, would be an immense material gain, lifting him upward on the social ladder, and making more sure and rapid his advance in the army and in the State. Helen Graham was heiress to the Earldom of Menteith, her cousin,

the present wearer of the title, being a childless man. Him Claverhouse conciliated and won over, writing him with the skill and pertinaciousness and self-satisfaction of a practised diplomatist. "Who ever you mak choyse of," he protested, "will be in place of a sonne," perhaps, indeed, much better than a son. "You know that Julius Caesar had no need to regrait the want of isseu, having adopted Augustus, for he knew certenly that he had secured to himself a thankfull and usefull friend as well as a wyse successor, neither of which he could have promised himself by having childring ; for nobody knows whether they begit wyse men or fooles, beseids that the tays of gratitud and friendship ar stronger in generous mynds than those of natur." Is not the advocate sententious as well as vehement ? And he has an abundant confidence in himself. "And then, my Lord, I may say without vanity that I will doe your family no dishonor, seing there is nobody you could mak choyse of has toyld so much for honor as I have don, though it has been my misfortun to atteen but a small shear." But, although Menteith himself was wholly favourable, and although the suitor never abandoned the hope of success until, in the spring of 1682, the lady was finally denied to him and betrothed to the nephew of the Earl of Conway, one hindrance after another obstructed his path. First, my Lord Montrose threatened to be a rival in the race ; and, at a later stage in the story, the mother of Helen Graham, "a very cunning woman," interposed to thwart the persevering wooer. He had become more ardent as the quest became more troublesome and desperate. "I will asseur you," he told the Earl of Menteith, "I need nothing to perswad me to take that young laidy. I would take her in her smoak." Possibly there was

less of self-interest and more of genuine affection in the closing than in the earlier chapters of the adventure ; but to the end Claverhouse preserved undiminished his sanguine faith in his star. "When my affaires goe wrong," he wrote, "I remember that saying of Loucan, *Tam mala Pompeii quam prospera mundus adoret.* On has ocasion to shou ther vigeur after a wrong stape to make a nimble recovery." There never was any deficiency of vigour about John Graham.

The tenacity he had revealed in courtship with such small result was displayed, a few years subsequently, in his acquisition of the estate of Dudhope—"ane extraordinare pleasant and sweet place, with a good house, excellent yards, much planting, and fyne parks," which "lyes on the syde of the hill of Dundie, and is as of purpose built there to command the town." No one will blame him for desiring to add Dudhope to the ancestral acres of Claverhouse ; but the negotiations through which it was transferred to him illustrate unpleasantly the strain of selfishness and greed in his disposition. The property belonged to Charles Maitland, Lord Hatton, Lauderdale's brother and heir. For twenty years he had been Master of the Mint in Scotland; and through all that time, though his criminality was not suspected at first, he had been guilty of peculation. At length he was tried and condemned, was fined £20,000—it had originally been £72,000, but the King reduced the tremendous sum—and was forced to submit to the loss of many of his possessions. John Graham wished the lands which lay so near to his own, and the Constableship of Dundee which went with these lands ; but how was he to obtain the coveted treasure ? He knew that Queensberry hankered after a Dukedom ; and, although there was no particle of love between them, he journeyed up to London, to

interview his patron, James of York, and Charles himself on the subject. "All here," he wrote to the Marquis with a deft and complaisant pen, "magnify what you doe, and says it is a good copie for them, and the noyse of it helps to keep there affaires right." His importunities were incessant, and he had his way; the King bestowed the longed-for title; and thus one powerful ally was gained. He knew, moreover, that the Earl of Aberdeen, President of the Court of Session, was in need of money; and he took care that his Lordship's wants were supplied. Of Maitland's fine of £20,000, four-fifths were allotted to the President, and the remaining fifth to Claverhouse himself. So a second henchman was won. The goal was not reached without the intrigues and labours of a year and a half; but at last it was attained, and, in April 1684, "the King's familiar Councillor, Colonel John Graham of Claverhouse, and his heirs and assignees" received a Crown Charter of Dudhope Castle. When we follow its turnings and windings, the incident does not seem one to enhance our respect for him.

Still more characteristic is the tale of his marriage. It is marred by none of that self-seeking which was too conspicuous in his endeavour to capture Helen Graham, and which tainted his ownership of his new estate; there is rather, says Mr. Terry, "a touch of sporting recklessness in it." But, before the tale had got to the conclusion of its opening chapter, his conduct was to furnish fresh evidence that he valued no one and nothing half so much as his sovereign prince in London, and that Charles's errands were infinitely more important than weddings and honeymoons. The marriage-contract was signed on Monday, the 9th of June, in the same year which brought him the lordship of Dudhope. The bride was the Honourable Jean

Cochrane, of the famous Ayrshire house of Dundonald. She had a widowed mother, Catherine, daughter of the Earl of Cassillis, who was staunch and stieve in her adhesion to the Covenant—"the she-dragon" Sheriff Napier designates her, abhorring as he does this too Whiggish union into which his immaculate hero was entering. We do not wonder that the mother was violent in her opposition to the match; nor yet that it excited surprise and suspicion among many of the Royalists, who marvelled that their champion should seek a spouse in a quarter so unexpected. But difficulties were merely an incentive to the Laird of Claverhouse. He went determinedly forward, encouraged, one can but hope, by the fealty of his high-spirited sweetheart, who had to navigate a sea of troubles as convulsed as his own. "For my pairt," he declared, "I look on myself as a cleanger. I may cur people guilty of that plaigue of presbitry be conversing with them, but cannot be infected. And for the yong ladie herself, I shall answer for her. Had she been right principled" —this is the bridegroom's irony—"she would never, in despyt of her mother and relations, made choyse of a persicutor, as they call me." So, on the Tuesday, the curious union was consummated; and Jean Cochrane—

> It seems the gods design'd her outward form,
> Their masterpiece and standart uniforme—

was mated with "the wicked-witted bloodthirsty Graham," a husband of whom, in the hurried and feverish years which ensued, she was to see comparatively little. But the benediction had hardly been spoken, when the best-man, the Master of Ross, son of the Lord of Hawkhead, informed Claverhouse of a new conventicle, at Black Loch near Slamannan, of which he had heard from General Dalzell; and the

husband, who had boasted a day or two before that he would "lait the world see that it is not in the pouer of love, nor any other folly, to alter my loyalty," rode away immediately from his wife to chase the "dogs" across the moors. All that night, and all the next day, he prosecuted his bootless search after men who were too well hidden in the hour of their peril. On the 12th of June, he was again with Lady Jean; but, by noon on the 13th, he had flung himself into the saddle once more, to urge his horse southward. He sent four parallel columns to scour every yard of a far-stretching country-side. It was a futile enterprise. "We were at the head of Douglas. We were round and over Cairntable. We were at Greenock-head, Cummer-head, and through all the mosses, hills, glens, woods; and spread in small parties, and ranged as if we had been at hunting, and down to Blackwood, but could learn nothing of those rogues." Was there ever a marriage so strangely celebrated? "They might have let Tuesday pass," the chief actor in the ceremony wrote to the Lord President. But, in truth, he preferred his fighting gear, and the following of the Covenanters up the braes and down the ravines and over the heather, to the quieter joys which home could offer him. His bride must not expect the allegiance he kept for his King. For five short years she was to claim her broken fraction of his heart; their one boy was to die, an infant of eight months old; seven years after Killiecrankie, she and the child of her second husband, William Livingstone, Viscount Kilsyth, were killed by the falling of a roof in an inn at Utrecht. Sorrow heaped on sorrow was the "tocher," the wedding-portion, of Lady Claverhouse.

If John Graham thought less of his wife than of his prince, his God fared no better at his hands. Yet,

although Charles Stuart was first and last, God had His inferior place. Claverhouse was scrupulous in his religious observances. After his death, an old Presbyterian lady, who had lodged below him in Edinburgh, told one of his friends of her astonishment to discover that a man of his reputation and profession was regular in the practice of his devotions. Doubtless there was cause for surprise ; but the vagaries and contradictions of our humanity are infinite. Robert Burton discusses, in one of his captivating chapters, the " divers symptoms and occasions " of hypocrisy. " Some deny there is any God ; some confess, yet believe it not ; a third sort confess and believe, but will not live after His laws, worship and obey Him ; others allow God and gods subordinate." One shrinks from using the word " hypocrisy " in reference to a personality not merely virile and emphatic, but apparently direct and sincere in its various manifestations. But sincerity in the cult of self, in obedience to the arbitrary commandments of a tyrant, and in the routine and punctilio of ritual, is not a quality in which Heaven takes any delight. And we do not break the queenly rule of charity, if we classify Graham of Claverhouse in Robert Burton's " third sort," who at once confess and disobey.

rumour of what had happened reached his ears, he set out to avenge the affront. On the road he seized John King, Presbyterian chaplain to Lord Cardross, and, along with him, some fourteen others. Two and two he tied them together, and drove them on before his troop of horse.

But affairs took a turn which he had not anticipated. Having halted for the night at Strathaven, and finding that there were stories in the air about a field preaching to be held not far away, "I thought,"—he wrote to the Earl of Linlithgow—"that wee might mak a litle tour to see if we could fall upon a conventicle": which, he adds shamefacedly enough, "we did, litle to our advantadge." The place of meeting was a gentle slope, overlooked by the larger mass of Loudoun Hill. At the foot of the slope the moorland became a swamp, through which a stream made its way, its sides fringed with stunted bushes. It was Sabbath morning, the first of June; and from different districts of the west the crowd had gathered, to hear God's Word. Thomas Douglas was to be preacher; but scarcely had he commenced the services of the day, when the signal gun, the token of alarm, was fired by a watchman on a neighbouring height. Claverhouse was approaching from the east, and listening had to yield meanwhile to the ruder work of fighting. "I have done," Douglas said. "You have got the theory; now for the practice. You know your duty; self-defence is always lawful." There was no disorder. Those who had weapons separated themselves quietly from the rest, counselling their friends to secure their own safety as best they could. "When we came in sight of them," their enemy says, spelling his words with eccentric individuality, "we found them drawen up in batell upon a most advantagious ground, to

which there was no coming but throgh moses and lotkess" — mosses and lochs, the captain means. "They wer not preaching, and had sat away all their weomen and shildring." In fine, the Covenanters were girding themselves, soldier-like, for the duty in front.

Sir Robert Hamilton was there with his Rutherglen bodyguard. The other officers were the veteran Henry Hall of Haughhead, and the young William Cleland of Douglas, and two men whom we have met before, John Balfour with his oblique eyes and fierce aspect, and David Hackston of Rathillet. How many had they under their command? Royalist writers, anxious to condone the rout of their hero, have numbered them by thousands; and it is certain that, within a few weeks, the army grew to considerable proportions. But there is no real reason for questioning the accuracy of Wodrow's figures—figures which Dr. Hill Burton and Professor Hume Brown have accepted. Forty horsemen, fifty footmen who carried guns, and one hundred and fifty equipped with antiquated halberts or with the long pitchforks used in the labours of the farm: that, we may believe, was the extent of the tiny force. The other side was no larger—may, indeed, have been somewhat smaller. Yet, man for man, the two parties would have appeared to an onlooker to be almost equally matched. The King's troops had the advantage in arms and ammunition, in discipline and equipment. But the defenders of the Covenant had the better preparation of religion and faith and the assurance that they fought for the honour of Jesus Christ.

While the combatants face each other, we may make the acquaintance of one of the captains of the Whigs. William Cleland is little more than a boy, having been

born, where the Douglas Water comes down from Cairntable, in the year after His Majesty's Restoration. But such confidence have the older men in his skill and bravery that, on this day of battle, they have given him the direction of the best of their foot-soldiers. An interesting figure he is, student of St. Andrews, bosom-friend of the young Lord Angus, Christian whom the field meetings that he loves have made "very sober and pious," and poet to boot, writing verses which sometimes scintillate with humour and sometimes peal and flash with indignation. In his rhymes, as in everything else, he is the patriot through and through. He will not drink of Castaly, nor set himself to learn "Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes."

> For I am very apt to think
> There's as much virtue, sense, and pith
> In Annan or the Water of Nith,
> Which quietly slips by Dumfries,
> As any water in all Greece.

You perceive William Cleland in his imaginative mood, light-hearted, with eyes awake to all the sights and happenings around him, in lines like these—

> Fain would I know
> If beasts have any reason,
> If falcons, killing eagles,
> Do commit a treason,
> If fear of winter's want
> Makes swallows fly the season.
> Hollo, my fancy! whither wilt thou go?

You discover him serious, sarcastic and angry, a keen watcher of public events, a born warrior who can appraise the fighting qualities of others, in his Hudibrastic recital of the "Expedition of the Highland Host." He draws, with caustic force, the portrait of this persecutor and of that. There is Lauderdale, who is the more fatal a foe to Presbytery because he was bred within its walls: "He kens weel how to loose their

knots, for he was once in all their plots." There is her Grace the Duchess, who has tied her husband to her apron-strings, so that they are never apart—

> To leave her east would not be right;
> She'll weary on a winter night.
> To bring her west would mend but little;
> For Hielant lairds are very kittle.

There, too, is Sharp, eager to "cleanse the Kirk with sword and dagger"—Sharp, who never has any leisure: "he's troubled with so many cases of conscience, which he's still dissecting." William Cleland is only a lad in years; but the perils of the time have made a man of him, in shrewdness, in insight, in courage. We are not surprised to see him in command of his troop, on the first of June, when the Covenanters have resolved, "for the relief of the prisoners, their own defence, and the defence of the Gospel, to put their lives in venture, and, through the Lord's assistance, to go to meet the enemy."

The contest had a dramatic prelude. Down the face of the slope the Covenanters advanced, singing the familiar verses of one of the Scottish metrical psalms, the seventy-sixth, to the fine old tune, as tradition relates, of *Martyrs.* They were kindling words which rang out in the resonant bass of two hundred and forty strong-throated and strong-souled men—

> In Judah's land God is well known,
> His name's in Israel great;
> In Salem is His tabernacle,
> In Sion is His seat.
> There arrows of the bow He brake,
> The shield, the sword, the war.
> More glorious Thou than hills of prey,
> More excellent art far.
>
> Those that were stout of heart are spoiled,
> They slept their sleep outright;
> And none of those their hands did find
> That were the men of might.

The battle was half-won which could be introduced by a song so confident and unafraid.

At the foot of the rising ground was the morass, and just on the other side Claverhouse was ranged with his troopers. The Royalists fired first, and from across the swamp the Covenanters answered. But the skirmish of musketry was a mere preliminary. Graham was resolved to lead his followers over the marshy ground, and to engage the adversary at close quarters. He sent some horsemen to discover a shallow and well-bottomed place, where a passage might be effected. It was a mistaken move. The horses staggered and stumbled in the treacherous bog, and a volley from the enemy emptied many saddles. Then the men of the Covenant had their opportunity. They knew the morass better than their opponents. Though "Clavers was tooming the shot all the time on them," Kinloch with his cavalry, Cleland with his homely infantry, were through the swamp and grappling with their foes, almost before the dragoons understood what they meant to be at. Their fire brought down Cornet Robert Graham, Corporal Crawford, and Captain Blyth. The suddenness of their onset overwhelmed the others. Claverhouse saw his soldiers reel and turn and flee. His own charger, a gallant sorrel, was hurt fatally with a pitchfork, so that, in the rider's forcible language, "his guts hung out half an elle, yet he caryed me af an myl," before he sank exhausted and dead. The day was lost for the persecutor, and was gained by the persecuted. "They perseud us so hotly," the discomfited commander reports, "that we got no tym to ragly. I saved the standarts, but lost on the place about aight ord ten men, beseids wounded; but the dragoons lost many mor." Sir Robert Hamilton was responsible for the death of one of the

captured cavaliers ; and, if he had been allowed to have his way, other five, who had received quarter without his knowledge, would have shared the same fate. Happily he had colleagues more merciful than he was, and the triumph of Drumclog was not sullied by needless acts of barbarity.

Across hill and moor King Charles's troopers fled, followed by those who had achieved a success so amazing over "the shield, the sword, the war." The chase was kept up for miles. Passing the spot where Lord Cardross's chaplain sat, Claverhouse was invited by his prisoner of the morning to tarry for the afternoon sermon. But neither captain nor guardsmen had any thought of lingering. At Strathaven the inhabitants, whose sympathies were with the victors, would fain have stopped the progress of the Royalists ; but most of the men of the place, able to bear sword and gun, were away ; and the flying soldiers went galloping at great speed up the village street, and out at the farther end. On they clattered, a chafed and dispirited band, who had renounced every trace of the bravery with which they had ridden along the same roads some hours earlier. At length they reached Glasgow, where Lord Ross, whom we met five years back as the scourge and hammer of the worshippers in the fields, and whose son William was, five years after Drumclog, to be the young groomsman at John Graham's wedding, gave them the protection of his regiment. There at their leisure they could rehearse to their friends their surprising experience.

Six or seven of the Covenanters received their death-wound in the sharp, short struggle under Loudoun Hill. Among them was William Daniel, one of those unappeasable men who, a month before, had helped in the slaughter of the Archbishop. He lived for

twenty-four hours after the battle, and "was in a rapture of joy all that day." Before the fight began, he had "freely offered himself in prayer to seal the truth, but especially the controverted truth, with his blood; and, after prayer, he was made to praise in the time of action." As fast as he could himself return from pursuing the enemy, James Russel hurried back to him, where he lay on the margin of those waters which are "to the palate bitter and to the stomach cold." "Dear brother Will," he asked, "ye have many times told me ye was sure enough of heaven; have ye any doubts now?" The dying man could scarcely speak; in a whisper he replied, "No doubts, but fully assured—fully assured!" We think of the French enthusiast who, on the very edge of shameful death, declared that his soul was "a garden, full of shelter and of fountains." He and his brother of Magus Moor and Drumclog did unwarrantable things; but who will deny that they knew the secret of the Lord?

CHAPTER XXIII.

GLOOM AFTER GLEAM.

IN *The Grammar of Assent,* Newman, speaking of the magic of Virgil's style, refers to "his pathetic half-lines," which give expression to that sense of pain and weariness experienced by men in every age and land. *O passi graviora—; Dis aliter visum—; Di, si qua est cœlo pietas—; Heu vatum ignaræ mentes—:* in such broken utterances, charged with emotion through their brevity, the great Mantuan shows how clearly he perceived, and how profoundly he felt, the burdens and mysteries and toils of our human life. It is as if he could not enlarge on the theme, nor unfold more leisurely the thoughts which arise in him. He is choked by an intensity of sorrow, and is compelled to stop midway.

There are pathetic half-lines in history as well as in literature. A career from which we hoped much is suddenly checked; its passion leaves the ground to lose itself in the sky; and, although the music may be God's more unreservedly than before, the conviction of loss, and the disappointment which the conviction brings, abide with us. Or a movement, after momentary success, is overtaken by catastrophe. We were interested in its prosperity. We pictured it going from strength to strength. But *noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis,* and the eclipse comes, and at noon the sun goes down. There are tears in our

THE KIRK OF IRONGRAY.

souls for the shattered hope, and the irretrievable blow, and the enterprise snapped and left in ruins.

After the Sabbath-day on which they sent Claverhouse flying at Drumclog, the Covenanters knew that they must hold together, because their enemies would muster soon to punish them. They grew rapidly in numbers ; for there is a contagion in victory. Within three weeks the two hundred and fifty had multiplied into a legion of between five and six thousand, an army with which memorable feats might easily have been accomplished. Probably the ultimate issues of the campaign were never in doubt ; the soldiers of the Kirk could not vanquish the overwhelming forces which the King was able to send against them. But, for months, they might have maintained a guerilla war, and, in the end, have extorted from their persecutors terms which were not unfavourable. The radiance which broke over them at Loudoun Hill, like a gleam of light bursting through a bank of cloud, might have increased until the cloud was dispelled. They were themselves to blame that the result was mournfully different. Their foes on this occasion were not Charles Stuart, and the Duke of Lauderdale, and General Dalzell, and John Graham ; they were the men of their own household.

The little band of fighters had pursued their adversaries till they were within sight of the gates of Glasgow, and then, calling a halt, had returned to the friends whom they left at Drumclog. They had allies within the walls ; and, if they could have effected an entrance, the likelihood is that Claverhouse must have prolonged his flight towards Edinburgh and the east. But they were few, and worn with the battle and the chase ; and the King had a considerable garrison in the town. So they withdrew for the meantime ; and yet they came

back soon : Glasgow was a prize worth making an effort to win. In anticipation of their decision Lord Ross hurriedly threw up barricades in the four principal streets, and stationed his musketeers at certain coigns of vantage, bidding them watch for the approach of the enemy. It was still early on the morning of Monday when the Covenanters appeared ; they had not allowed the grass to grow beneath their feet. They broke into two parties, one going towards the Gallowgate, the other towards the High Kirk and the College. But their assault was badly managed and futile. From behind the barricades the guns of the Royal troops flashed out flame and death. At least seven were killed, and their comrades were compelled to beat a retreat. "Thes wes the warmest day I saw the yeare," Ross reported in a message written the same evening to his superior, the Earl of Linlithgow. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday were spent by the Whigs in marchings to and fro ; they encamped now in one place and now in another. But in this interval the men who had repulsed them were ordered by the somewhat bewildered and inconclusive Linlithgow, who had led his army from Edinburgh to the west but shrank from the risk of striking a blow, to leave their quarters within the gates and to join his regiments outside. The Covenanters were quickly apprised of this change in the tactics of their foe, and, having sent a search party in advance of their main body to reconnoitre and bring them tidings of how the land lay, they marched again to Glasgow, and stationed themselves in and around the place : it was in their hands now. This was on Friday, the 6th of June ; and the midsummer sun seemed for a little to be shining at its brightest on their desperate cause. For, ever since their success on the Sabbath, they had been gathering

new recruits. From Ayrshire, from Renfrew, from Lanark, from Stirling in the north and Galloway in the south, companions hastened to join them. Already they were so formidable, that the rebellion began to trouble the authorities not only in Holyrood but in Whitehall. But they kept Sir Robert Hamilton in the chief command—Sir Robert Hamilton of Preston and Fingalton, a young man whose thirtieth birthday was still in front of him. Gilbert Burnet, when he was Professor of Divinity in Glasgow, had been his tutor, and understood him well. He was not without his "lively and hopeful" traits, the Professor said, but his fondness for dissent in its most intransigent varieties would soon, he predicted, turn him into "a crackbrained enthusiast." Events were to prove the correctness of the forecast. In the fact of his presidency lay the presage of calamity and gloom for the soldiers whom Hamilton captained and irritated and devoted to destruction.

It is time that we studied the spiritual features of this man. The witnesses to the reality and depth of his personal Christianity are many and trustworthy. Plainly, One was his Master, even Christ. He gives himself an involuntary testimony to his citizenship in the Heavenlies, in those private letters of consolation that he wrote to friends in trouble. They tell us, as Mr. Hill Burton says, that he "had his tendernesses," and that these were "peculiarly rich and overflowing." But he had his narrownesses and antipathies as well, and they travelled beyond the boundaries both of charity and of reason. He could not brook the presence of any one, who failed to see each of the many facets of truth from the same angle as himself. He was willing to suffer rather than swerve from this morbid conscientiousness. At a later period, he would not return from exile in Holland to take possession of

his estate of Preston, simply because he could swear no oath of loyalty to William and Mary. Thus his scrupulosity inflicted injury on himself. But it was more mournful that an exclusiveness so rigid did infinite harm to others, and wrecked the army of the Covenant.

The Indulgence was the trouble. Sir Robert Hamilton, purist as he was, abhorred it and its authors and the consequences it had brought about. But, if this had been all, nobody among the six thousand Covenanters would have quarrelled with him. He pushed his contention to extremer lengths. Not only did he refuse to hold intercourse with the ministers who had gone back to their parishes, and with the congregations tolerant enough to hearken to them, but he shut out from his fellowship those who, while themselves disapproving of the Indulgence, were not prepared to ostracise the weaker brethren to whom it had seemed a boon. He insisted that these mediating and forgiving souls were guilty of laxity and sin. God, he held and proclaimed, could never give His benediction to a fighting force, which embraced within its ranks men who would deal gently with unfaithfulness, and would eat and drink with traitors. They must be clean who carried His vessels and wrestled for His truth. Such was Hamilton's untenable creed. For its justification, he would point back to the example of the Protesters in denouncing the Public Resolutions. But he went far beyond Rutherfurd and Guthrie. It was against the participation in the work of the Lord of actual Malignants, King's votaries without admixture, that the Protesters lifted their voices; they said no word against bearing and forbearing with brothers who fell short of their own standard. It is difficult to imagine that they would have commended

a strictness to which theirs was as moonlight unto sunlight.

Sir Robert Hamilton was head and chief of this old Hard Church, if one may borrow Mr. R. H. Hutton's pregnant phrase : the Hard Church, which " believes in a Hard Master," which " thinks that it is not the endurance, but the infliction of hardness that makes a true soldier of Christ," which walks about like " a theological detective, without any care or compassion for the sins of the defaulters it arrests." Yet there were other leaders whose opinions agreed with his. Hackston and Henry Hall and William Cleland, Thomas Douglas the preacher too, were, almost but not altogether, of one mind with their unbending captain. Perhaps Major Learmont and John Paton of Meadowhead, those stout soldiers who had fought with such spirit at Pentland, leaned to the same drastic side ; but, if they did—and there is doubt about the former—they were not loud-tongued and insistent in promulgating their tenets. And there were good men, ready to contend to the death for Christ's Crown and Covenant, whose sympathies were wider. There was James Ure of Shargarton, for instance, a gentleman of Perthshire, who, prompted by deep conviction, had left Episcopacy for Presbytery, and who now brought to the aid of the blue banner a troop of volunteers from the northern counties. And there was John Welsh, our brave field-preacher, who came from Dumfriesshire to the camp. He had never tampered with the Indulgence. Dear as were the memories of the kirk of Irongray, he would not wound conscience by re-entering it through the favour and patronage of Government. But yet he could not find it in his heart to excommunicate those who were not so stalwart as he was himself ; he would not say that they had erred unpardonably when they

returned to the pulpits for which they felt an ineradicable affection. Because these were the thoughts he cherished and avowed, Sir Robert Hamilton and his disciples were angry with John Welsh, and would have sent him away. Like Tertullian and the Montanists, they would have no association, however indirect, with heresy and lapse and compromise.

For weeks the wretched debate went on between men who should have been of one spirit and one step. Every new band of helpers, as it arrived, was compelled to declare itself for the party of rigour or for that of comprehension ; there was no neutral zone, no golden mean, no permission to see the truth on both sides. The army determined, at one stage, to draw up a manifesto—a "Declaration" was the word of the time. But over this the leaders quarrelled : Hamilton and his intimates demanding that the document should contain a definite repudiation of the Indulgence ; the others answering that "neither were we a Parliament nor a General Assembly" to judge such matters, and that, "if we meddled with them, it would hinder many to come who would be as willing as we, and would make friends to become enemies." There were moments when the strife grew acrimonious, and hot words were spoken. "We told them," says James Ure in his narrative, "they were more taken up with other men's sins than they were with their own, and that it was our duty first to begin with ourselves." Again, on Sabbath the 15th, when on Hamilton Moor the ministers were about to preach to the soldiers, and when Sir Robert required that in the sermons the Indulgence should be condemned with no bated breath, "we told them that it was the height of supremacy to give instructions to ministers what to preach ; we would hear no such doctrine." More than once the moderate

men were on the eve of leaving; it needed John Welsh's eloquence and the near approach of the common enemy to prevent them from departing in heartache and despair. "For aught that we saw," they complained, "we were come here to fight among ourselves." What a sorrow's crown of sorrow it all is!

And, all the while, their doom drew closer to them. From London a large force had been despatched; and, when this was added to the Scottish contingents, the Royalists numbered about fifteen thousand horse and foot. The young Duke of Monmouth, Charles's son and, meantime at least, Charles's favourite, had the principal command. He was popular for his good looks, his courtesy, his Protestantism, although the Protestantism was neither very intelligent nor very ardent. He was disposed, too, to lenient courses; it was an encouraging omen for the Covenanters that he received the first place, and that Dalzell had to be content with standing second. Many of them were inclined to negotiate with Monmouth; and, though the extremists resisted the proposal, the moderate men managed to carry their point. Another Sabbath had come round, the third since Drumclog. Soon after daybreak two envoys went to interview the Duke—David Hume and a Galloway landlord named Murdoch. He gave them a not unkindly welcome, and listened while they read the Declaration of some days before. Then he answered that their petition ought to have been worded in humbler terms, but that, if they were willing to lay down their arms, he had no intention to deal harshly. They returned to their comrades, to report how they had fared. But the proviso about disarming was a fatal obstacle. Sir Robert Hamilton laughed loudly when he heard it. "Yes, and hang next!" he said. Manifestly the strife must be fought

out to the end. Yet there was another pause before the artillery began to play. Hume and his friend had something more to ask, and Major Maine went over from the King's lines to ascertain what it was. Had not Monmouth brought with him, they inquired "terms of accommodation from England"? and would he acquaint them with their purport? But these were questions to which the General was not prepared to give any reply. The parleyings were over, and the time for decisive action had arrived.

The combatants confronted each other on opposite banks of the Clyde. Between them was the old and steep and narrow Bridge of Bothwell, not more than twelve feet wide, and guarded in the centre with a gate-house. The King's army was much the larger. It was well officered. The Duke of Montrose led the cavalry, the Earl of Linlithgow the infantry. Claver-house rode at the head of his dragoons, and the Earls of Home and Airlie were in charge of their respective troops; Lord Mar held a command of foot. Dalzell's commission, much to his annoyance, was late in arriving from London; and he did not get to the scene of action until everything was over. That the Cove-nanters should succeed in beating back opponents so disciplined and so superior in strength was improb-able; but history records exploits more arduous. The advantages of position were with the Presbyterians. If they could only have abandoned their controversies, and gone to work singing the Drumclog Psalm, a new victory might have been theirs. But at Bothwell they were without unity, without buoyancy, without com-petent generalship. Let us listen again to James Ure: "We were not concerned with an enemy, as if there had not been one within a thousand miles of us. There were none went through the army, to see if we

AT DEERNESS, ORKNEY.
THE MONUMENT TO THE COVENANTERS DROWNED IN THE *CROWN*.

wanted powder and ball. I do really think there were few or none that had both powder and ball, to shoot twice." From such infatuation nothing could result but defeat. The Covenanters had predestined themselves to failure and shame.

There were some who did their best. Ure was one, and Henry Hall was another ; but the honours of the lamentable day are with David Hackston of Rathillet. For hours, with three hundred men of Galloway to aid him, the genuine and great-hearted soldier held the bridge. After a while, the three hundred, wearied with their vigil and struggle, begged, not to be withdrawn but, to have reinforcements from the larger mass behind them ; but no reinforcements were sent. Then they asked for ammunition, and were told that the ammunition was at an end. At last Hamilton gave them the order to fall back upon the main body. They obeyed " with sore hearts," as Hackston writes ; for they felt that the order was the last folly of this black and bitter Sabbath, and that now their fate was sealed. The barrier which hitherto had hindered its advance having been removed, the Royal artillery slowly and steadily crossed the Clyde ; and soon, from the same bank as that on which they stood themselves, the Duke's cannon poured death into the lines of the Whigs. Even yet the Royalist triumph might have been postponed. But a panic seized the Covenanters. Numbers of them fled recklessly and at random. Only Rathillet and his companions maintained their ground, until they too, seeing that all was over, retired from the moor in sullen silence. The rout was complete. By ten o'clock in the morning, every hope was extinguished ; and from the King's side a messenger took horse for Edinburgh, bearing news of the victory. " Never," Wodrow moralises, " was a good cause and a gallant

army, generally speaking hearty and bold, worse managed; and never will a cause, though never so good, be better managed when divisions, disjointings, and self creep in among the managers."

No fewer than four hundred perished in the death-chase; some accounts, indeed, would double that number. Twelve hundred were taken prisoners; and very many of these would have been massacred in cold blood, if Monmouth had not interposed. He declared emphatically that they must be spared, and he refused to modify his injunction, although Dalzell, hurrying to Bothwell Brig some hours too late for the battle, rated him soundly for it. We may doubt, however, whether the captives did not suffer worse pains than their brothers emancipated by the swift anguish of death. Bound two and two, they were dragged eastward to Edinburgh. No one on the wearisome road dared extend to them a hand of succour. When the capital was reached, the mob greeted them with the taunt, "Where's your God? where's your God?"—the glib interrogation of that shallow atheism which has no hardihood of faith to penetrate into *the thick darkness where God is.* Two of the ministers, adherents of Welsh rather than of Robert Hamilton, were executed at the Mercat Cross: John Kid one of them, and the other John King—the same John King whom Claverhouse had captured immediately before Drumclog, and who had enjoyed three weeks of liberty only to fall again into the enemy's clutches. Five Covenanters were hanged on Magus Moor, though not one of them had a personal share in the death of the Archbishop. As the Edinburgh gaols could not hold the crowd of other prisoners, a part of Greyfriars churchyard was transmuted into a place of confinement; and into it they were penned like sheep. Sentinels guarded them day and night.

They were exposed to sun and rain, wind and weather ; for there was no covering above their heads—none at least until, with the approach of winter, some wooden huts were erected, " which was mightily boasted as a great favour." Their bed was the bare ground. They were poorly fed, and it was next to impossible for friends to convey any comfort to them. In this plight they lived, like Samson in Gaza, " a life half dead, a living death, and buried," until the dreary weeks of November. A few hundreds had been freed on giving their pledge to desist in the future from armed resistance ; here and there one, more fortunate than his comrades, had gained the goodwill of his gaolers ; some had contrived to escape across the churchyard walls ; some were dead. Only two hundred and fifty-seven remained out of the twelve hundred.

For these two hundred and fifty-seven, new distresses and ignominies were kept. Early one November morning, they were marched by a party of soldiers from the Greyfriars to a vessel, the *Crown,* lying in Leith Roads ; the Privy Council had decreed that they should be banished to the West Indies, and sold for slaves. On board the ship their pains came to a climax. They were crowded under deck in a space not sufficient to hold one hundred people. Those with some health were forced to continue standing, that the sick and dying might lie down on the hard boards. Hour after hour, in the poisonous air, many fainted away. Their meat was stinted, and water was doled out with a niggardly hand. " All the troubles we met since Bothwell," one of them, James Corson, wrote to his wife, " were not to be compared to one day in our present circumstances. Our uneasiness is beyond words. Yet the consolations of God overbalance all ; and I hope we are near our port, and heaven is open for us."

Most of them were nearer their port than they surmised, and that port the best; their sails "were set to reach Jerusalem." Off the coast of Orkney, in a night of tempest, the captain ran his vessel close inshore and cast anchor, locking and chaining the hatches over the prisoners in the hold. In the darkness, at ten o'clock, the ship was dashed against the rocks, and was broken in two. The sailors made a bridge of the mast and escaped to the rough beach; nearly sixty of the Covenanters were able, in one way or in another, to follow their example. But the other two hundred were drowned, only a few of their bodies being washed to the land, to be buried at a place called Scarvating, where one may see the graves to-day. Was it a pitiful death? Was it not a happy enfranchisement? As once before in a night of storm, Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea, and saying, *It is I; be not afraid.*

CHAPTER XXIV.

A TEMPORARY.

A TEMPORARY—one who tries year in and year out to "carry his dish level," and adjusts his sails to catch the changing winds, and on his own confession feels much "fear of exposing himself to suffering": such was Alexander Brodie of Brodie, the representative in Covenanting times of an old Scottish family, with properties lying in the northern shires of Moray and Nairn. A Temporary, whose reservations and compliances and abatements are written with painful clearness in his voluminous Diary; but yet, at heart, a man of conscience and of true and warm religion. When he died, in the April of 1680, his son bore touching testimony to his worth. "I have had the benefit of instruction, warning, means of knowledge." "I have seen the godlie conversation, holy and Christian walk of a father—his watchfulnes, fruitfulnes, his secret communion with God." "Alas! what an emptie roum and place will all men find heir!" "This day"—it was the 22nd of April—"my wyffe and Alexander Finlater and I put the bodie of my dear Father in his cerecloth, and caus anoint with oyls and pouders and spices. The bodie was the cask which keipd a nobl jewal." But, when we read the self-accusing Diary, how earnestly we wish that this "gentleman of shining piety" had been less timorous, more independent, caring only for the approval of God,

and paying smaller heed to the favour and the censure of men! Alexander Brodie stands inside the spiritual realm; there is not a doubt of his faith and hope and love; but mountains and seas separate him from those more immovable kinsfolk of his in the Kirk, of whom it could be said, as the soldiers in Scarborough said of George Fox, that they were "as stiff as a tree and as pure as a bell."

He was a man of much repute. Born in 1617, and by and by a student in the King's College of Aberdeen, he entered on the possession of his ancestral lands as soon as he came of age, for his father had died when he was himself a boy in his sixteenth year. In 1643, he was chosen to represent the county of Elgin in the Scottish Parliament; and, season after season, he went up as ruling elder to the General Assembly. In 1649, and again in 1650, he was one of the little band of Commissioners sent across the water to Holland, to treat with Charles the Second. Twice over, in 1649 and once more in 1658, he took his seat on the bench of the Court of Session, and was greeted everywhere as Lord Brodie; although, on the latter occasion, the office was accepted "after much Resistance and Reluctance." Indeed, he was afraid of such lofty employments, for he was "naturally a venturous undertaking creature," and he dreaded the harm which ambition and presumption might inflict on his inner life. Once, when he "got Oliver Cromwell's letter, or rather a citation and summons to come to London," his soul cried out in alarm, "O Lord! I have met with the lion and the bear before; but this is the Goliath—the strongest and greatest temptation is last." But altogether, even if he liked best to live quietly in his northern home, riding out daily through his ample fields, and adding acre after acre to the family inheritance, Brodie of

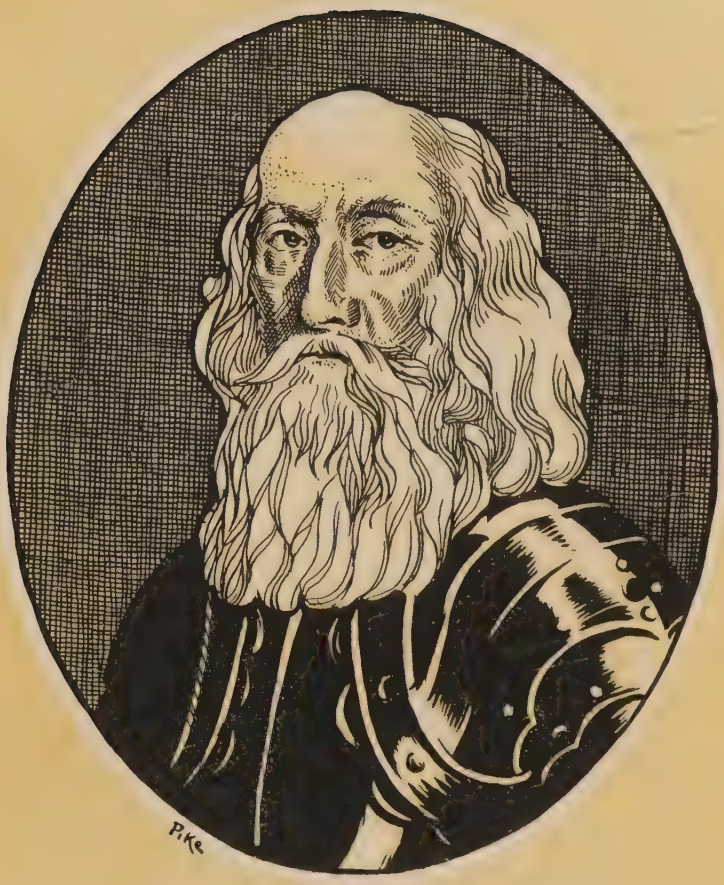
Brodie was a conspicuous figure in his stormy and perplexing time.

A figure too, in very many of its characteristics, not conspicuous merely, but admirable. In the portrait which he paints for us of himself, we read, for one thing, of the depth and permanence of his affections. A crushing sorrow fell on him in his opening manhood. When he was twenty-three, his young wife, Elizabeth Innes, the granddaughter of "the bonny Earl of Moray," was snatched from him by death, after they had enjoyed but five summers of unalloyed happiness together. "I asked at the Lord iff He could strick anie mor," he wrote, fifteen years after the blow had descended; "for I did not esteem anie thing behind." And on a much later day, he draws on the margin of the Diary an admonitory finger pointing significantly to one of the entries, and it moves us greatly to encounter a fresh record of the heartbreak which is both old and new: "August 12, 1673.— This day 33 years my beloved wife was removed from me by death. I desir to be humbld under the Lord's hand, and to acknowledg His holines and justice." Alexander Brodie did not marry a second time; he reverenced one woman supremely, and was faithful to her while life lasted. And in this he is a kind of far-off relation of Raphael, leaving his pictures to make a century of sonnets for the peerless lady of his choice, and of Dante, forsaking his poetry to paint an angel for Beatrice: each mastered by the longing,

> Once, and only once, and for one only,
> (Ah, the prize!) to find his love a language
> Fit and fair and simple and sufficient.

Then, also, we mark with pleasure how open-eyed and wakeful the intellect was which the Morayshire laird carried about with him. He went to London

in the summer of the Restoration ; and everything interested him. "I saw a mighti citi, numerous, manie souls in it, great plentis of all things, and thoght him a great king that had soe manie at command ; yet how much greater is He that has all the cities of the world, persons, nations, things created in erth and heauen ! " In the gardens beyond Bishopsgate he marvelled at the variety of trees and plants and flowers, and was "apt to be inordinat about thes earthli delights." Towards the end of October he was a witness of "the Lord Maior of London his solemnities," and was amazed by "the witt and invention of men," and, still more, by the strangeness of "the Lord's creatures on other parts of this earth," for some quaint and portentous monsters had had their place in the show. Ten days later he dined at Billingsgate, and inspected "the prison of the King's Bench in Southrick, and the workers of glass ; in all which I saw the manifold wisdom of God in the gifts and faculties which He has given to men." He missed nothing. And there was no necessity for him to make his pilgrimage to London, that he might know himself the denizen of a significant and surprising realm. The fields round his house at Brodie were filled both with astonishments and with admonitions. On a May day in 1656, George Stewart came to him, "and we traveld throgh the wood of Darnaway. We saw and kild an adder ; wherein I saw, as the Lord's providenc, so my natur ; how lyk was I to that beast that was ful of poison, and ther teeth did cutt unto death. I considerd ther cace in the wildernes that wer stung, and adord the Lord for the brazen serpent. Lord Jesus ! then said I, Thou art that serpent : I desir to look to Thee and be heald." Later in the same summer, his eyes and his heart were arrested by the leaves of the holly tree, and he thought that their



THOMAS DALZELL.

From a Contemporary Print.

Through the kindness of Messrs T. C. & E. C. Jack.

bright and glittering lustre represented the beauty of the world : " green was it, but full of pricks, and hurt them that did cleave most to it. O then ! "—he cried, as conscience spoke to him of his own feeblenesses and perils—" guard my hart against this." The landscape round him was all symbolic and mystical ; the acacia-bush was aflame with the presence of God. Two centuries subsequently, John Ker, writing of Thomas Guthrie in his Highland home at Lochlee, had a similar story to tell : " A splintered rock, with an adder he had seen lurking below it, became the emblem of man's ruined nature, with the poison and the sting beneath. A single tree that crowns the top of a crag, amid the wreck of a fallen mountain, shows where grace can rear its trophies. The reeds by the loch-side bending to the sudden breeze call up the stir of the heart under the Spirit's breath. The wild ducks starting from the rushing covert, and in a moment out of reach, are the riches that fly away on wings. The walls of a forsaken shieling at the foot of Craig Maskeldie give a glimpse of patriarchal life gone by, and take up the lament for the exile. The little ruined church seen at the lower end of the lake is a symbol of the deserted shrine of the soul, on which ' Ichabod ' may be written." Two worlds belonged to Thomas Guthrie, and to Alexander Brodie before him ; and for both of them nature was impregnated with spiritual meanings and lessons.

He was a book-lover, too ; and he counted no product of brain and imagination foreign territory. Now we catch him reading " something of the romance of Cassandra," and bewailing the fact that his affections were wrought on more by these fictions than by the truth. Again, he is deep in " the Turk's Alcoran," but finds nothing in its pages to stagger him or to

seduce. Or he is exceedingly desirous to buy an Atlas ; but he dreads lest he should trespass—cautious Scot as he is—by extravagant and unnecessary expense, or by an undue contentment and comfort in the use of the creatures. He draws out a list of the books he has purchased during his sojourn in the capital in 1660 and 1661. There is a Bible in quarto. There are "Sir Walter Raleigh," and "Alex. Ross his Continuation," and "Heylyn's Geographie." There are Tacitus, and Lucan, and Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and Thucydides, and Livy, and Polybius. He was often distressed in mind, because in his studies he was so strongly tempted to travel far afield, leaving the sacred hill of Zion out of sight, and forgetting the themes which are of supremest moment. "I am feard," he confesses, "that the pleasur of profane Histori should expel the loue of Scriptur and that which is diuin. I besoght the Lord against this snare." Ten days afterwards the hazard has recurred: "I found my inordinatnes in reading Lucan." Within a fortnight he is chastising himself anew for yielding to the fascinating and entangling delight : "I boght som histori books, but nothing of diuinitie. This feard me that I was withering, and I desird to search. Oh ! the studi and knouledg of the one thing necessar, and the use of al means to that end, is that which should be cheife." But just as he found sermons in stones, and in all the voices and happenings of the natural world, so he could take no excursion up the slopes and through the fields of literature without gleaning some spiritual harvest. Through a long and dark November evening, he reads "Charles 5th, his laying down the imperial croun, and taking him to a cloister or monasteri in Castil, near Placentia. He caused celebrat his funeral befor himself ere he died. This did affoord me matter of

exercise." Few men in the Scotland of his day were better informed than Brodie of Brodie.

A profounder trait still, and a more spiritual, was his anxiety about the godliness of the home. When his wife went from him, he was left with two little children, James and Grissel. Year after year he observed their growth, omitting no means of grace, catechising, reproving, encouraging, taking care that his bairns made their personal covenants with God, directing them habitually to the hill and house of holiness. On many a Sabbath evening, he would call for his son, and "exhort and admonish him to self-trial, and to more exactness, sincerity, and watchfulness over his heart and thoughts." Or it was the daughter, who, after sad and grave warning, would dedicate herself to Christ in a new engagement after this sort: "This night my Father carried me before God for my forgetting the former resolutions which I made lately. I did confess and take with my hainous guiltiness, and promised yet again to bewail it and mourn for it; and I will beseech the Lord not to forsake me, but to forgive and heal for His Own name's sake." Afterwards, when they married, and boys and girls of theirs began to gather round his knees, he was as concerned for the piety of the new generation. Only nine months before the close of his life, we meet this sentence in the Diary: "I did speak to Ann, Cath., and Elz., my poor grandchildren, and asked if they were content to enter in covenant with Him, and they consented, and gave themselves to the Lord to be His for ever, and tuk on His bands." Alexander Brodie had no wish to pass empty-handed to the Sacred Presence and the Gracious Face; he would fain lead others along with him to the splendid goal.

Yet, with so many laudable features of mind and

heart, he was a Temporary. It was not that he cherished a scintilla of doubt as to which was the cause of righteousness. It was not that, by conviction and preference, he was a trimmer, determined to remain lukewarm in so brisk and peremptory a world, where almost everybody was vociferously supporting one side of each question. An American essayist describes a students' society at Harvard which was intended to represent the tepid and neutral spirit of Laodicea—a spirit which the members esteemed no peril to be shunned, but a *summum bonum* to be sought and won. Moral heat or moral cold in any applicant was a reason for his rejection. The word "But" was suggested as a motto, because it contains a subtle hint that something can always be said from the opposite point of view. Lord Brodie never could have belonged to the ranks of this society. His soul had its ascertained and definite beliefs, and they led him to sympathise with the stricter Covenanters. But the sympathy was sedulously repressed, and held in check with constant vigilance, and kept in the cellar instead of being set on the housetop. It was a whisper rather than a flag. He was afraid to avow it. His name was Mistrust, and not Proteus or Janus. He refused to put out on the vast seas, where the risks of sinking are great, even if there are the Happy Isles to be reached. His faint and nervous temper led him to hug the shore and to engage in a timid coasting trade. He compromised his own ideals, and was content with what he knew to be the second-best.

One learns where his real predilections lay from many of his confessions, and, not least, from what he narrates about Robert Leighton. The two were fast friends; and we think the better of the laird because of his love for the saintly theologian. But, when

Leighton proposed to conform to Episcopacy, nobody grieved more than the northern squire. "Mr. Lighton din'd with me," he notes on the 25th of October 1661. "I perceaved he was not averss from taking on him to be a Bishop; all was clear to him; civil places free from censurs; he approv'd the orgains, antheams, musick in ther worship. He said the greatest error among papists was ther persecution and want of charitie to us. His intention was to doe good in that place, and not for ambition. He was against defensive arms: men in poprie holding all ther tenets might be sav'd. He had no scruple in anie thing which they did, repeating oft this word, Religion did not consist in thes external things, but in righteousness, peace, and joy. I pray'd for him, as for myself, and was feard that his charitie misguided might be a snare to him." A month afterwards, when the consecration of the four Bishops was not far off, he had another meeting with the good man. "Anent his undertaking I did express myself freelie to him. He shewd that he retaind the same tendernes and bowels to thes that feard God. I desird him to use his libertie not to stumble but to edifie others. He said, he thoght he was bound to use his libertie to the utmost; and, if he did forbear to use his libertie in things quherein he had freedom, he thoght he sinn'd. I exhorted him to guard against Poprie. He said, he had not anie thing he mor desird than that they might have libertie also, and not for ther consciences to be prest; he would indulge them, and Anabaptists, and Quakers: he lykd the Liturgie and som of thes things best. Thes opinions wer dangerous. I besoght him to watch, and prayd the Lord for him. I desird him to use his credit that the Ceremonies might not be broght in upon us. He said, he wishd soe; but he hop'd they should be

prest on none. Alace! efter introducing, force will soon ensew. But he does not perceave or suspect it." Here is the scrupulous Presbyter face to face with the apostle of sweetness and light, the advocate of breadth and comprehension. He is eager to save him from the coils of fatal concession. He sees the serpents which are sure to sting and kill, if once the protective hedges are broken down. He urges his friend to pause, ere he has committed himself and the mischief is beyond repair. Leighton had not travelled far on the new road, before he discovered that Brodie's prevision was not wholly at fault. "I spoke with B. Dumblaim," the record runs on the 27th of January 1662. "He told me he feard he shold be disappointed in them he was to be joind with; and he exprest his desir and purpos to know and doe the will of God. O, let the Lord grant him and me also this mercie!" These are colloquies out of which the Covenanter comes a victor; he seems to have chosen the breezier uplands and the better road.

Ah, but has he? We are compelled to doubt it soon; and, long before we reach the latest entry in the Diary, our verdict is reversed, and eulogy is exchanged for lament. So soon as King Charles's policy had revealed its bitter issues for the men of the Covenant, Lord Brodie toned down the vivid blue of his banner into a more indeterminate tint. The fear of man held him in constant vacillation and trouble of mind. He would not risk his position, he would not forfeit a farm or a field, in defence of his beliefs; "the trash and hagg," as in a moment of candour he designates his goods and gear, were too priceless to lose for the sake of intangible truth. The narrative becomes pitiful in the extreme. "O my dulnes, blindnes, barrennes, fleshlines!" the surgeon sobbed, as he thrust the

scalpel into his own flesh ; but, in spite of his self-knowledge, there was no attempt to heal his wounds —he hated his unworthinesses, and he clung to them. Even while he expostulated with Leighton, he was perjuring himself to win the grace of a meaner man. "Dr. Sharp din'd with me. I movd to him to speak to the King, and to my Lord Rothes, for me and my freinds. Let not his favour be a snare to me ; for his principls are full of danger ; neither let anie stumble at it." And, again : "I did purpos not to mak mickle use of Mr. Ja. Sharp ; albeit I thoght I might doe it lawfulie, and, through the grace of God asisting, not sin or necessarlie fal in anie snare. But I perceave ther is small tendernes in me. O help, Lord, quhen tendernes fail !" And, more noteworthy still : "I call'd Sharp Lord. I desir to examin if I sin'd in it." Dr. Mozley writes of the New Testament Pharisee that he succeeded in "taming and domesticating" his conscience, in vulgarising and humiliating and chaining it ; and it was what Alexander Brodie had set himself to do. But, when Mozley adds that the Pharisee contrived in the end to make conscience "a manageable and applauding companion," we feel that the Covenanter is no longer in alliance with him. The Lord of Session might rein in his convictions, so that they had no liberty ; but they kept him always in turmoil of spirit. He was for ever labouring in the deep mid-ocean, for ever climbing up the climbing wave.

For things did not mend as years went on. He was well aware that, if he followed the inner light, he must listen to the field-preachers ; but it was as manifest that, if he consulted his interest, he must attend the parish church, and hearken to the curate whose "dead ministrie" he deplored and despised.

He selected the ignobler course ; and thus the Sabbath, the *Dies Dominica* of the Diary, instead of being a delight and honourable, brought him nothing else than self-accusation and pain. Sometimes, to extricate himself from his spiritual toils, he remained in his own room ; and there are frequently recurring admissions after the fashion of this : "Decr. 24.—Die Dom. I staid at hom becaus of the tym, and the observation, and the danger of the Earle of Murray." The unhappy tenant of the Debateable Land was tossed from difficulty to difficulty, from the swords of the Douglas to the arrows of the Percy. He is told about some poor men who are fined at Inverness, for not hearing the present ministers ; and "whatever be ther errour or darknes," he owns that "they hav mor affection, simplicitie, and honestie than I." Or the curate complains to him of those who are disconform, and alleges that they have the doctrine and ways of the Donatists and Cathari ; but "I did deny this, and said that they had nothing common with them, but wer sound and orthodox, excep in the maiter of government" ; and then, carrying the war into the enemy's country, "I said, I feard manie preachd for love of ther stipends, and could be content to quit preaching so that they had ther livlihood." The leaders in the north of the more unswerving party, James Fraser of Brea and Thomas Hog of Kiltearn, were now and then in Brodie's society ; and they did not fail to reprove his tergiversations and excuses. "He had an argument"—Thomas Hog is the logician—"That they who want the qualifications which by Christ's institution should be in a minister, they are noe ministers. I scrupld at this, and broght the example of Judas. I said, A man might be a calld lawful minister in some respects, and yet want these qualifications of grace that's

needful. He said, That I could be a curat or anie thing." Indeed, there was cause for the anger of the preacher who was "steel-true and blade-straight"; but the other who felt its edge did not like it. "My woful heart kindl'd"—this was on a subsequent day—"and I said I did noe less dislyk his severitie in censuring the condition and estate of others, and that he took the keys, and judgd rashlie and rigidlie, and that I could not embrace the opinion becaus Mr. Tho. Hog said it, and, if he stumbld at me, he might forbear me." The reader becomes more and more sorry for a man whose faith and love journey one road, and his advantages and gains precisely the opposite; and who prefers the easier going in Bypath Meadow, even when he knows that he should be out on the King's Highway.

But at times sorrow deepens into indignation. From the northern districts some troops of militia were summoned to contend against the Whigs at Bothwell Bridge. We could not have dreamed that Alexander Brodie, himself a Covenanter, would contribute his band of retainers to fight those with whom he was in sympathy. But he did. There was, of course, the customary inward debate, the swaying back and forward of the reed shaken with the wind. "This morning I had wrestlings" whether "I should go against these in the west." And then the turns of the mental discussion are recounted: "1. I did not allow their rising. 2. There is mickle rashnes. 3. They seim not to have a call to it. 4. They have no rational grounds to expect that they can prevail against these that ar against them, being the armies of three Kingdoms. Yet it is not the question, is it safest? but, is it most acceptable to God, wil it get approbation, and hav peace? On the one hand, I sie if I draw back there is unavoidable danger of destruction to me, my

poor children, and familie. On the other hand, I have onlie to ponder what God utters, and, being clear in that, to take Him for all, and cast dangers, fears, power, malice, lust of men, upon His all-sufficiencie, truth, providence, wisdom, sovereigntie, power." But he shut his eyes to these legions of angels, and again he was compliant and timeserving, although with not a whit more of satisfaction to himself. "June 21, 1679.—I reflected on my putting out the foot, and promoving and strengthening ther hands that were goeing against the handful, and was shaken, and doubted if God did allow." Three months later, when all was over with "the handful," peace had not returned to him. "Septr. 4.—The last night I was exercis'd much with greif and had chalendg for asisting the levies." And, again: "Septr. 20.—I found great disorder in my heart, brain, mind, and temper, apprehensions and imaginations disquieting me." The Diary supplies us with an object-lesson of the remediless misery that keeps gnawing, with eagle's beak and talons, at the vitals of the man who sins against his own soul.

To the last the wavering and irresolute heart was without the sunshine which rewards a stouter trust. Two days before he escaped from his "confusions and heaviness," this was his cry, "Quhen will mercie find a way to overtake a poor rebell?" Yet, when the end was but three or four hours distant, his son testifies that he had "some blink of reviving," and that those round his bed heard from his lips "sweit, savorie, seasonable words." One is glad that there was a beam of light in the evening of that cloudy day. "Above all, believe it," said Lord Bacon, "the sweetest canticle is Nunc Dimittis"; and Alexander Brodie could have confirmed the truth.

His autobiography, with its introspections and

self-scourgings, is a human document, in which perhaps some of us may find delineated our own frailty and unfaithfulness. But it has its value, too, because it emphasises a contrast. We lift our thoughts from it to the life-histories of the men and women who stood unshaken, unseduced, unterrified ; and we understand, more clearly than ever, against what persistent temptations from without and within they needed to battle, and how glorious the patience and hardihood were which enabled them to overcome.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LION OF THE COVENANT.

THE year of Drumclog and Bothwell had serious consequences for others than the Covenanters. There was the Duke of Lauderdale, for example. That such grievous rebellions should perturb the country was not to the credit of the man who was the country's overlord ; and he had enemies who were quick to use them against him. Yet he had triumphed over similar antagonisms before, and he might have asserted his supremacy again. The King was still his friend; and he needed only to manifest the old arrogance, and most of the governing class in Scotland would cringe before their master. But now his own health was breaking. Much of his time was spent in drinking the waters at Bath and Tunbridge Wells. He had not the physical vitality which would enable him to combat his adversaries ; and they gained on him little by little. In November 1680, we find the Scottish Bishops sending him a farewell address ; for he has resigned his great office of " sole Secretarie of State for this kingdom," handing over its dignities to the Earl of Moray. They avow themselves most grateful to their imperious benefactor. " For the eminent appearances and actings of your Grace for our Religion, our Order, and our Church, as wee offer to your Grace our most humble and heartie thanks, so sall wee offer unto God our most fervent Prayers for your Grace's honor,

interest, and Glorie in both worlds." Queensberry's star was in the ascendant, the Queensberry whom Claverhouse flattered, though there was neither trust nor liking between the two. And another personage—foreboding, sinister, intolerant, even if in Holyrood he cultivated the good opinion of Scottish lords and ladies by routs and gaieties—began in those years to figure prominently in the guidance of affairs.

This was the Duke of York. In London and throughout England he was suspected on account of his Papistry ; and it was judged prudent that he should go to the north for a time. Through the closing months of 1679 and the early ones of 1680, he had his home in Edinburgh. In the Privy Council he took his seat without swearing any Oath of Allegiance ; laws which were iron for Presbyterians became elastic for a Roman Catholic so imposing and powerful. Indeed, he did very much what he pleased. When, in the spring, he returned to Whitehall, twenty-six of the Councillors wrote to the King an epistle of commendation as fulsome in its tone as it was daring in its chronology. " May it please your sacred Majesty," the first sentence ran, " the remembrance of having been under the protection of your Royall family above two thowsand years ; of having been preserved by their valour from the slavery to which others were so often reduced ; and of having receaved from their bounty the lands wee possess : Hath been very much refresh'd and renew'd by having your Royall Brother among us, in whom wee have seen that moderation of spirit and equality of Justice, that is so remarkable in your sacred Race." Charles, whose humour never failed, and who was shrewd in his understanding of men, must have been amused by the singular tribute. Sixteen months later, the Duke was back in Edinburgh, on

this occasion as King's Commissioner ; and at length the reign of Lauderdale was at an end.

By August 1682, John Maitland was dead. Step by step he went down his tragic descent. His body was shaken by gross self-indulgence. He was denied the affections of home ; for his wife, who had cared only for the pomp and wealth her husband brought her, now neglected him openly. One wonders what his thoughts were as he looked before and after. If he felt any penitences, any misgivings, any yearnings after Heaven's forgiveness, no record of these remains. "O, my lord," Richard Baxter had pleaded with tearful importunity, "do I need to tell you that all this glory will quickly set in the shadows of death, and that all this sweeting will turn soure ? And how little it will comfort a departing soule to look back on prosperity, and how terrible it will be to reflect on a life of covenant-breaking and unfaithfullnes to God ! " But Lauderdale passed, and gave no sign. Seven months after he breathed his last in Kent, he had a stately burial in Haddington. At Inveresk Kirk Bishop Paterson of Edinburgh preached very learnedly ; and, at one of the clock, the funeral—the body being in the hearse covered with the pall or canopy—went in procession to the Abbey Church in the East Lothian town. By and by, at five o'clock, "that noble and extraordinary person" was placed in his tomb, next to his father's, but raised higher upon a base of stone made of purpose. There were present two thousand horse, insomuch that they filled the highway for full four miles in length ; and there were twenty-five coaches. So they "led out the pageant, sad and slow." But there were poor men, whom he had sent to glorify God in the Grassmarket, who had an exodus more impressive and victorious.

When Bothwell had been fought and lost, silence fell on the Kirk. The silence would have been unbroken, if it had not been for the voices of two or three in the straitest sect of the Covenant. Their testimony increased in determination and vehemence. We have seen what the debates were which divided Presbyterians. There were the Indulgences. Was it permissible, or was it unlawful, to receive the measure of liberty which these offered? There was the Cess. It was a tax applied to the persecution of the faithful; but, if payment should be refused, the dragoons had their commission to plunder and kill. Might one submit at the bayonet's point; or, let the worst come to the worst, ought the Covenanter to say No? It is impossible to condemn outright the good men who chose the path of least resistance; even for them the road was thorny enough. But their brethren, who would bend to no wind that blew, were more consistent. They maintained untorn the independence of the Church. They vindicated the subject's right of protest against the arbitrariness of overbearing rulers. They carried to their proper issue the principles of the Covenant.

They were sometimes unreasonable. When Sir Robert Hamilton and his staff wasted time and temper in unbrotherly debate with John Welsh, there is no justification for the folly. Instead of distilling like the dew, they riddled like hailstones those with whom they should have been friends. But, had they spoken it in love, they had truth on their side. And, allied with them, there were some as undismayed but more admirable, men to kindle in their fellows the uttermost of devotion. Richard Cameron was one of these, "the Lion of the Covenant," as he has been called. He was in no sense responsible for the miserable bickerings which preceded Bothwell; he was absent in

Holland on that mournful Sabbath. But he, too, is among the stalwarts, who hold all temporising policies in abhorrence. To the Committee on Military Education a British General of the twentieth century said, "It is not form to show keenness." The opposite was Cameron's faith. He believed in keenness, in convictions inwoven into the texture of the soul, in confessions proclaimed by lips that are clear-toned, in the scorn of consequence, in obedience to God although the heavens should fall. "A detestable indifferency and neutrality" had no lodging in his heart.

Like Hugh Mackail and James Renwick, Richard Cameron remains always young. When death came, sharp and red and kind, he was but a year or two above thirty. The date of his birth is uncertain; but, if we fix it for 1648, we cannot be far from the mark. He was a native of the old Fifeshire town of Falkland, where the Stuart kings had a famous palace; he grew up, as we may say, under the very shadow of the autocracy and prelacy against which he waged war *à outrance.* His father, Allan Cameron, merchant in Falkland, and his mother, Margaret Paterson, were Scots of the sober, "bien," diligent middle-class which, first and last, has done so much for the country. There were two younger sons: Michael, to be linked inseparably with Richard in the supreme moments of his history, and Alexander, who became a Covenanting minister, but of whose biography little is discernible. In the spring of 1680, six months before Ayrsmoss, he went to study theology in Holland, being then over twenty-one years of age, and having wrought for a time as a handloom weaver. He possessed only "some smack of Humanity," his father said in a letter to MacWard, apologising for the absence of classical

RICHARD CAMERON'S MONUMENT AT AYRSMOSS.

attainment on the ground that it would have been dangerous to send the lad to a Scottish university, now that his brother's antagonism to the ruling powers was notorious. For a good few summers and winters this youngest son of the house must have remained in the Low Countries, for we detect his presence in Utrecht when the Revolution of 1688 took place; but then he fades into a mist of indistinctness, and soon we lose sight of him altogether. There seems to have been a daughter also, Marion Cameron—a fearless girl, whom tradition reports to have suffered death at the hands of the troopers. The little family gave overflowing proof of its affection for the persecuted Church.

But, in the outset, Richard was not the Lionheart he afterwards became. When he had taken his University degree, he was precentor and schoolmaster in Falkland under the Episcopal curate. Occasionally, however, in the fields, he listened to a Covenanting minister; and, by the grace of God, these stolen opportunities made all things new. "In that sun-blink day of power," writes Patrick Walker, "when the net of the Gospel was let down at the right side of the ship, then a great draught of perishing souls was effectually caught." One of the enmeshed and happy souls was Cameron's; and nothing could be more radical than the change he underwent. It was not simply that he found his spiritual home henceforward amongst Presbyterians, but immediately he showed himself a root-and-branch man. Now, and to the close, he stood among the most inflexible of his fresh-found comrades. But Falkland was no residence for an enthusiast, and he left his native town. For a time he was tutor in the family of Sir William Scot, of Harden, in the county of Roxburgh—a gentleman who, in a later year, was sentenced

both to imprisonment and to a fine of £4000 because of his love for the Covenant. Yet even Sir William Scot and his lady were not sufficiently decisive for the young tutor. It was to the preaching of one of the Indulged ministers that the Harden household went ; and Richard Cameron's conscience would not permit him to accompany them. Once more he forsook home, to join himself with John Welsh, who was then holding meetings in Teviotdale. It was Welsh who prevailed on him, against his own desire, to receive license as a preacher ; he was sure, he said, that, with his peremptory beliefs, he would only be a root of bitterness in the camp. But his objections were repelled ; and in the house of Henry Hall of Haughhead, the captain who fought at Drumclog and Bothwell, the hands of a little company of outed ministers were laid on his fair hair, and he was set apart to publish to a convulsed nation the Evangel of peace.

They had gauged the quality of the new recruit ; and, at once, they bade him repair to a difficult portion of the field. "The first place they sent him to"—Mr. Welsh and Mr. Sempill and the others—"was Annandale. He said, How could he go there ? for he knew not what sort of people they were. Mr. Welsh said, 'Go your way, Ritchie ; set the fire of hell to their tail.' The first day he preached upon that text, *How shall I put thee among the children?* In the application he said, 'Put you among the children, the offspring of robbers and thieves ! ' Many have heard of Annandale thieves. Some of them, who got a merciful cast that day, told it afterwards that it was the first field-preaching that ever they heard, and that they went out of curiosity, to see how a minister would preach in a tent and people sit on the ground ; but, if many of them went without an errand, they got

one that day." From the commencement, his Lord honoured the ministry of Richard Cameron.

But his outspokenness, as he had dreaded, brought him an inheritance of distrust. He could not refrain from condemning the Indulgence; until some even of those who confided in him began to doubt his wisdom, and to find fault with sentences which burned like a flame and smote like a hammer. At Dunscore in Nithsdale, a parish with memories both of Robert Burns and of Thomas Carlyle, a meeting of ministers was held. John Welsh attended, and Gabriel Sempill, and Thomas Douglas, and David Williamson. They reproved, though surely with all gentleness, the eager young preacher who had won their love. If they rejoiced in his zeal, they would have it tempered by a more longsuffering spirit. It would seem, although his latest biographer doubts it, that he gave them a promise of increased watchfulness and moderation; he would try to hold in check the ardencies of his heart and tongue, and would deal more exclusively with those rich evangelical themes on which all the prophets of the Covenant were agreed. Was it because afterwards he regretted the promise and fell into trouble of spirit on account of his fancied backsliding, or was it simply that he might receive abroad the ordination which in so distressful a time it was difficult to get in Scotland, that, a few months subsequently, he crossed the North Sea to Holland? Whatever the motive might be—and this is but one of the unsettled questions in Cameron's life-story—we meet him erelong in the company of the exiles, John Brown and Robert MacWard. In May 1679, as Professor Herkless and Dr. Hay Fleming conclude, he left his own country for the Continent. And so he was hundreds of miles away when, in the following month,

victory waited on the flag of the Covenant, and then defeat trailed it shamefully in the mire.

He made an instant impression on those among whom he had gone. "I crave leave to tell you," writes MacWard, "that the common report of poor Mr. Cameron was, that not only he did preach nothing but babble against the Indulgence, but that he could do no other thing. And this was so confidently and commonly talked, that I was not in case to contradict it upon knowledge. But, by his coming hither, the reporters have lost their credit of being so easily believed for the future ; and many who heard him were convinced that prejudice, heightened to malice, had given men liberty to talk so. For here he was found a man of a savoury Gospel-spirit ; the bias of his heart lying towards the proposing of Christ, and persuading to a closing with Him." In the Scots Kirk at Rotterdam, he delivered a "satisfying and delightsome" sermon, refreshing to many, on that appealing cry of the Lover of men, *Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.* He was far removed from the ordinary type of controversialist ; there was the note of affectionateness in his utterance. In public prayer he would still bewail the tyrannies and defections in the homeland ; but, when he stood up to speak, he was the herald of the King of grace Who died to redeem the lost.

So entirely were Brown and MacWard united in community of thought with Richard Cameron that they gladly gave him ordination. In Rotterdam, with a Dutch divine, Pastor James Koelman, to assist them, the ceremony took place. Immediately before it, MacWard addressed the young man. "Richard," he said, "the publick standard of the Gospel is fallen in Scotland ; and, if I know anything of the mind of

the Lord, ye are called to undergo your trials before us, and go home and lift the fallen standard, and display it before the world. But, before ye put your hand to it, ye shall go to as many of the field ministers as ye can find, and give them your hearty invitation to go with you ; and if they will not go, go your lone, and the Lord will go with you." When Brown and Koelman had lifted their hands from the head bent in consecration beneath them, MacWard left his resting on the light-brown locks. " Behold ! " he cried, " all ye spectators. Here is the head of a faithful minister and servant of Jesus Christ, who shall lose the same for his Master's interest ; and it shall be set up before sun and moon in the public view of the world." Those were days when old experience, and sanctified sorrow, and brooding meditation, and daily communion with God, endowed men with the insight of the saint and the foresight of the seer.

Robert MacWard's prediction did not tarry long for its realisation. In the October of 1679, Cameron was again in Scotland, resolved, even if he had to essay the enterprise in loneliness, that he would " lift the fallen standard and display it publicly before the world." Within nine months his race was completed ; but so marvellously had he succeeded in his work that only three or four names in the annals of the Covenant are better remembered than his. Not many stood by him during these fateful months ; he had need of the boldness and the faith which can dispense with human helpers. Sometimes old Donald Cargill would assist him in preaching on hillside or moor, and sometimes Thomas Douglas ; but generally he hurried in solitude on his Master's errands. John Welwood would have been his true yokefellow had he lived ; but, in the same year of 1679, worn with labour and

sickness, he betook himself to the joys of heaven; that morning on which he died, when he saw the first streaks of the dawn, he said, "Now, eternal light! no more night nor darkness to me!" In Clydesdale and Ayrshire Richard Cameron carried his burden, and made full proof of his ministry; and the succours he had were spiritual and unseen.

He was a preacher who knew how to persuade his hearers. Usually, as in Holland, his discourses treated of the perennial verities. Once, on a knowe in New Monkland, he had that great text, *A Man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind;* and the people enjoyed "a desirable, confirming, and comforting day." Again, somewhere between the shires of Ayr and Lanark, he spoke on the wistful words of Jesus, *Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life.* In the heart of the sermon he paused; and in the pause he prayed for the restoration of the Jews, for the fall of Antichrist, and for the hastening of the hour when the Stuarts should be swept from the throne. Then he went back to his theme, mounting into a sublimer strain as he proceeded. "'I have had a profession for many years,' say ye, 'and yet, I fear, I have never yet come to Christ.' But I say, Our Lord is here this day, saying, 'Will ye take Me, ye that have a lie so long in your right hand?' . . . There may be some saying, 'If I get or take Him, I shall get a cross also.' Well, that is true; but ye will get a sweet cross. Thus we offer Him unto you in the parishes of Auchinleck, Douglas, Crawfordjohn, and all ye that live thereabout. And what say ye? Will ye take Him? Tell us what ye say; for we take instruments before these hills and mountains around us that we have offered Him unto you this day. . . . Angels are wondering at this offer; they stand beholding with admiration that our

Lord is giving you such an offer this day. The angels will go up to report at the Throne what is every one's choice.'" The hunger to catch souls drove him on; he could not let his listeners go without learning how matters stood between them and his Lord. As he closed, again he paused, compelled to do so now by the depth of his emotion. He fell into "a rap of calm weeping," and the congregation wept along with him. It was a conventicle never forgotten. And there were others like it—at Mungo Hill, to the south of Eaglesham; at Kirkmahoe; at the Shawhead; at Quarryholes on the Duneaton; at Kype Water in Evandale; and at Carluke. In *Heathercat,* that short fragment of Covenanting story which he left behind him—would that it had been a perfect round and not a broken arc!—Stevenson describes such an open-air gathering as Cameron often addressed. It was an assembly of the last of the faithful. "God, Who had averted His face from all other countries of the world, still leaned from Heaven to observe, with swelling sympathy, the doings of His moorland remnant. Christ was by them with His eternal wounds, with dropping tears. The Holy Ghost was dimly supposed to be in the heart of each and on the lips of the minister." And over against them was the army of the hierarchies, "from the men Charles and James Stuart, on to King Lewie and the Emperor; and the scarlet Pope, and the muckle black devil himself, peering out the red mouth of hell in an ecstasy of hate and hope. 'One pull more!' he seemed to cry; 'one pull more, and it's done! There's only Clydesdale, and the Stewartry, and the three Bailieries of Ayr, left for God.'" There might be three hundred to four hundred present—with long, serious, strongly marked faces, the cheeks lean and brown, the mouth set, the eyes shining with a fierce

enthusiasm : shepherds, labouring men, and here and there a laird, in their broad blue bonnets or laced hats. A squall came up, with a great volley of flying mist, and a stormy wind, and a pitiless rain. Men and women panted aloud in the shock of the violent shower-bath ; plaids, mantles, and riding-coats gave them no shelter ; the worshippers felt the water stream on their naked flesh. But the minister's voice triumphed over it all. His were the metaphors characteristic of the hill preachers. "Their images scarce ranged beyond the red horizon of the moor and the rainy hill-top, the shepherd and his sheep, a fowling-piece, a spade, a pipe, a dunghill, a crowing cock, the shining and the withdrawal of the sun. An occasional pathos of simple humanity, and frequent patches of big Biblical words, relieved the homely tissue. It was a poetry apart ; bleak, austere, but genuine, and redolent of the soil." Many a time Cameron must have looked on such a scene. Many a time he was himself such a speaker and poet.

But Richard Cameron lives in Scottish history in another character, as the man who denounced and abjured the despotism of the Royal house. After his home-coming from the Continent, he had little to say regarding the Indulgence and the Indulged. He disapproved them still ; but, in these eventful weeks when he travelled so swiftly to the sight of Christ's face, his witness was directed against the worst evils in the land and the chief offenders. He became a rebel, but a glorious rebel whom our consciences justify and our hearts revere. It was the 22nd of June 1680, just twelve months since the calamity of Bothwell Brig. On that day the ancient burgh of Sanquhar was startled by the appearance of twenty men on horseback, who rode slowly up the main street, with swords drawn and

pistols in their hands. When they arrived at the market, two of them dismounted and walked to the Cross, while the rest formed a circle round, and the inhabitants flocked to the spot. The two who had dismounted were Richard Cameron and his brother Michael. A psalm was sung ; a prayer was offered ; after which Michael read a paper amid the breathless attention of the crowd. It was the Sanquhar Declaration—a meaningful and momentous Declaration.

" Although we be for government and governors, such as the Word of God and our Covenant allows, yet we for ourselves, and all that will adhere to us, as the representative of the true Presbyterian Kirk and Covenanted nation of Scotland, considering the great hazard of lying under such a sin any longer, do by this present disown Charles Stuart, that has been reigning—or rather tyrannising, as we may say—on the throne of Britain these years bygone, as having any right, title to, or interest in the crown of Scotland. We declare that, several years since, he should have been denuded of being king, ruler or magistrate, or of having any power to act, or to be obeyed as such. As also we, being under the standard of our Lord Jesus Christ, Captain of Salvation, do declare war with such a tyrant and usurper, and all the men of his practices, as enemies to our Lord Jesus Christ and His cause and Covenants ; and against all such as have strengthened him, sided with, or anywise acknowledged him in his tyranny, civil or ecclesiastic." These were the cardinal sentences. When the document had been read, Michael Cameron affixed it to the Cross. Another prayer was presented to God. And then the twenty horsemen formed again in rank, and, their mission fulfilled, returned to the hills and caves from which they had come.

What had they done? They had cast off the authority of their monarch. But they had not done it in mischievous anarchy and blatant revolt. They made their abjuration a religious act. They prefaced and followed the oath of insurrection by the worship of God. Moreover, they had disavowed King Charles in the interest of King Jesus. They disobeyed the unworthy ruler, that they might obey the Ruler Who is incomparable. They set aside a despotism, in order to establish a theocracy. "Think ye," asked Queen Mary of John Knox, "that subjects, having power, may resist their princes?" "If their princes exceed their bounds," quoth he, "Madam, and do against that wherefore they should be obeyed, it is no doubt but they may be resisted." "Well, then," she continued, "I perceive that my subjects shall obey you and not me." "God forbid," he rejoined, "that ever I take upon me to command any to obey me, or yet to set subjects at liberty to do what pleaseth them. But my travail is that both princes and subjects obey God." The Cameronians, the men who assented to the daring deed done in Sanquhar, were simply translating into act the wholesome patriotism of John Knox. We may not approve every phrase in their Declaration. We may not like its revengeful conclusion: "And we hope, after this, none will blame us for, or offend at, our rewarding those that are against us as they have done to us, as the Lord gives opportunity." But it contends for the essentials, for a free Parliament and an unshackled Church. Its principles triumphed in 1688. What was treason, when the Hillmen proclaimed it, was the Revolution Settlement, when William of Orange drove James from Whitehall. The rebels were the forerunners of the happier era. Others entered into their labours. The nation reaped the

harvest which, in a boisterous spring, twenty adventurous men had sown.

After Sanquhar, the death of the chief participant in the drama could not be distant. One of the seals of the Moravian Church is the picture of an ox, and on this side of it a plough, and on that an altar, so that it is prepared either for labour or for sacrifice. It might have been Cameron's crest. Now we hear him longing for the incorruptible inheritance, but yet praying for patience ; at another moment we see him busy to the last in his ministry in his fields. On the latest Sabbath of his life, when Cargill was with him, his sermon was on the text, *Be still, and know that I am God.* When the service was over, he arranged with his friend that, a fortnight afterwards, they should preach together once more. But, before the fortnight was ended, he had got his discharge from earth and his entrance into heaven.

On the night of the 21st of July, he slept in the farmhouse of William Mitchel in Meadowhead at the Water of Ayr. Out on a slope of the moor, under the sky, his bodyguard snatched what rest they could ; for, during that week, he was attended by about forty foot and twenty horse. " They were of one heart and soul," says Patrick Walker, " their company and converse being so edifying and sweet ; and, having no certain dwelling-place, they stayed together, waiting for further light in that nonsuch juncture of time." In the morning, at his request, the farmer's young daughter gave him water to wash his hands ; and, when he had dried them with a towel, he looked to them, and laid them on his face, and said, " This is their last washing ; I have need to make them clean, for there are many to see them." Her mother wept ; but, like his Lord before him, he bade her, " Weep not

for me, but for yourself and yours, and for the sins of a sinful land ; for ye have many melancholy, sorrowful, weary days before you." Bruce of Earlshall, a Fife-shire proprietor, was in command of the soldiers—Lord Airlie's troop and Strachan's dragoons—who had been sent by Dalzell to seek for Cameron. The pitiful ingredient in the story is that they seem to have been informed of his whereabouts by Sir John Cochrane, who himself claimed to be of one mind with the Covenanters, but whom the stricter party would have described as among the " dumb dogs " that did not bark. At four o'clock in the afternoon of the 22nd—it was a Thursday—the pursuers came on the little band, lying in the east end of Ayrsmoss, a bleak stretch of mossy ground extending through part of the three parishes of Sorn, Auchinleck, and Muirkirk. When Richard Cameron saw the enemy advancing, he gathered his men round him, and led them in prayer. There was no leisure for a multitude of words, no space for anything but one of those swift and strong ejaculations which carry the Kingdom of Heaven by force. Three times he cried, " Lord, spare the green, and take the ripe ! " Then he looked to his brother, brother by spiritual as by natural ties. " Michael," he said, " come, let us fight it out to the last ! For this is the day that I have longed for, and the death that I have prayed for, to die fighting against our Lord's enemies ; and this is the day that we will get the crown." To the rest he cried, " Be encouraged, all of you, to fight it out valiantly ; for all of you that shall fall this day, I see Heaven's gates cast wide open to receive them." It was an encounter of cavalry, the foot soldiers scarcely needing to do anything. The Covenanters strove like heroes ; but they were outnumbered, and the end was sure. Nine of their

horsemen lay dead ; and one of the nine was Richard Cameron.

> When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was ended,
> A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended ;
> Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,
> And its burning wheels turned on axles of brightness.
>
> A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
> All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining :
> And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation
> Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation.

So he whom men named the Lion of the Covenant sped to God, and laid down in His breast that fiery spirit of his ; he was no more than thirty-two years of age. Michael, too, fought his last fight on the lonely Ayrsmoss. They took Richard's head and hands to Edinburgh ; and the man who had cut them off declared, as he delivered them to the Privy Council, "There's the head and hands that lived praying and preaching, and died praying and fighting"—no mean panegyric to be spoken by the lips of an enemy. Old Allan Cameron, the father, was a prisoner in the Tolbooth, incarcerated because of the help he had given the conventicles near his own town of Falkland. On their way to the Netherbow, where they meant to fix them up, they carried head and hands to him, "to add grief to his sorrow." "Do you know them ?" they asked. And he took them upon his knee, and bent over them, and kissed them, and said, "I know them ! I know them ! They are my son's, my dear son's." And then, weeping and yet praising, he went on, "It is the Lord ! Good is the will of the Lord, Who cannot wrong me nor mine, but has made goodness and mercy to follow us all our days."

One of the prisoners who was taken, bleeding and almost lifeless, at Ayrsmoss was reserved for a fearful doom. It was Hackston of Rathillet. In the fight

he had inflicted many wounds ; for he was a deft swordsman. He was assailed from right and left, and maintained the battle as if its issue depended on himself alone. At last his horse was trapped in the marshy ground, and so was that of one of the foremost of the troopers, David Ramsay—a man "of my acquaintance," as Hackston relates, grimly enough, in the narrative which he drew up in the Tolbooth. The two fought a while on foot, very evenly matched ; but three dragoons from behind, taking a dishonourable advantage, struck Hackston on the head. He fell, and surrendered as Ramsay's prisoner. "They gave us all testimony," he says, and his soldierly heart was proud of the confession extorted from his foes—"they gave us all testimony of being brave, resolute men." He had need of every particle of the bravery and resolution. In Edinburgh, eight days after, they meted out to him an awful death. We are horrified as we read the sentence in the minutes of the Council : "That his body be drawn backward on a hurdle to the Mercat Cross ; that there be an high scaffold erected a little above the Cross, where, in the first place, his right hand is to be struck off, and, after some time, his left hand ; then he is to be hanged up, and cut down alive, his bowels to be taken out, and his heart shown to the people by the hangman ; then his heart and his bowels to be burned in a fire prepared for that purpose on the scaffold ; that, afterwards, his head be cut off, and his body divided into four quarters ; his head to be fixed on the Netherbow ; one of his quarters with both his hands to be affixed at St. Andrews, another quarter at Glasgow, a third at Leith, a fourth at Burntisland ; that none presume to be in mourning for him, or any coffin brought ; that no person be suffered to be on the scaffold with him, save the two bailies, the

executioner and his servants ; that he be allowed to pray to God Almighty, but not to speak to the people ; that Hackston's and Cameron's heads be fixed on higher poles than the rest." The permission to pray, Professor Herkless says, is the one human thing in this devilish verdict, devised by the Privy Council which governed Scotland in the name of Charles Stuart, King by the grace of God and Defender of the Faith. Through flame and through flood, a flame seven times intensified, a flood swelling to the brim, David Hackston of Rathillet went to the land where the sun does not light on the citizens nor any heat, and where there is no more sea of tumult and peril.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BREAKER AND BUILDER OF THE ETERNAL LAW.

THE Sabbath after Ayrsmoss, preaching in the parish of Shotts, Donald Cargill chose for his text, *Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?* It was Richard Cameron's funeral sermon that he preached, the elegy for the young soldier of Christ on whom he had himself leaned as on a staff that would not fail. For "that blest singular Christian, Mr. Cargill," was thirty summers older than the Timothy who had none of Timothy's fearfulness in his temperament; and it would have been a joy to retain by his side a knight so good. One of the most attractive among the leaders of the Covenant is Donald Cargill. His nature was timid and shrinking, and yet he learned for his Master's sake to trample his alarms under foot. He was disposed to depreciate himself, and nevertheless he kept the flag flying when others were too panic-stricken to unfurl its folds. The son of Laurence Cargill, notary and gentleman, he was born in the Perthshire town of Rattray, probably in 1619; but it was not until 1655, when he was leaving his youth behind, that he was ordained minister of the Barony Church in Glasgow—the Church which met then in the crypt of the Cathedral. His father, indeed, had experienced much difficulty in persuading him to undertake the study of divinity, and to dedicate his life to the preacher's work; who was he, he thought

JOHN MAITLAND, DUKE OF LAUDERDALE.

with himself, that he should aspire to a calling so sacred ? And, when the call to the Barony was presented to him, he determined to decline it as something too lofty and high ; he was in the act of leaving the town, that he might shake himself clear from further importunities. But a woman saw him mounting his horse, and said to him, " Sir, you have promised to preach on Thursday ; have you appointed a meal for poor hungry people, and will ye go away and not give it ? If you do, the curse of God will go with you." It recalls William Farel, laying the ban of Heaven on young John Calvin, if he should turn away from the Geneva which needed him so sorely : " After having learned that my heart was set upon devoting myself to private studies, and finding that he gained nothing by entreaties, he proceeded to utter an imprecation that God would blast my retirement and the tranquillity which I sought, if I should withdraw and refuse assistance when the necessity was so urgent." And Cargill, like Calvin, relinquished his purpose of flight and remained at the post of duty, asking his reprover to pray for him that he might be faithful unto death. But, having once put his hand to the plough, he never turned back.

For only seven years did he speak on behalf of Christ within the shelter of sanctuary walls ; he was ejected by the Earl of Middleton's Act in the winter of 1662. " And for avoiding the inconveniences that might follow by his residing at Glasgow or places near adjacent," the Lords of Council " commanded and charged Mr. Donald Cargill not to live in any place on the south side of the river Tay, and to cause transport his family and what belonged to him out of the town before the first of November ; with certification that, if he chose to contravene the decree, he should be apprehended, imprisoned, and proceeded against as

a seditious person." It was after his expulsion that his effective ministry began. In private houses and in the conventicles of the fields, when "the Lord had pity on this weather-beaten Church, and sent forth a thaw-wind and spring-tide day of the Gospel," there was none more untiring than he. With the exception of a short time spent in Holland, he never was away from the place of duty and jeopardy; other and quieter surroundings would not have satisfied his heart; he was ready to subscribe to Alexander Shields's dictum that "the ill of Scotland he found everywhere, but the good of Scotland he found nowhere." There were no family ties to place restraint on his activities; within a year and a day of their marriage, God's finger had beckoned from him his wife, Margaret Brown; Cargill was lonely, except for the affection of the hill-folk who loved him for the messages he brought, and for the unfailing presence of Father and Son and Holy Ghost. But, like one of his Covenanting friends, he scarcely missed the sweet endearments of home. "I have been taken up in meditating on heavenly things," he, too, could say; "I have been upon the banks of Ulai, plucking an apple here and there."

Timorous although he was in his disposition, he could do things as audacious as the Lion of the Covenant himself. The Queensferry Paper, the precursor of the Sanquhar Declaration, was one proof of his courage. Perhaps Cameron helped in its composition; but it is generally ascribed to the older man. It was a bond strong in its affirmations and denials. It made solemn confession of religious faith, and just as frankly it disavowed the sinful rulers. Proceeding further yet, it boldly declared in favour of a Republic. "We shall no more commit the government of ourselves, and the making of laws for us, to any one single person,

or lineal successor, we not being by God, as the Jews were, bound to one single family ; and this kind of government by a single person being most liable to inconveniences, and aptest to degenerate into tyranny, as long and sad experience hath taught us." The document is the most advanced of all the Covenanting manifestoes. But it was never published by the Covenanters themselves ; it was stolen from them by their enemies ; and, when that happened, Donald Cargill came near meeting his death. It was the 3rd of June 1680 ; and he was in Queensferry, with Henry Hall, who had been much with him in his many wanderings. Hearing of their presence, the Governor of Blackness Castle took a single servant, and discovered them in an inn. He hoped that soon his soldiers would come up to his assistance ; but, when they procrastinated, he threw off all disguises, and told the two that they must regard themselves as his prisoners. They demurred, and a struggle followed. In the confusion Cargill escaped ; but Hall was wounded and made captive. By and by, on the road to Edinburgh, he died ; and it was when his clothes were searched that the compromising and uncompromising Paper was found.

But " blest Cargill " was in no wise deterred from pressing on in his crusade. Two months after Cameron, in James Hyslop's vivid phrase, had " mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation," the Covenanting minister did what some of his friends condemned. At a great gathering at Torwood, on the road between Larbert and Stirling, he preached from that tremendous oracle of the prophet Ezekiel, *Thus saith the Lord God, Remove the diadem and take off the crown;* and, when the sermon was finished, he went on, in well-weighed words, to excommunicate Charles Stuart,

King of England; James, Duke of York; James, Duke of Monmouth; John, Duke of Lauderdale; John, Duke of Rothes; the King's Advocate, Sir George Mackenzie; and Thomas Dalzell, of Binns. "And, as the causes are just, so, being done by a minister of the Gospel, and in such a way as the present persecution would admit of, the sentence is just; and there are no kings or ministers on earth who, without repentance of the persons, can reverse these sentences. God, Who is their Author, is the more engaged to the ratifying of them; and all that acknowledge the Scriptures ought to acknowledge them." In a letter which the Bishop of Edinburgh, on the 18th of September, wrote to Lauderdale, we can read the amazement and rage of the prelates at the deed of the humble preacher. He sends, Bishop Paterson says, "a copie of that treasonable and sacriligious sentence pronunced last Lord's day by Mr. Donald Cargill in a numerous field conventicle at the Torwood, where manie were in armes. Your Grace wes forgotten by him in the fornoon; but uncanonicallie he brought you up in the afternoon, and, after ane scurrilous apologie for his ommission, he proceeded with his blunt thunder against you. This spirit of profannes and blood hath here arrived to the height of dementation and maddnes, and is ane verie angrie dispensation of God's judgement upon that ungodlie and ungovernable tribe." But, although the ferocity of enemies was only enhanced, and even brothers in the faith were more than dubious, and in the clear dry light of prudence and sagacity we may decide that Cargill did a rash thing, there is something august and magnificent in the spectacle of a poor, ageing, hunted minister announcing the displeasure of high Heaven against the powers and principalities that swayed the destiny of the country.

In all likelihood, however, most of us will prefer to recall Donald Cargill in his softer and more purely spiritual moods. In many of his sermons he never touched on the misdoings of the King and the guiltiness of the land; he was the votary of nobler thoughts. "I have followed holiness," he said, when he came to die; "I have taught truth; I have been most in the main things; not that I esteemed the things concerning our times little." His sermons were briefer than those of the majority of his brethren. "Some spoke to him that he preached and prayed short, saying, 'O, sir, 'tis long betwixt meals, and we are in a starving condition. All is good, sweet, and wholesome, which ye deliver; but why do you straiten us so much for shortness?'" He returned a wise as well as a self-abnegating answer. "Ever since I bowed a knee in good earnest to pray, I never durst pray and preach with my gifts; and where my heart is not affected, and comes not up with my mouth, I always thought it time for me to quit it. What comes not from my heart, I have little hope that it will go to the heart of others." *Cor ad cor:* the motto of a man, who stood at the opposite pole in the world of theologians and saints, was his motto too; and, because it was, the power of his Lord was present with him to heal very many. We are sure that, now and then, as with another of the conventiclers, there was during the sermon "a small dissle of warm rain"; but he would be "as sensible of a dissle of the dew of heaven upon his own soul and the souls of that people"; the years of hot persecution were also years of God's right hand. He did not pray at much length in public, Cargill said, lest he should be praying with his own gifts and not with the divine Spirit's graces; but he never wearied of private devotion. From his youth he loved the solitary place;

and more than once he continued whole nights in fellowship with his Father. He had his distinctive attitude when he talked to God. "It was observed by some, both in families and when in secret, he always sat straight upon his knees, without resting upon anything, with his hands lifted up; and some took notice he died the same way, with the bloody rope about his neck." Happy man, to live and to die in perfect familiarity of trust with his King and Friend!

It has been said that Scottish religion walks among shadows and doubts. Its children, we are told, have not a stable and gladsome conviction of salvation; they cling at best to a solicitous hope; they are seldom persuaded that they have passed from death to life. The author of the *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes,* who should speak with some authority, contrasts Camisard and Covenanter, not to the advantage of the latter. "Those who took to the hills for conscience' sake in Scotland had all gloomy and bedevilled thoughts; for once that they received God's comfort they would be twice engaged with Satan; but the Camisards had only bright and supporting visions. They knew they were on God's side, with a knowledge that has no parallel among the Scots; for the Scots, although they might be certain of the cause, could never rest confident of the person." But, as one dips deeper into Covenanting story, the conclusion grows irresistible that the antithesis is exaggerated; and that Whig preachers and listeners, if outwardly they often wintered on hills of snow, "summered high in bliss upon the hills of God." Cargill, at least, once the great transaction was done, had no annoying visitations from the spectres of the mind. One day he gave Robert Wodrow's father a scrap of autobiography. In his youth, he said, he fell under deep soul-exercise, and

no relief came, and the trouble increased, until he determined to make away with his life. But when he was standing, in the early morning before anybody was about, on the brink of the coal-pit into whose darkness he meant to throw himself, he heard an unmistakable voice from the skies, *Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee!* It was not only the advent of deliverance, when deliverance was needed most; it was the beginning of an inward peace which never faltered nor fled from the recipient. At the end, with the scaffold waiting, he wrote that he had not been "without an assurance of his interest in Christ these thirty years," and that he "never durst undertake to preach salvation to others until he was sure of his own." The Delectable Mountains were Donald Cargill's home.

But he was always willing to descend from their heights and raptures, to cure what was ailing and set right what was wrong. In the later years of the Persecution, there arose among the Covenanters, to the grief of all wise and godly men, a little sect of fanatics with "demented enthusiastical delusions." They were known as the Sweet Singers, or, more frequently, as the Gibbites, from the sailor, John Gib, who was their leader and prophet. They held that a metrical Psalter was a wicked thing, a meddling of man with the text of Scripture, and ought therefore to be torn from the Bible and burned; that Catechisms and Confessions, Acts of Assembly, Covenants and Declarations, were all devices of the evil one, to be ignored and trodden under foot; that every one in authority—the minister of religion as well as the minister of State—must be resisted and disobeyed by the freemen of the Lord: they hated "steeple-houses" and "hireling shepherds" as fervently as George Fox. None

of the field preachers but was in their stringent eyes a backslider and enemy. They would pay no taxes. They left house and family and occupation for the desert places, where, as they imagined, they should be free from snares and sins ; some of them repairing to the Pentland Hills, with the resolution to remain there until they saw the smoke and ruin of the bloody city of Edinburgh. They were continually fasting, and continually chanting their penitential and dirge-like Psalms—the 74th, the 79th, the 80th, the 83rd, the 137th. To these poor Gibbites, four men and six-and-twenty women, Cargill made a pilgrimage of faithfulness and love, finding them in the midst of a great flow-moss betwixt Clydesdale and Lothian, and striving to bring them to a better mind. Out on the moor he stayed, through a night of cold, easterly, wet fog, trying every device to effect their rescue from the phantasms which had mastered them. But the hour of penitence had not yet arrived, although to most of them it was to come ere very long ; and the messenger of pity had to take his departure with disappointment in his soul.

For twenty years Donald Cargill, feeble in himself, but strengthened with might by God's Spirit in the inner man, pursued his hazardous vocation. "We think, sir," said his friends to him one night, "praying and preaching go best with you, when your danger and distress is greatest." He answered that it had been so, and he hoped that it would be so : that, the more adversaries thrust at him that he might fall, the more sensibly and discernibly his Lord had helped. And then, as his custom was, he repeated, quietly, as if to himself, a few exultant words of his favourite Psalm, *The Lord is my strength and song, and is become my salvation.* William Vilant, one of the ministers who had welcomed

TORWOOD CASTLE.

the screen and ease of the Indulgence, having heard of Cargill's patient and cheerful endurance, asked, a trifle petulantly, "What needs all this ado? We will get heaven, and they will get no more." But when the retort was repeated to the man of whom it had been uttered, he replied—and the reply is singularly noble—"Yes, we will get more; we will get God glorified on earth, which is more than heaven."

It was the good fortune of Patrick Walker to hear blest Mr. Cargill preach his last sermon. The place was Dunsyre Common. The text was Isaiah's counsel, *Come, My people, enter into your chambers.* He was short, marrowy, and sententious, as his ordinary was. Nothing could exceed his overwhelming sense of the urgency of God's Word, or his eager anxiety to win men; nothing could be greater than his indignation at the unconcernedness of hearers. He spoke out of experience, and he touched a responsive chord in the experience of every one who had tasted that God is gracious. "He insisted what kind of chambers these were of protection and safety, and exhorted us all earnestly to dwell in the clefts of the Rock, to hide ourselves in the wounds of Christ, and to wrap ourselves in the believing application of the promises flowing therefrom: thus to make our refuge under the shadow of His wings, until these sad calamities pass over, and the Dove come back with the olive branch in her mouth, These were the last words of his last sermon." Musical and most tender words they are.

The Dove with the olive branch, the Holy Ghost Who is the earnest of supersensual bliss, was brooding over Donald Cargill while he spoke. Early next morning, in Covington Mill, where he had rested overnight, he was captured by James Irvine of Bonshaw, who held a commission from General Dalzell, and who

was set on gaining the prize of 5000 merks placed on the preacher's head. He and the friends who were seized with him, Walter Smith and James Boig, were hurried to Glasgow, and from Glasgow to Edinburgh. They soon listened to their sentence. "God knows," Cargill said, as he mounted the ladder, "I go up this ladder with less fear, confusion, or perturbation of mind, than ever I entered a pulpit to preach." On its topmost step he spoke again, addressing himself to the auditors below the scaffold, though the drums were kept beating to drown his voice. "Now," he declared, "I am near to the possession of my crown, which shall be sure; for I bless the Lord that He hath brought me here, and makes me triumph over devils and men and sin: they shall wound me no more. I forgive all men the wrongs they have done me; and I pray the Lord to forgive the elect the wrongs they have done against Him." Then he took his farewells, of "reading and preaching, praying and believing, wanderings, reproaches, sufferings"; he was leaving the shadow for the reality and the storm for the Sabbatism of the people of God. They fixed his head on the Netherbow, beside Richard Cameron's, the old saint in communion once more with the young. It was the 27th of July 1681, just a year since Cameron had been "honourably and rightly carried through."

The coincidences and contrasts of life are more remarkable than those of romance. When Donald Cargill was a student in St. Andrews, he had for one of his comrades the young Earl of Rothes. There is still preserved in the University Library the copy of the Solemn League and Covenant which was signed in the Fifeshire town. The first column of the names of undergraduates in St. Salvator's College is headed by Rothes; and not far from this signature stands

the autograph of the Rattray notary's son. The two had started on their course together. But how soon they diverged, and how completely! In an age of license, the profligacy and the drunkenness of the Earl were notorious; he "gave himself," Lord Fountainhall says, "great liberty in all sorts of pleasures and debaucheries." He threw his energy too, with peculiar violence, into the work of persecution. And, all this while, his fellow-student was, as Cargill phrased it, getting God glorified on earth, and commending those things which are true and venerable and lovely. No separation could be better defined or more thorough. But once again, in their deaths, the former associates were brought strangely near. On the 26th of July, the very night before Cargill witnessed his good confession, the Duke of Rothes, his strength sapped by his intemperance, found himself in the grip of the last enemy. He called out that some of his wife's ministers should be summoned to Holyrood to talk with him; for his own ministers were "good to live with but not to die with." So Lady Anne's counsellors were sent for; and John Carstares and George Johnston came. They spoke to the nobleman of his sins, and told him of the mercy which even at the last was within his reach. The comfortable word was the medicine he required; but he could not believe that it was designed for him. "We all thought little," he said to John Carstares, "of what Cargill did in excommunicating us; but I find that sentence binding upon me now, and it will bind to eternity." Thus Lord Rothes went out into the night; and the Duke of Hamilton, standing near, exclaimed, "we banish these men from us, and yet when dying we call for them: this is melancholy work!" The ending at the Mercat Cross, when "the hangman hashed and hagged off" the martyr's head

with an axe—was it not more glorious than that other ending within the walls of His Majesty's palace of Holyrood ?

High up in the Alps are two small lakes, which lie in such proximity that it is possible to throw a stone from one to the other. The one is Lago Bianco, the White Loch, because its waters are light green in their colour ; its neighbour is Lago Nero, or the Black Loch, for its appearance is gloomy and forbidding. But, although they are so close, they are on different inclines of the watershed. Lago Bianco sends its overflow to the Adriatic, while Lago Nero is connected with the Black Sea. We look at the one, and think about the sunshine of Italy ; at the other, and are transported to the wintry Crimea. So men whose lives begin in intimate union, with the same aspirations and opportunities, pursue their sundered courses, " breaker and builder of the eternal law "—

> One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
> One to the peaceful sea.

CHAPTER XXVII.

TWO OCTOBERS.

CAMERON and Cargill were captains of the unbending Covenanters. But captains must have followers; and the two chiefs, *sans peur et sans reproche,* had the support of soldiers who were at times even more defiant than themselves. It is impossible to approve always what was said by these representatives of the Extreme Right, although they had provocation for every biting word, and we know how hard it is for the victim to measure his language when he speaks of those who pursue him to the death, or of the others who fail him in the hour of need. Still we could wish that "the dreadless angels" of the Church had been gentler in their verdicts against "silent and unwatchful ministers"—ministers who "are become light and treacherous persons," and "ravening wolves," and "men of Shechem" trusting in the Abimelech who will beguile them to their undoing. Even Charles Stuart and "that Popish Duke" might have been disowned, we are prone to fancy, in more gracious terms. It was true, as one of the Cameronians declared, that subjects "might as well tie their consciences to the devil and their own corruptions" as to the iniquitous laws of an evil Court; but the very truth loses pith and pungency when it is published in accents which are scolding and strident. Yet, after all, it is an easy exercise, in times vastly

tolerant, to sit at home and criticise the forefathers, marching sternly through the merciless hurricane ; and one is almost angry with one's self for engaging in an occupation so cheap.

And they comprehended the secret of dying, the rank and file no less than the officers with their far-flashing virtues. Half-way between Edinburgh and Leith was the Gallow-Lee, a slightly rising ground formed of sand, near the spot where the old tollhouse stood, and on the west side of the road. To the Gallow-Lee many of the martyrs of the persecution were taken to be hanged. It was a place of execution less public than the Cross or the Grassmarket, where the deaths of the Covenanters drew together great crowds, and where their farewell speeches made the deepest impression. It was a place, too, reserved for the punishment of the worst criminals ; so that not only was a measure of quietness secured by its adoption, but a new stigma of reproach was branded on the sufferers. On Monday, the 10th of October 1681, five humble men fought their last fight for Christ's Crown and Covenant on the malefactors' scaffold at the Gallow-Lee. Patrick Forman was one of them, a native of the parish of Alloa, and an adherent, as he said, " of that poor persecuted remnant, that are yet left as berries on the top of the outmost branches." At a fast-day service, which Cargill had held on Loudoun Hill six months before, Patrick had well-nigh attained the consummation of his battle. For the dragoons appeared, and shot at the preacher ; but the musket-ball, missing him, ploughed its way through the listener's hair. He had escaped then ; but to-day, beyond dispute, there was " the king of terrors to grapple with " and to triumph over. David Farrie climbed the shameful and delightsome steps along with him—

David Farrie, who had sat at the "devil's fireside" until about four years previous to his martyrdom, but who could bid his friends now "walk in the sight of God and man both, without offence; and then, if men will be offended, let it be for your duty and not for your sin." He was one of the dourest of Cameronians, asserting openly that it was lawful to kill murderers, and that the King was a murderer; but he had a fatherly heart, pulsing with a peculiar love for the children. "O!" he cried, "invite one another to prayer, especially young folk; for I think, if the Lord do good to this generation, it will be to young folk." Then there was James Stewart, of whom Wodrow writes that he might almost be termed a boy, a boy of serious inclinations, who never had been engaged in anything for which the law should have molested him; the blood boils when we read that, on his refusal to answer some questions put to him on his trial, Sir George Mackenzie threatened to take out his tongue with a pair of pincers. And Alexander Russel died on the same autumn Monday. For fourteen years he had listened to the curates, and had been addicted to drinking and profaneness and Sabbath-breaking; but at the first field-preaching ever he heard, to which he went merely out of idle inquisitiveness, it pleased the Lord to convert him. Alexander Russel, also, was prepared to seal his faith with the sacrifice of his life.

But the most interesting among the five witnesses of the Gallow-Lee is Robert Garnock, whose story as the slave and friend of Christ may be studied in the pages of *The Scots Worthies.* He was born in Stirling, and had been baptized by James Guthrie; he esteemed it a singular honour, he said, to follow the good shepherd of his boyhood to the scaffold, although, for many

days after the shepherd's lifetime was finished, he had himself been a wayward member of the flock. His was a remarkable spiritual experience ; he was a persecuted man long before he felt the majesty and the intimacy of divine grace. A blacksmith in his trade, he was forced to abandon his work in Stirling, and to wander from hiding-place to hiding-place, because of his perseverance in attending the conventicles ; and, all these months, as he confessed in the later and better time, "the hidden things of godliness were yet a mystery to me, and I did not know anything of the new birth." It reminds us of John Bunyan, confident that he pleased God as much as any man in England, because he had given up swearing and taken to reading the historical parts of the Bible, and was striving to keep the commandments ; and yet there was no heartbreak, no revolution of soul, until the brisk talker overheard three or four poor women in Bedford streets conversing of heavenly matters, as they sat at a door in the sunshine, and realised that their speech was far above him, and was compelled to remain silent. The same revelation of his own poverty and of Christ's measureless supply was granted to Robert Garnock—granted when he was seventeen or eighteen years of age, at one of those Communions in the open air where Welsh and Blackader preached. "The 20th, 21st, and 22nd of April 1677," he wrote, with a joy he could not conceal, "were the three most wonderful days with the Lord's presence that ever I saw on earth. O, but His power was wonderfully seen, and great to all the assembly, especially to me." Then began a brief Christian life of which, so far as this world was concerned, the old words are true—

Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke, the ashes shame and scorns.

THE NETHERBOW PORT, EDINBURGH.

From the East, as it appeared in the Seventeenth century.

Garnock was captured at Stirling in the May of 1679, after a skirmish between sixty soldiers and a small company who had met for the worship of God. He lay in prison untried for more than two years; and many an effort was made to wean him to an easier and less assertive devotion to the Covenants. But every attempt failed; and at length, like Robert Browning's martyr, his "own release was earned," and he was sent to coronation and victory at the Gallow-Lee.

What strikes the reader of his dying testimony is his fullness of delight in the burden he was permitted to carry, the agonies he was honoured to undergo, for Jesus' sake. Now that he was "come to have his head cut off and put upon a port," it seemed the day of days to him. Had he a thousand lives, he said, he must think them all too little to be martyrs for the truth. That night he would indeed get his fill of gladness, for he should be with his Lord in paradise. "O sirs!" he sang, mounting into a chant of ecstasy, "His cross hath been all paved over with love to me all along, and it is sweeter now than ever. O, will ye be persuaded to fall in love with the cross of royal Jesus? Will ye be entreated to come and taste of His love? O, sweet lot this day! for me to go to a gibbet for Christ and His cause. I think the thoughts of this do ravish my heart and soul, and make me to fall out in wondering." Long before, and in different surroundings, the author of *The Imitation* had written: "Jesus hath many lovers of His heavenly Kingdom, but few bearers of His Cross. He hath many desirous of consolation, but few of tribulation. He findeth many companions at His table, but few of His abstinence. Many follow Him unto the breaking of bread, but few to the drinking of the cup of His passion. . . . Yet, if thou hadst the

choice, thou oughtest rather to wish to suffer adversities for Christ than to be refreshed with many consolations ; because thou wouldest thus be more like unto Christ, and conformable to all the saints." Robert Garnock, once hammerman in Stirling, had never so much as heard of Thomas à Kempis, and would have counted his name anathema if some chance wind had blown the rumour of it his way ; but the cross-bearers speak the same dialect, whether they are monks brooding in cloisters over their books or Cameronian recusants dying in the face of the sun.

So these five suffered at the Gallow-Lee, and their bodies were buried below the scaffold ; but not until the heads had been stricken off, and put upon five pikes, and conveyed to the Pleasance Port, and there fastened in a high and ghastly publicity. There were those, however, whose reverence for the martyred men was only enhanced by all these ignominies. In the night the abused and mangled bodies were lifted by faithful friends, and decently interred in the West Kirkyard. A short time afterwards, others dared in the boldness of love to take down the heads from their too prominent throne, and laid them in one chest, and hid it in Alexander Tweedie's garden at the south-west corner of the city wall. There they rested through many revolving seasons, and in summer the dews dropped cool above them, and the snow in winter lay lightly and warmly on their garden grave. Over the spot the owner planted two rose trees, one with white blossoms, the other with red ; and never did rose trees anywhere bloom into such richness and fragrance. They became the marvel of the neighbourhood, although only a few, who could be trusted not to betray it, understood the secret of their splendour. There was a treasure, Alexander Tweedie was wont

to say, concealed within his yard, but not of gold or silver.

Forty-five years ran on. The Persecution was little else than a piercing and loathsome memory. Except by one here and another there, the sufferers of the Gallow-Lee were forgotten. Again it was the month of October—the 7th of October 1726. A gardener was busy in the old place of flowers and fruit, which must have been situated at the upper end of what afterwards was Lauriston Lane. Suddenly his spade turned up the five skulls, the box which once had covered them having in the interval rotted completely away. Alarmed by the disconcerting spectacle, he hurried to Mr. Shaw, the new owner of the garden. But his employer had some knowledge of what had happened nearly half a century back, and he lifted the heads of Forman and Farrie and Stewart and Russel and Garnock, and placed them side by side on a table in his summer-house. And then, on the 19th of October, the slaughtered confessors had the honourable burial withheld from them formerly; as Patrick Walker, himself a leading actor in the curious incident, is eager to inform us. "We caused make a complete coffin for them in black, with four yards of fine linen, the way our martyr-corpses were managed. And having the happiness of friendly magistrates at the time, we went to the present Provost Drummond and Bailie Nimmo, and acquainted them with our conclusions anent them; with which they were pleased, and said, If we were sure that they were our martyrs' heads, we might bury them decently and orderly. . . . Some pressed hard to go through the chief parts of the city, as was done at the Revolution. But this we refused, considering that it looked airy and frothy to make such show, and inconsistent with the solid, serious

observing of such an affecting, surprising, unheard-of dispensation; but took the ordinary way of other burials from that place, to wit, we went east by the back of the Wall, and in at Bristo Port, and down the way to the head of the Cowgate, and turned up to the Greyfriars Churchyard; where they were interred close to the Martyrs' Tomb, with the greatest multitude of people, old and young, men and women, ministers and others, that ever I saw together."

Those whom men defraud unrighteously of their dues sometimes come to their heritage at long last, not simply before the Great White Throne, but in the lower world where waters of a full cup are wrung out by the people of God.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FOR A GENTLEMAN THERE IS MR. BAILLIE.

THERE are two methods of fighting tyrants. One is open, and the other is secret. One courts the blaze of noonday, and boldly proclaims its purpose ; the other, for a time, prefers to haunt the shadows, and matures its plans in hidden places. When the tyranny has become intolerable, both methods have their justification, and demand little apology among those who assent to old John Barbour's creed that "freedom is a noble thing."

The Cameronians chose the open way. It was in the sun that they unfolded their banner. Richard Cameron at Sanquhar, and Donald Cargill at Torwood, published in the country's hearing their stupendous ultimatum. They were determined that, let the issues be what they might, men should know where they stood. And this gallant recklessness had its reward. To themselves it brought the great prize of death in battle or on the martyr's scaffold. Into many others it breathed new heart and hope, making the final deliverance more certain. Never let us forget that the Hillmen only antedated, by a few years, the better age of the Revolution.

But there were Whig politicians and patriots, who, seeking the same ends, took the quieter road. It seemed premature and rash to depose the King and his minions in the audience of the world. In their judg-

ment, just as in that of their outspoken allies, resistance to the Crown was now a religious duty. They were worn out by the long continuance of misrule. They believed that, before many months had passed, the hour of reckoning must strike. They were convinced of the necessity of bestirring themselves, if they would save the cause of liberty and check the leprosy of corruption which was spreading everywhere. But they wished to postpone the explicit avowal of their schemes. Until their friends had gathered and the propitious moment had arrived, it appeared the part of wisdom to cultivate a cautious and reticent spirit. These Whig statesmen held that there are enterprises which, like mosses and ferns, thrive at first in the twilight, and may wither if they are exposed too soon to the glare of day.

In July 1681, James, Duke of York, the King's brother, who had come down to Edinburgh at the close of the previous year, was invested with the tasks and pomps of Royal Commissioner in succession to Lauderdale. He was not unknown in Scotland, which he had visited more than once, and where he had many friends. But now he seemed to have undergone a change for the worse. Savage as Lauderdale had been, the old lion who was dying at Tunbridge Wells, the King's heir was not a whit more merciful. He showed himself bigoted, saturnine, hard as the nether millstone. Lord Fountainhall relates an incident of the time, which many did not like. Shortly after James's arrival, he visited the Castle. By the advice of "an English canoneer," the great gun that was known as Mons Meg was employed to fire a *feu de joie,* and was burst in the process ; and the Englishman was regarded as having deliberately destroyed a piece of ordnance bigger than any in his own country. There were

graver destructions, people said, on which the Duke appeared to be bent. At once he initiated a policy, the trend of which could not be mistaken. Having called a Parliament, the first that had been convened for many a day, he compelled it to sanction two measures which were a significant index of his character. One was the Act of Succession, declaring that "no difference in religion can divert the lineal descent of the Crown." He was himself an unconcealed Romanist, and the design of the Act was patent; it was intended to throw the shield of the law over a Popish king. The other measure struck a blow even more crushing. It was a Test, which all persons aspiring to any office in Church or State must take. So stringent it was, so long-winded, and at the same time so contradictory,—inferring "an obligation upon those who took it to conform to any religion the King pleased, and yet to adhere to the Presbyterian religion; to oppose prelacy, and yet to maintain the present constitution of the Church, which was prelacy; to renounce and yet to affirm the doctrine of non-resistance"—that eighty of the Episcopal clergymen of the country refused to be bound by it, and, resigning their benefices, withdrew to England. Sir James Dalrymple, the President of the Court of Session, and afterwards the first Viscount Stair, gave up his dignities rather than pledge himself to obligations which were impossible to fulfil. And the Earl of Argyll, son of the great Marquis, and a man who had striven to maintain his loyalty under immense difficulties, said that he would swear the Test only in so far as it was consistent with itself, and in so far, too, as it did not engage him to do anything against the Protestant faith. For this explication, as it was styled, he was thrown into "sure firmance"—into the inner prison—in the Castle of Edinburgh; and was

charged with "leasing-making and depraving of laws," with treason and perjury. His fortunes and his life were both threatened. On the 12th of December he was tried before the Court of Justiciary, with Lord Queensberry as its President. "Whether I live publicly or in obscurity," he said, "my head, my heart, and my hand shall never be wanting when I can be useful to His Majesty's service; and while I live, and when I die, I shall pray that God Almighty would bless His Majesty with a long, happy and prosperous reign; and that the lineal loyal successors of the Crown may continue monarchs of all His Majesty's dominions, and be defenders of the true, primitive, Christian, apostolic, catholic, protestant religion, while sun and moon endure." Sir George Lauder affirmed on his behalf that a man's clearing his own conscience had no affinity with those actions which "beget discord between the King and his subjects" and "tend to the reproach and dislike of his government." But, though two of the Judges, Lord Collington and Lord Kirkhouse, were brave enough to vote for acquittal, three sentenced the culprit to death. They knew that the Duke of York was eager to denude Argyll of influence and property and privilege, if not also to consign him to the scaffold. "Whether James designed," writes Macaulay, "as his enemies suspected, to commit murder, or only, as his friends affirmed, to commit extortion by threatening to commit murder, cannot now be known." The blackness of midnight descended on the Earl, and the omens for his future were as unfavourable as they could be. He determined to risk everything on the bold endeavour to escape from his cell in the Castle. His step-daughter, Lady Sophia Lindsay, came, on his invitation, to see him. A servant with a lantern attended her, and a page bore her train. The latter was "a

JAMES, DUKE OF YORK.

After the Portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

tall, awkward, country-lad, with a fair wig and his head tied up as if he had been engaged in a fray." He and Argyll exchanged clothes ; and, in a short time, the party set out through the darkness, leaving the country-lad behind. The first sentry questioned them "pretty warmly," but allowed them to pass. At the outer gate "one of the guard took Argyll by the arm and viewed him." But the lantern-bearer exclaimed in well-affected anger, "What ails the fellow at the page ?" and the curious soldier let him go. At the foot of the Castle Hill the Earl took good-bye of his clever and fearless daughter, and went on with the servant to Bristo Port, where horses were waiting. He was free. Some weeks later, from his English retreat, he wrote in rhyme to Lady Sophia :—

You came an angel in the case to me,
Expressly sent to guide and set me free.
The great gate opened of its own accord—
That word came in my mind, I praise the Lord.

When I was out, I knew not where I went;
I cried to God, and He new angels sent.
If ye desire what passèd since to me,
Read through the book of psalms, and think on me.

Things were serious enough in the Scotland which the Duke of York ruled, although gleams of humour shot through the Egyptian darkness. This was the time when the boys of Heriot's Hospital resolved to administer the Test to their watchdog. Greatly daring, they turned into a jest the rambling and illogical and terrible oath. The dog sensibly refused to eat the paper on which they had written out the enactment. Even when they smeared it with butter, that the vexatious sentences might be more palatable, the sagacious animal licked the butter off, and then discarded the essential parchment. So, having gone through such a mock-trial as had been given to his

Grace of Argyll, they gravely hanged the nonjuror for his obstinacy. One may be permitted a sigh over the sufferer's undeserved fate ; but is it not good to hear the children's laughter pealing through the cheerless midnight ? Men and women could not laugh. They feared for themselves and for their friends, whenever they caught sight of the King's Commissioner. Bishop Burnet tells us how, when the other members of the Privy Council used to leave the chamber if a prisoner was to be tortured in the Boots, unable to look on at the excruciating process, the Duke remained and took note of all that was done, as if he were watching a curious experiment in science. Under the morose face there seemed to be a heart of stone.

We do not wonder that righteous men became conspirators. In England, through the whole of 1682, the great Whig plot had been moving forward. It aimed at accomplishing a revolution, but a revolution which should leave a constitutional monarchy behind, and which should simply exclude James from the throne. The leaders were the Duke of Monmouth, Lord William Russell, Lord Essex, and Sir Algernon Sidney. Monmouth, the illegitimate son of Charles, and the commander of the Royal troops at Bothwell Bridge, had no genuine moral strength, and was governed mainly by his fondness for popularity and position ; but the others were patriots of a purer kind. They were anxious to gain and keep the goodwill of the malcontents among the gentlemen of Scotland. They corresponded with the Earl of Argyll, a fugitive now on the friendly shores of Holland. And in London they had the advice of William Carstares, and Fletcher of Saltoun, and Baillie of Jerviswood. Carstares, a born diplomatist, had his shining virtues, but sometimes he reached his goal by circuitous paths ;

he was afterwards to be King William's astute coadjutor in everything relating to the northern parts of the realm. Baillie's was a simpler and higher nature, and he would have welcomed the frankest and manfullest opposition to the royal encroachments. When Carstares, finding that the English were somewhat languid in carrying out the common purpose, insisted that the Scots should stay their preparations and walk with wariness, Robert Baillie stoutly maintained the contrary opinion. That their allies were laggards was no reason, he argued, why the Scots should not immediately unfurl the standard of the people's rights. It might be more arduous and more beset with fateful consequences to risk the undertaking alone, but it was also more glorious. If they should succeed, as he believed they could succeed, it would not be the first time, since the Stuarts inherited the sceptre of Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth, that Englishmen owed to Scotland their enfranchisement from tyranny. But politic Carstares—Cardinal Carstares, as he was dubbed in subsequent days—prevailed with his counsels of moderation ; and, before an aggressive step was taken, the secret was out and the retribution fell.

Now, side by side with this great conspiracy, in which some of the finest spirits in the two countries were engaged, and which desired nothing but a beneficent change of government, there was being matured an unworthier plot whose intention was the assassination of the King and the Duke of York. The confederates who hatched the bloodthirsty project nicknamed the royal brothers " Slavery " and " Popery " ; or sometimes they gave them sobriquets borrowed from their personal appearance : Charles, a dusky monarch, was the " Blackbird," while the Duke, who was blonde, was the " Goldfinch." Many were the debates as to

where and when they should be killed. With one or two the proposal was to shoot at them from Bow Steeple; others would have them attacked in St. James's Park or in their barge on the river. The road between Hampton Court and Windsor, and that between London and Winchester, highways in which King and Duke were often seen, were suggested too. At last Rumbold, who had been a fearless officer among the Ironsides, but who was irreconcilably Republican in his political creed, invited the conspirators to meet at his house, the Rye, about eighteen miles from London, in Hertfordshire. Near it ran a narrow lane which Charles was in the habit of using as he travelled to and from Newmarket. On one side of the lane grew a thick hedge, on the other was an outhouse with several windows; men bent on desperate deeds could not have wished a spot more suitable for the execution of their plan. The mansion itself stood hard by; it was surrounded by a moat, and could easily be defended by a few determined fighters. The offer of the advantageous place was instantly accepted, and therefore we speak of the Ryehouse Plot. But the plot came to nothing, for the King left Newmarket on an earlier day than was expected, and there were no antagonists to intercept him as he drove rapidly home to Whitehall. And then one of the band, after "much conflict with himself," uneasy in mind about so ugly a business, resolved to "discharge his conscience of the hellish secret." The disclosure had far-reaching issues. Some of the Ryehouse men were aware of the existence of the other scheme. They had hoped to secure the help of the Whig gentlemen in their own wilder enterprise; but they had been indignantly repelled. Now, when they were examined by the lawyers of the King, they revealed what they knew of the

doings of Monmouth and Russell and Sidney and Baillie.

We need not linger over the sequel, so far as it concerned England. Few pages in British history are more touching and impressive than those which narrate how Lord William Russell underwent his trial; how he parted with his children and his wife, his eyes following her as she left his cell, and then turned to Gilbert Burnet and said, "The bitterness of death is past"; how calmly he moved through the crowded streets to the scaffold, and prayed his last prayer, and died. And Algernon Sidney ranks among the most heroic in "our rough island story." "In his imprisonment he sent for some Independent preachers, and expressed to them a deep remorse for his past sins and great confidence in the mercies of God. And indeed he met death with an unconcernedness that became one who had set up Marcus Brutus for his pattern. He was but a very few minutes on the scaffold at Tower Hill; he spoke little, and prayed very short, and his head was cut off at one blow."

It is round the Scottish victim, Robert Baillie of Jerviswood, that our interest gathers.

James Stirling of Paisley, Wodrow's friend, will introduce us to him. "He was a man of great natural parts, and learned, and well-travelled, and very pious from his very youth. He said, as I heard, that God had begun to work upon him when he was about ten years of age—that Christ crucified had been his daily study and constant delight. He was a man that had a sort of majesty in his face and stateliness in his carriage." There are other witnesses who confirm James Stirling. Burnet photographs the Laird of Jerviswood in one happy line: "A gentleman of great parts, but of much greater virtue." And John Owen,

the massive Puritan, is unstinted in his admiration. "You have truly men of great spirits in Scotland," he said once; "there is for a gentleman Mr. Baillie, a person of the greatest abilities I almost ever met with." We are to think of a country proprietor of the best type, with estates in Lanark and Berwickshire. He is a great-grandson of John Knox. He has married one of the daughters of Archibald Johnston, Lord Wariston. He is a just and kindly landlord. He is a man, moreover, who thoroughly deserves Dr. Owen's tribute—a man of vigorous intellect, who can read various languages, who has a liking for mathematics, and who dabbles in scientific speculation and experiment. Better still, he is a little child in the household of faith, walking in humility and in friendship with his God. Let us hear Mr. Stirling again: "He owned himself a true Presbyterian, and a son of the Church of Scotland in her purest and best times. He was a great lover of public ordinances and Communion occasions; he was frequently present at several Communions in Cam'nethan, and he went to the Table there with a great measure of seriousness and devotion, greatly trembling, and yet sweetly coming forward with a holy boldness." Robert Baillie was wealthy, and scholarly, and saintly; and it is not often that we can apply the three adjectives to one man.

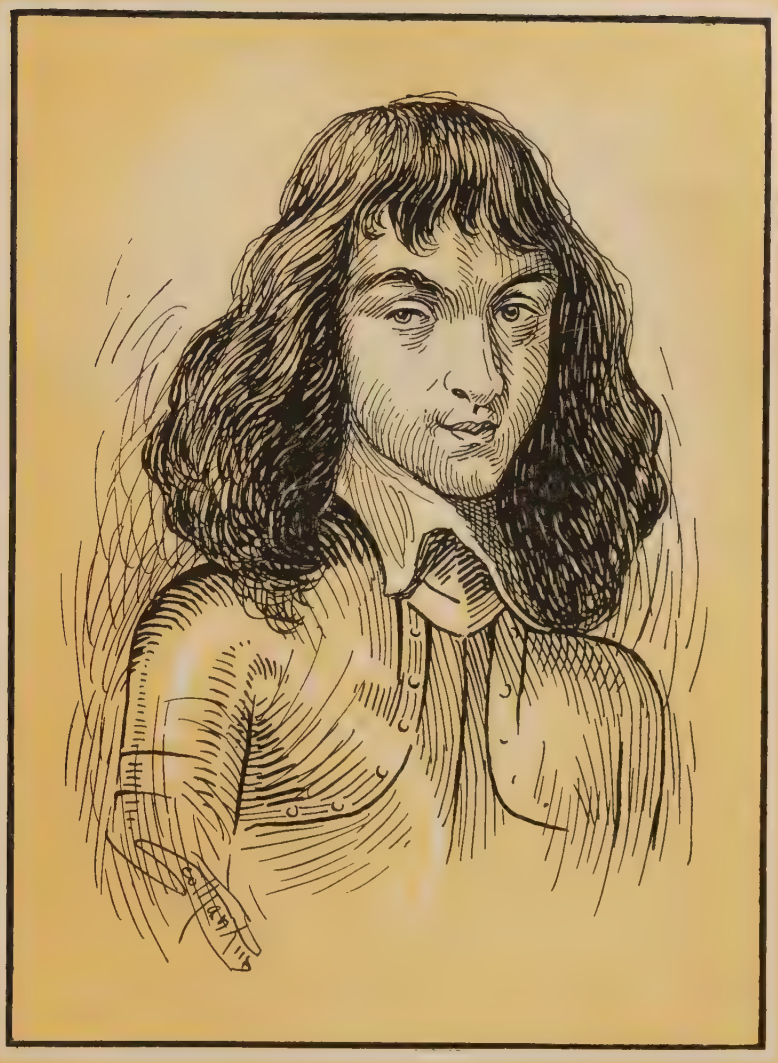
And what a good citizen he was! He had thought much about the problems of the State. His opinions were carefully weighed and wise. If King Charles had understood his own opportunity, he would have summoned him to the Council-board instead of hurrying him to the public executioner. "As for my principles with relation to Government," he wrote, "they are such as I ought not to be ashamed of, being consonant to the Word of God, the Confessions of Faith of the

Reformed Churches, the rules of policy, reason, and humanity." He was, in fact, a gifted and devout champion of freedom in every department of the nation's life. Only the direst necessity drove such a man into the comradeship of conspirators; loyalty was his native soil and air, but then it was loyalty to the righteousness and the clemency and the kingliness of soul which invest the ruler with his true sovereignty. He had been associated with those nobles and burgesses who, in these dreary months at home, were promoting a scheme of emigration from Britain to South Carolina; but it cut him to the quick that in the land he loved religion and justice should be standing "on tiptoe, ready to pass to the American strand." We have seen him taking his share in the negotiations by which honest and courageous statesmen hoped to inaugurate a change—such a change as should harmonise the liberties of the subject with the prerogatives of the Crown; but he was no extremist and leveller. If his inquisitors in Edinburgh tried to link him with the Ryehouse Plot, they did not succeed; he wished an end of tyranny, but he held tyrannicide in abhorrence. It is certain that his affection for Church and Covenant had an emphasis about it which was missing from that of Argyll and Fletcher and Carstares; but it is as certain that he outstripped them in the intelligence and steadfastness of his attachment to the institutions of the State. Robert Baillie's chivalrous patriotism should have been beyond suspicion.

He was captured in London, in the summer of 1683. For some months he lay in prison there, so heavily loaded with irons that his health broke down. On different occasions he was examined by the King's Judges, and, once at least, by the King himself. But

they could not extort from him the information which they were eager to gain. They determined that, in company with the other Scottish prisoners, he should be sent to Edinburgh, where the laws were more arbitrary, and where torture could be applied to compel confession. On the first of November the royal yacht, the *Kitchin,* sailed from London. It was a protracted and stormy voyage of a fortnight's duration. On the fourteenth of the month Baillie, with William Carstares and the Campbells of Cessnock and Mure of Rowallan and the rest of the accused men, was carried from Leith up to Edinburgh, and was lodged in the Tolbooth.

He was in the lowest state of weakness now. His wife, the child of one good soldier of Christ and the helpmate of another, begged that she might be admitted to his dungeon, and declared her readiness to be laid in irons at his side, if the Council feared that she meant to aid him to escape ; but her petition was roughly rejected. His little daughter, who longed to comfort him in his sore sickness, was denied access to her father. At length, when his bodily frailties had increased so alarmingly that death seemed close at hand, Mrs. Baillie and his sister-in-law, Lady Graden, received a grudging permission to attend upon him. For his enemies were by no means desirous that he should slip from them so quietly and so soon. This would both disappoint them of their revenge and rob them of the legal power to forfeit the prisoner's estates. That they might make sure of profiting to some extent, they imposed on him a great fine of £6000 for harbouring the outlawed preachers ; the common feelings of humanity had deserted judges whose tender mercies were so cruel. "Yet," we learn from one who knew him, "he was so composed, and even so cheerful, that his behaviour looked like the reviving



ROBERT BAILLIE, OF JERVISWOOD.

After a Miniature of 1660.

of the spirit of the noblest of the old Greeks or Romans, or rather of the primitive Christians and first martyrs in those best days of the Church."

Meanwhile, in the September of 1684 — for the Edinburgh imprisonment lasted through a long time —the authorities had been torturing Carstares. The King's smith accompanied His Majesty's Privy Councillors, bringing with him a new pair of thumbkins, which were warranted to do their gruesome work in the deadliest fashion. The prisoner's thumbs were inserted, and screwed down, until the sweat of his anguish streamed over forehead and cheeks. The Dukes of Hamilton and Queensberry rose after a few minutes, and left the room, finding the horrible scene too much for their nerves to bear. But Lord Perth, who presided, ordered the executioner to give the instrument another turn ; and General Dalzell in a rage came up to Carstares, and vowed that he would roast him alive if he did not divulge whatever he knew. It was in vain. The sufferer continued firm, although the cruelty was prolonged for "near an hour and a half." Some days later, however, when he was threatened with a repetition of the frightful experience, or with the still worse agonies of the Boot, he promised to answer the questions which might be put to him, first making the stipulation that nothing he said should be brought, directly or indirectly, against any man who was on trial. The condition was acquiesced in ; he was told that his replies would be matters of confidence. In these replies Robert Baillie's name was mentioned more than once. It was what the Privy Council had been seeking for ; and, when they had the information, they did not scruple to break their engagement with Carstares. They determined to use every syllable which they had drawn from his unwilling lips.

Late in December, when his life was hanging by a thread, and he was so feeble that he was brought to the bar wrapt in his nightgown, Baillie confronted his judges. Because of her ill-health, his wife was absent ; but Lady Graden sat by his side, and supported him, and had often to give him cordials to prevent him from fainting away. Sir George Mackenzie recited his crimes. He dwelt on the relationships of the accused man : " Remember you that he is nephew and son-in-law to the late Wariston, bred up in his family and under his tutory." He was at pains to identify the Ryehouse Plot with the larger designs of Lord William Russell and the Earl of Argyll, and he charged the prisoner with having a pre-eminent part in the less defensible scheme. Then he described how Carstares, a " chief conspirator," had incriminated Robert Baillie. With the deft and unlovely cleverness of a Machiavelli, he connected the Presbyterian minister's unwillingness to give his evidence with his knowledge that the information was to be employed against his comrade ; and he deduced Baillie's guilt from that " scrupulosity " which the Privy Council had at last discovered how to overcome. " Mr. Carstares knew," he said, " when he was to depone, that his deposition was to be used against Jerviswood ; and he stood more in awe of his love to his friend than of the fear of the torture, and hazarded rather to die for Jerviswood than that Jerviswood should die by him. How can it then be imagined that this kindness, which we all admired in him, would have suffered him to forget anything which might have been advantageous in the least to his friend ? They understand ill this height of friendship, who think that it would not have been more nice and careful than any advocate could have been." It is disingenuous reasoning ; and, when one

wants to study the sacred subject of friendship, one turns to other teachers than Sir George Mackenzie.

But Robert Baillie listened undismayed. When the advocate finished, he had his opportunity. In his physical frailty he was compelled to lean on the bar in front of him ; but there was no lessening of his spiritual nerve and force. He addressed the President of the Court. "My lord," he said, "the sickness now upon me, in all human appearance, will soon prove mortal, and I cannot live many days. I find I am intended for a public sacrifice in my life and estate ; and my doom being predetermined, I am only sorry, under such circumstances, that my trial has given the Court so much and so long trouble." Then, turning to the jury, he went on : "As to the witnesses who have appeared against me, I do most heartily forgive them : but "—and now there were fire and energy in his words—"there is one thing where I am injured to the last degree, that is, to be charged with a plot to cut off the King and the Duke of York. I am in all probability to appear in a few hours before the tribunal of the Great Judge. In His omniscient presence, I solemnly declare that never was I prompted or privy to any such thing, and that I abhor and detest all thoughts and principles that would lead to touching the life and blood of His Majesty, or of his royal brother, or of any person whatever. I was ever for monarchical government, and I designed nothing in all my public appearances, which have been few, but the preservation of the Protestant religion, the safety of His Majesty's person, the redressing of our grievances by King and Parliament, the relieving of the oppressed, and putting a stop to the shedding of blood." The freedom, for which so true and wise a reformer hungered, must broaden slowly down.

A dramatic incident followed. With a sudden movement, he forsook the President and the jury, and fixed his eyes straight and full on Sir George Mackenzie. "My Lord Advocate," the brave voice rang, as if before death its strength were being renewed, "I think it strange that you accuse me of such abominable things. When you came to me in the prison, you told me that such things were laid to my charge, but that you did not believe them. Are you convinced in your conscience that I am more guilty now than I was at the interview where you acquitted me of guilt? Do you remember what passed betwixt us in the prison?" At once the gaze of the court was fixed on Mackenzie. He rose, annoyed and embarrassed. "Jerviswood," he replied, "I own what you say. My thoughts were then as a private man; but what I say here is by special direction of the Privy Council. He"—pointing to Sir William Paterson, the Clerk of the Justices—"*he* knows my orders." "Well, my lord," came the stinging and unanswerable response, "if your lordship has one conscience for yourself and another for the Council, I pray God to forgive you: I do. My lords, I trouble your lordships no further."

The trial lasted until three o'clock in the morning of the 24th of December. The same day, six hours later, the jury found him guilty. It was plain that he was sick unto death, and, says Lauder of Fountainhall, who had been Mackenzie's junior at the memorable assize, "the holy days of Yule were approaching"; so the Government, "at once bloodthirsty and pious," must not delay the sacrifice. The Doomster declared the verdict. That very afternoon, between two and four of the clock, the convicted man must die. His head was to be placed on the Netherbow; his limbs

were to be scattered throughout Scotland; his possessions were forfeit; his blood was tainted. Another degradation was added. The King's heralds came forward, and, having sounded their trumpets, they tore asunder the Jerviswood coat of arms, and trampled it under their feet, and proclaimed the martyr's family humiliated and abased. It was malediction heaped on malediction, one ban treading fast and hard on the heels of a preceding ban. When he had heard it all, he drew himself up. "My lords," he said, in words which never were forgotten, "the time is short; the sentence is sharp; but I thank my God who hath made me as fit to die as ye are to live." He was the conqueror in the evil and yet glorious scene.

With Lady Graden's arm to sustain him, he left the court for his prison. As they passed Lord Warriston's house, he looked up to a well-known window, and, smiling, said to Helen Johnston, "Many a sweet day and night with God had your now glorified father in that chamber." He was himself a Christian whose unceasing joy had been to maintain communion with the heavenly place. We have learned how solitary his confinement was, and how his tormentors were reluctant to allow him the solace of intercourse with a single human friend. But in the cell next to his own lay some others bound, as he was, with a chain for the Hope of Israel; and "when they went together about worship, he brought his chair hard to their door, and laboured thus to join with them as far as he could." Now, for a brief hour or two, he was back in the Tolbooth for the last time. So soon as he entered the dungeon, we are told, he threw himself on his bed, and broke into a prayer which "soared like incense to the skies." He was in a rapture; there was a shining light about his looks; the tears of gladness

refused to be held in check. He spoke like one who was already in his Father's house. Rising from his knees, he assured those beside him that, long ago, God had begun the good work in him, that He had carried it steadfastly on, and that now He was putting the copestone upon it. "Within a few hours," he said, "I shall be beyond conception inexpressibly well." By and by, when the moment had come for departure, he kissed his wife, his son George, a lad of nineteen, who was to be a statesman in King William's time, and the little daughter—kissed them, and blessed them, and pleaded earnestly that God might be with them. "And," he added, "within a little we shall have a cheerful and blithe meeting." "So pleasantly," good James Stirling writes, "he parted with them all."

Lady Graden, strengthened inwardly by the Spirit of God, went with him to the scaffold. She had to help him up the ladder, his body was so worn. When he had reached the topmost step, he cast his glance over the crowd. "My faint zeal for the Protestant religion," he said, "has brought me to this end." But it was not the wish of his adversaries that he should address a multitude in which he had many sympathisers, and immediately the drums began to beat. There was no reason, he continued, why the rulers should trouble themselves; for he had not intended to speak any more. Then he gave himself anew to prayer, and, as he prayed, the executioner did his work; and Robert Baillie had fought his last fight and his best.

The Whig movement for reform, like the Cameronian movement, was baptized in blood. But the baptism of blood very often is the preface of deliverance and the avenue to victory. A Hebrew psalm declares

that through fire and water men are conducted to the wealthy place; and the doctrine of the psalm has been illustrated in many another epoch than the Old Testament era, and in many another land than Palestine.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LE ROI EST MORT.

CLOUD and grief had encompassed the Scottish Church for wearisome years. Yet, now and then, there were alleviations of the gloom—faint streaks of promise and hope in the heavy sky. Eight days after the sorrow of Bothwell Bridge, through the exertions of the Duke of Monmouth, whose heart was not so wholly unfamiliar with melting charity as were those of most of his contemporaries, the Third Indulgence had been published. While it still pronounced traitors the ministers who took any part in the field meetings, it permitted house conventicles, save in the towns of Edinburgh and St. Andrews and Glasgow and Stirling. It granted liberty, too, to some of the imprisoned preachers. Was there in it, men asked themselves, the faltering prophecy, which might become more articulate soon, of a brighter time? But the feeble flicker of apparent dawn was very quickly obscured and quenched. Monmouth's influence with the King diminished within a few months, the Duke of York ousting him from his position of favour. The breathing-space was over, Wodrow says, before numbers of the Presbyterians knew of it at all. The Third Indulgence had disappeared, and the measures of repression were again enforced with unpitying rigour.

But occasionally a glint of sunshine came from an unexpected quarter. One of the friends of the Laird

of Jerviswood was Sir Hugh Campbell of Cessnock. In the spring of 1684 he was on his trial in Edinburgh for high treason. It looked as if little fault could have been found with his behaviour ; he was not one of the root-and-branch men ; Jerviswood was prepared to fight a much more unyielding battle than he. Before the Court he pleaded that he had allowed no conventicles to be held on his ground, that neither he himself nor his children and servants had been present at any, and that he worshipped regularly within the walls of his own parish church. But it was well enough understood that his sympathies were with the friends of civil and religious freedom ; and, moreover, his estates were coveted by some who stood in lofty place. So, while Baillie was lying in his dungeon in the Tolbooth, Sir Hugh Campbell, " of very ancient and honourable family," was arraigned before the Judges on a capital charge, and the signs were that he would share his comrade's death. Sir George Mackenzie and Sir George Lockhart, the leaders of the bar, conducted the prosecution ; and the majority of the lords on the bench were hostile to the prisoner. The indictment was that, when two of his retainers had left Sir Robert Hamilton's army and returned to their master, he had sent them back to carry on the quarrel of the Covenant, and had assured them that they should not lack assistance from himself. But the one witness who told this story, Thomas Ingram of Borlands, was a perjurer, a man with a personal grudge against Campbell. When he was put upon " the great oath," and when the prisoner, looking him full in the face, bade him beware of making eternal shipwreck of his soul, his courage failed. " Being interrogate upon the rest of the libel "—that incriminating speech which he had ascribed to Cessnock—he

"deponed he knew nothing of it; and this was the truth, as he should answer." Immediately there arose a great shout of joy in the crowded court, and hands were clapped; and the King's Advocate, Bloody Mackenzie, was beside himself with fury: he believed, he said, that Campbell had hired his friends to make the unseemly acclamation, and never, except in the trial of Shaftesbury, had he heard "such a Protestant rore." The most disgraceful feature of the proceedings was yet to be disclosed. The Lord Justice General, the Earl of Perth, set himself from his place on the bench to bully Ingram into supplying the evidence which might condemn the prisoner. He took the task of prosecution out of the hands of the advocates. But Sir Hugh discovered allies on whose succour he scarcely had reckoned. The jury was composed of men with beliefs which were not those of the Covenanters; but they were men who kept in their hearts the love of righteous dealing. First one of them, and then another, and afterwards the whole of their company, rose and bravely protested against the unjustifiable conduct of the President of the Court. Lord Perth scolded and stormed. "It is not I whom you contemn," he exclaimed, "it is His Majesty's authority." His passion had no result. The verdict was one of Not Guilty; and the Laird of Cessnock owed his life to political and ecclesiastical antagonists, who refused to be browbeaten out of fair-mindedness and chivalry. No doubt, his bitterer enemies contrived an excuse for holding him still in durance and for confiscating his property. But more than that they dared not do.

An encouragement of a different sort, to be dated in July or August of 1684, was the rescue at the Enterkin, the famous pass between Lanarkshire and Dumfries, of which Dr. John Brown has written: "We know

nothing more noticeable, more unlike any other place, more impressive, than this short, deep, narrow, and sudden glen." Wodrow has one version of the rescue, Defoe another, which varies somewhat, and which, as we should expect from the creator of Robinson Crusoe, is told in language at once more homely and more picturesque. According to this narrative, some of Claverhouse's dragoons had entered the gorge, dragging with them as prisoners a Covenanting minister and five blue-bonneted countrymen. They were slowly climbing the hill, when they heard a voice call to them from the heights on their left. Then, through the mist, twelve men came into view who, from a certain distance, demanded the release of the minister. The officer in command refused with an oath, but instantly he was shot through the head ; and, ever since, the wild cascade half-way down the ravine has borne his name, and been called Kelte's Linn. From the side of the dragoons, now conquered by panic, which was all the more complete and paralysing that there seemed to be a second body of armed men stationed on the hill in front, a truce was asked. The prisoners were at once liberated—all of them, avers Defoe ; all except John M'Kechnie, "a singularly pious man of Galloway," corrects Wodrow. "Go, Sir," said the captain to the preacher, "You owe your Life to this Damn'd Mountain." "Rather, Sir," replied the minister, "to that God that made this mountain." "Well, but," cried the soldier to the leader of the gallant peasants who had got the better of him, "I expect you call off those Fellows you have posted at the Head of the Way." "'They belong not to us,' says the honest Man, 'they are unarm'd People, waiting till you pass by.' 'Say you so ?' said the Officer ; 'Had I known that, you had not gotten your Men so

cheap, or have come off so free.' Says the Countryman, 'An ye are for Battle, Sir, We are ready for you still. If you think you are able for us, ye may trye your Hands; we'll quit the Truce, if you like.' 'No,' says the Officer, 'I think ye be brave Fellows; e'en gang your Gate.'" Thus, from the Enterkin and its guardian hills, Thirstane and Stey Gail—hills which, Defoe is compelled to confess, are "as high as the Monument"—the Covenanters bore away rejoicingly their precious booty, and the troopers rode crestfallen towards Edinburgh.

For months before young James Renwick, having returned from Holland, held his first conventicle in the winter of 1683, the voices of the public preachers were stilled and hushed. But amongst the Cameronians there continued to be an unbroken and thriving spiritual life; as he comprehends who reads that interesting old book which Michael Shields penned, and which carries on its opening page the expressive title of *Faithful Contendings Displayed.* It is the story of the Societies—the meetings of those who owned the testimony of Cargill and Cameron, holding themselves apart from their fellow-Presbyterians because they judged them lax and latitudinarian on the subject of the Indulgence and the Indulged, and separating themselves as emphatically from all acknowledgments of the governance of a persecuting State. These men and women, to whom the declarations of Sanquhar and Torwood were dear, *spake often one with another.* They strengthened each other's hands in God. Over the whole of the South of Scotland their gatherings for prayer and mutual counsel were held. The gatherings in every county were under the supervision of a District Society or Correspondence. And, once in three months, the Correspondences sent commissioners

to the General Meeting, to which matters of difficulty were remitted for debate and settlement. In 1683, as Gordon of Earlston informs us, there were no fewer than eighty societies, with seven thousand men in their membership, men who would not bow the knee to Baal, and many of whom had wives and children as steadfast as themselves. And so the holy fire was kept blazing on the altar of Christ, even when the love of multitudes had waxed cold.

With Michael Shields for our guide, we have the opportunity of entering a Society meeting. There may be sixty or seventy persons present. They have assembled probably under cover of the night, and there is a friendly farmhouse close at hand. Everything is done in quietness and order. A president is chosen ; and by and by he states the special question to be discussed. Perhaps it is : Must we decline to pay bridge-dues and market-dues as well as the cess and the militia-money ? Some insist on the extremer position ; but they are overruled by the larger number, who are not prepared to go so far in non-compliance. Or it may be : How shall we help our brothers, who are reduced to poverty by their refusal to submit to the tyrannous demands of Government ? Then those who have not been fined and stripped to the same sad extent promise their aid ; for the Society men have learned to bear one another's burdens, and so to fulfil the law of Christ. Or it is : If there should be a Popish rising, must we refrain from assisting our country in the moment of its dire distress ? And the decision is a patriotic one : there must not be any intimate association with Royalists ; but the Cameronians may organise by themselves their fighting forces, and may strike hard against Jesuitry and all its works ; ere many years have passed, they will actually be doing it to

good purpose. Often, in the General Meeting, the talk would turn on the crying need for ministers of the Gospel, who should preserve their garments unspotted and their witness unshaken and full; and it was agreed that the only method of obtaining these was to send some of their own young men to Holland, to be educated and ordained by the exiled Covenanters there. But, in the midst of those anxious colloquies over the practical difficulties of the time, the Societies never forgot the perpetual claims of the individual soul. Their meetings were homes of earnest prayer and patient study of the Scriptures; and the worshippers who went to them would come away with their faces transfigured and their spirits empowered with new and heavenly strength.

The very children were imbued with the dauntlessness of their elders. To this year of 1683 belongs a Bond subscribed by fifteen girls in the village of Pentland, who had their own little gathering for purposes of devotion. "This is a Covenant between the Lord and us," it begins, "to give up ourselves freely to Him, without reserve, soul and body, hearts and affections, to be His children, and Him to be our God and Father, if it please the holy Lord to send His Gospel to the land again." Soon they mount from self-dedication into entreaty: "O Lord, give us real grace in our hearts to mind Zion's breaches, that is in such a low case this day; and make us to mourn with her, for Thou hast said, them that mourn with her in the time of her trouble shall rejoice when she rejoiceth." Each girl sets down her name to the fearless document: Beatrix Umpherston—she was but ten summers old; Janet Brown, Helen Moutray, Marion Swan, Janet Swan, Isobel Craig, Martha Logan, Agnes Aitken, Margaret Galloway, Helen Stratton, Helen Clark, Margaret Brown,

Janet Brown, Marion M'Morren, Christian Laurie. If, as the Talmud says, Jerusalem fell because the training of the children had been neglected, the Scotland of the Covenant was manifestly doing her part to escape so sore a fate.

These were some of the straggling rays which succeeded in penetrating the thick darkness. But the times were as evil as they could be. Nor were they improved by the startling event of February 1685—the death of King Charles. We have now to say our farewells to the monarch in whose company we have been through all these chapters, a monarch whom Scotsmen cannot love. The end was in harmony with everything which had preceded. It came suddenly. On Sunday night, the first of the month, he spoke to Thomas Bruce, one of the gentlemen in attendance, about his new palace in Winchester. "I shall be so happy this week," he said, "as to have my house covered with lead." "And God knows," adds Bruce, awe-stricken, "the Saturday following he was put into his coffin." On Monday morning he was seized with apoplexy, and there never was any hope of recovery for one whose frame was sapped by his own vices. An hour or two before the last, the strange thing occurred which seemed a fitting termination to a career full of evasion and deceit. A Catholic priest, Father Huddlestone, was brought into the death-chamber. Charles and he had met formerly in memorable circumstances, immediately after Worcester. "As soon as the King saw the father come in, he cried out, 'You that saved my body is now come to save my soul.' He made a general confession, with a most true, hearty, and sincere repentance, weeping and bewailing his sins, and he received what is styled all the rites of the Church; and, just at high water and full moon at noon, he

expired." One wonders whether, anywhere in his dominions, there was a single citizen who sincerely mourned his departure. The hunted folk north of the Tweed drew a long breath of relief when they heard that, at length, the Chief Malignant was gone.

We may be certain, too, that, with their emphatic Presbyterian notions, they thought none the better of him for his interview with priest Huddlestone. As for us, who read the curious tale after the lapse of more than two hundred years—how gladly our hearts would believe in the genuineness of the spiritual change, whether the agent employed to accomplish it were Jesuit or Cameronian! But it may be feared that King Charles died as he had lived, a worldling and a libertine. It is thus, with austere dignity, that John Evelyn, whose temper is so amiable, writes of the consummate hour: "I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and prophaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfullness of God—it being Sunday evening—which this day se'ennight I was witnesse of; the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleaveland, and Mazarine; a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery; whilst about 20 of the greate courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2000 in gold before them: upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflexions with astonishment. Six days after, all was in the dust!" That terribly sharp-edged word with which Thomas Boston of Ettrick smites the loose livers of his and every time, not to expect "the chance of a leap out of Delilah's lap into Abraham's bosom": would it not have been well if Charles Stuart had weighed and pondered its truth sooner than he did?

CHARLES II.

After the Portrait by Sir Peter Lely.

Before we leave him, let us look at him again. He appeared to be an incorrigible idler, a hero of the tennis-court and the ballroom, a king of Yvetot—

> Se levant tard, se couchant tôt,
> Dormant fort bien sans gloire.

He was a hunter of moths and a friend of little dogs. He was, says Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, "the humorist, whose thick licentious lips were a fountain of wit, seemingly his only defence against servants who robbed and statesmen who opposed him." He is the Merry Monarch, laughing uproariously at all Puritanism and seriousness. Yet he was undeniably the ablest of the Stuarts, with an astute mind and a resolute determination concealed beneath the jester's motley of trifling and ribaldry. The ministers whose boon-companion he was were more frequently his tools and dupes than they themselves ever imagined. He listened to them with an unconquerable politeness, while he made his own plans and went his own way.

Recent investigation has been doing justice to the King's cleverness and craft; and, in the fresh light which it has thrown on his complex personality, we can detect three great movements of policy that he adopted and prosecuted in successive periods of his reign. Earliest among them was the tremendous scheme which Lord Acton has described in a remarkable essay on the *Secret History of Charles II.* It was nothing else than the subversion of the Protestantism of the nation and the substitution for it of a Catholic despotism, with himself at the head of it as the irresponsible and unfettered master whom nobody should hold in check. The treason was to be accomplished with the assistance of the money and arms of Louis XIV. In May 1670, Charles's sister, Henrietta of Orleans, herself gentle and affectionate but a pupil only too apt of her priestly

confessors, negotiated for him the private Treaty of Dover, by which England and France agreed to partition Holland, and the French King promised his English ally active and substantial aid in the establishment of Romanism in Great Britain. Charles had another confidant in his plot. This was the eldest of his illegitimate children, a son born in Jersey when he was himself no more than sixteen years of age—a favourite son whom he loved to call by the royal name of James Stuart. The boy's mother was a lady of high rank whose name the father was careful always to conceal, for even in his cynicism there were a few vulnerable places ; and a mystery clings about the character and biography of the lad himself. In his opening manhood he became a Jesuit ; and, sometime in 1668, Charles brought him back from Italy to London. He was eager, through him, to make his own peace with the Pope, and to gain the powerful help of the Jesuits for his attempt to reinstate Catholicism. To the young man he held out the glittering possibility of becoming one day King of Britain and defender of the true faith. But, although James Stuart had much intercourse with his father in those years, he was not attracted by the dazzling bribe ; he preferred to remain a humble soldier in the ranks of the Society of Jesus. The King's coadjutors both failed him when he required them most. The son went back to his spiritual calling, and, a brief month after the shameful Treaty of Dover had been concluded and signed, Henrietta of Orleans was dead. Moreover, the country had begun to suspect that something was wrong ; and, although men did not dream of the extent of the treachery, they revealed their detestation of Popery in various modes and with sufficient explicitness. By 1673, Charles was convinced that the Catholic revival for which

he had been hungering and intriguing was an impossibility.

Then came the second phase of his statecraft—his alliance with the unbending Toryism and Anglicanism of Sir Thomas Osborne, the Earl of Danby. If he could not compass the Romanist ascendancy which would have been after his own heart, he might still be an absolute monarch, while he veiled his individual predilections in matters of religion. He could find in the Cavaliers a convenient instrument for confirming and increasing his autocratic powers. So the King stood like a veiled figure behind his first minister, and urged Danby forward in every high-handed measure, and fought Shaftesbury and Sacheverell and the Whigs with a diplomacy whose skill was seldom at fault and whose perseverance never flagged. Gradually this antagonism to the Country Party, as the Whigs were designated—the popular and prevailing party in a succession of Parliaments—led Charles into the third supreme endeavour of his reign. Shaftesbury and his friends brought in one Exclusion Bill after another. They were resolved, if they could, to prevent the Roman Catholic Duke of York from entering upon the heritage of royalty. The bulk of the nation was on their side. But often their leaders were ill-advised, and often they were selfish and violent in the methods they followed. Their councils were divided, some of them desiring Monmouth for King, others with much greater wisdom turning to the Prince of Orange. And Charles, under the cloak of his indifference and laughter and epicureanism, never ceased watching them. He knew perfectly what he wished, that his brother, whom his people distrusted and disliked, should be his heir. He laboured unwearyingly for his end. And he achieved it, partly through the blunderings and errors of his

opponents, but in large degree through his own patience, his own cunning and vigilance, his own abundant resource. It is evident that we must not picture him simply as a *roi bonhomme,* and still less as a *roi fainéant.* He could be diligent when he chose ; but the diligence was never exerted in a noble cause. He was shrewd and sage ; but the shrewdness was consistently misapplied, and the sagacity was malicious and disastrous. It is hard indeed to decide whether Charles's idleness or his activity bore the more poisonous and the more fatal fruits.

The brother, who stepped into the vacant place, and with whose policy and methods the Covenanters were already too fully acquainted, was as obnoxious to all right-thinking men. James, the Seventh of Scotland, the Second of England, was dull and narrow in understanding, stubborn in temper, cruel and revengeful in disposition. The patriots of both countries had planned and striven to deprive him, because of his avowed Popery, of the supreme possession of kinghood ; but their efforts had been foiled. The political world was quiet now ; and the nation listened to assurances from the Throne of "the innate clemency of His Majesty, a virtue which hath shined in the whole line of his royal race." But, in the earliest days of the Duke of York's reign, there were ominous symptoms of impending trouble. He declined to take the Coronation Oath for Scotland, because its terms would have hampered him in his schemes for the re-establishment of Roman Catholicism. An obsequious Privy Council suffered him to have his way ; but three and a half years later, when the hour of reprisal arrived, the omission became a count in the indictment which deprived him of his sceptre and crown. Meanwhile, however, he was an untrammelled tyrant. He might do what he chose ; and he used his power with mercilessness and ferocity.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE KILLING TIME.

OCCASIONALLY we find the designation, *The Killing Time,* applied to the twenty-eight years of the Persecution, the long winter of wind and snow which lay between the home-coming of King Charles and the advent of King William. But it is a loose and slipshod employment of the phrase. What the men who survived the tempest meant, when they looked back and spoke of the Killing Time, was a shorter period—the period between 1684 and 1688. Then they entered "the gloomy cave of Desperation." Then, more than ever, they were "battered with the shocks of doom." And then, too, Christ, the Prince of sufferers and the Brother born for adversity, came nearest those who passed through innumerable trials for His Name's sake. "Not a few of us stood in this faith," wrote Cromwell to Speaker Lenthall after the battle of Dunbar, "that, because of their numbers, because of their advantage, because of their confidence, because of our weakness, because of our strait, we were in the Mount, and in the Mount the Lord would be seen." The remnant in the fields and moors were in the Mount, when their enemies gloried over them; and in the Mount they saw their Lord. They listened to the vivifying accents of His voice, and felt, as it were, the grasp of His warm hands.

While all Covenanters experienced the edge of the

gale, the members of the Praying Societies were treated with sharpest severity. It became evident that nothing short of their extirpation was intended. Bloodhounds were used to ferret out their places of hiding. Spies and renegades were hired to win their confidence and to betray them. Soldiers had permission to shoot at once, without any pretence of trial, suspected persons who should refuse to take the Test, or to answer bewildering and insidious questions about the murder of Archbishop Sharp and about the legality of the rising at Bothwell and about the righteousness of bearing sword and gun against the King. We do not marvel that the Hillmen were driven to exasperation by these atrocities. They retaliated. They turned on their oppressors, as in the last resort the stag will turn on the baying hounds. On the night between the 11th and the 12th of December in 1684, Peter Peirson, the curate of Carsphairn, was shot dead by James MacMichael, one of the Wanderers. More than most, the unfortunate preacher had incurred their enmity. That winter evening they went to his manse, a little company of angered and outraged men, the black MacMichael their leader. They meant to extort from the curate a written promise that he would cease encouraging their foes ; they " expressly declared that they would do him no bodily harm." But he came to the door armed and threatening ; and, in a moment, their captain's pistol had robbed him of life. It was a crime against righteousness and against love. And there were other uprisings of anger. Two months previously, in October, the Cameronians had published their *Apologetical Declaration*—a document which bids good-bye to meekness and gentleness. " We warn the enemies to our cause, such as bloody militiamen, malicious troopers, soldiers and dragoons and spies,

and their aiders and abetters, all who either conspired with bloody Doeg to shed our blood, or with the flattering Ziphites to inform persecutors where we are to be found. We warn you of the hazard that ye incur by following such courses ; for sinless necessity for self-preservation, accompanied with holy zeal for Christ's reigning in our land and suppressing of profanity, will move us not to let you pass unpunished. All that is in peril is not lost, and all that is delayed is not forgiven."

Probably the vehement and volcanic sentences ought not to have been penned ; there is more of the Book of Judges in them than of St. Paul's chapter on charity. Let us remember, in condonation of their sanguinary tone, that, like Thomas Lodge's *Rosalynde,* they were " hatcht in the storms of the Ocean and feathered in the surges of many perillous seas." Certainly they brought fresh sorrow on the heads of their authors and of those who read them with satisfaction. The Lords of the Privy Council decreed that any one who owned, or who might scruple about disowning, " the late treasonable " manifesto, whether he carried arms or not, was immediately to be killed, care being taken simply that the slaughter was carried out in the presence of two witnesses. Special courts were appointed, which met in various centres and summoned the country-people before them, to see that they " did abhor and renounce the pretended declaration of war lately affixed at several Parish Churches." " All usual forms of law," Sir Walter Scott writes, and he is no partisan of Kirk and Covenant, " all forms by which the subjects of a country are protected against the violence of armed power, were broken down." It was a reign of terror. Lowland Scotland lay, during the Killing Time, at the mercy of the dragoons, and most of them did not know what the quality of mercy is.

Who were some of their leaders ?

One was Sir James Johnstone of Westerhall. Once, *The Cloud of Witnesses* says, he was, as others of these hot-foot persecutors had been, "a great professor, and one who had sworn the Covenant." Indeed, his retractation was quite recent. "When the Test was framed, he bragged that he scorned the Test ; but, when he had the trial, he embraced it, and became a bitter enemy to the work and people of God." There is a peculiarly lurid story with which Johnstone's name is linked in infamy. Andrew Hislop was a lad of seventeen. To the cottage home of his widowed mother there crept one day, conquered by mortal sickness, a fugitive from the cold hills, one of the proscribed Cameronians. She gave him shelter ; and there, in a short time, he died. Fearing punishment for their hospitable deed, she and the boys who had grown up at her knee buried the body, under the curtain of night, in a neighbouring field. But the grave was discovered soon ; and the widow's house was stripped of all its simple and cherished belongings, and was pulled to the ground. While she and her sons were wandering from place to place Claverhouse came upon Andrew, and conveyed him as a prisoner to Eskdale to the Laird of Westerhall. Johnstone, there and then, passed sentence of death. But even Claverhouse had his compunctions about this murder, perhaps, Wodrow suggests, because conscience was speaking to him of the wrong he had done ten days before to John Brown of Priesthill. It was not until Westerhall insisted, that he ordered three of his dragoons to fire. The guns were loaded, and the boy was told to pull his bonnet over his eyes. But he refused, and stood confronting his slayers with his Bible in his hand. "I can look you in the face," he said ; "I

have done nothing of which I need to be ashamed. But how will you look in that day when you shall be judged by what is written in this Book?" He fell dead, and was buried among the Craighaugh brackens and heather. No doubt, it was the exodus which Andrew Hislop craved; it was euthanasia to him. His were the prayers and avowals which a modern poet has put into the lips of another boyish knight of the Cross—

O give my youth, my faith, my sword,
Choice of the heart's desire:
A short life in the saddle, Lord!
Not long life by the fire.
The outer fray in the sun shall be,
The inner beneath the moon;
And may Our Captain lend to me
Sight of the Dragon soon!

But Westerhall's shame is perpetual, and the blot on his character will never be removed.

Or here is Lieutenant Douglas, brother of the Duke of Queensberry. In 1685, in a cave at Ingliston, in the parish of Glencairn, he surprised a little company of the Covenanters. His soldiers, having shot into the cave, rushed in through the smoke of their muskets. They captured five prisoners—John Gibson, Robert Grierson, Robert Mitchell, James Bennoch, and John Edgar. Without even the most perfunctory examination, Douglas ordered them to prepare for death. Gibson was led out first. He was allowed to pray: and so familiar and tender and appealing his prayer was that, in spite of themselves, the very dragoons were moved. He sang part of the 17th Psalm, and read aloud the sixteenth chapter of the Gospel of John. His sister and, after her, his mother—for their home was near at hand—were permitted to speak to him. He told them that it was the joyfullest day ever he had in the world. He charged them that they must not

yield to tears, but must bless the Lord on his account. Then they were thrust back ; and from the matchlocks death came, rapid, sweet, a boon and not a curse. His four comrades were shot together. The volley killed three ; but the fourth, while he was fatally wounded, was still conscious. One of the soldiers saw it, and ran on him with his sword. Even yet the indomitable witness-bearer could give his testimony. " Though every hair of my head were a man," he cried, " I am willing to die all those deaths for Christ and His cause " ; and so he went through the River singing. That is but one recital of martyrdom for which James Douglas was responsible ; there are many like it.

Or there is Captain Bruce of Earlshall, he who fought Richard Cameron at Ayrsmoss. The persecution of the Westland saints was like meat and drink to him. In January 1685, near Straiton in Ayrshire, his men seized Thomas M'Haffie, whom everybody in the district reverenced for his godliness. On this winter morning he was hiding in a glen adjoining the village. He was fevered and ill ; exposure and rain and frost were robbing him of strength and hastening him to the sight of his Master. But he was to travel by a still speedier road to the land where the inhabitant does not say, *I am sick.* In his covert he heard the soldiers approaching, and rose, and fled. He reached the shelter of a friend's roof ; but there, exhausted, he threw himself down ; he could make no further effort. In a few minutes Captain Bruce and his troop entered. One or two questions—the usual ensnaring and dishonest questions—were addressed to him ; but he declined to answer. And then they dragged him from the room, out to the high-road, and shot him without more ado. For Thomas M'Haffie the days of mourning were ended.

More notorious, however, than Johnstone or Douglas or Bruce was Sir Robert Grierson of Lag. Who does not know Wandering Willie's Tale in *Redgauntlet*? "I will not believe in anything to match it," Mr. Ruskin said; and Grierson is hero of the weird and piquant story. "Ye maun have heard of Sir Robert Redgauntlet of that Ilk, who lived in these parts before the dear years. The country will lang mind him; and our fathers used to draw breath thick if ever they heard him named. . . . He was knighted at Lonon court, wi' the King's ain sword; and being a red-hot prelatist, he came down here, rampaging like a lion, with commissions of lieutenancy, and of lunacy, for what I ken, to put down a' the Whigs and Covenanters in the country. Wild wark they made of it; for the Whigs were as dour as the Cavaliers were fierce, and it was aye which should first tire the other. Redgauntlet was aye for the strong hand: and his name is kenn'd as wide as Claverhouse's or Tam Dalyell's. Glen, nor dargle, nor mountain, nor cave, could hide the puir hill-folk when Redgauntlet was out with bugle and bloodhound after them, as if they had been sae mony deer. And troth when they fand them, they didna mak' muckle mair ceremony than a Hielandman wi' a roebuck. It was just, 'Will ye tak the Test?'—if not, 'Make ready; present; fire!'—and there lay the recusant."

Redgauntlet was aye for the strong hand. Yes indeed, there was no vestige of tenderness in Sir Robert Grierson. He had not even the superficial polish with which some of his brother-Royalists bedizened their cruelties. He was as ungracious in manner as he was hard of heart, a Judge Jeffreys on a smaller scale. There is an acrid pasquil of the eighteenth century which immortalises him in biting words. It takes the

sinners of Scripture one by one, and asks which may "with Grier of Lag compare." Cain was bloody; but "he to Lag's latchets never came." "Doeg the Edomite did slay Fourscore and five priests in one day"; but "brave Lag did Doeg far exceed." Herod killed many "by a decree"; but he was outrun by Grierson, who "in his person went To every place where he was sent, To persecute both man and wife." To this hour, in Dumfries and Galloway, a paramount horror cleaves to his name.

We are not astonished at it, when we read such an incident as that of John Bell. He was a man well born, the only son of the heiress of Whiteside, in the parish of Anwoth, who, after his father's death, had for her second husband the Viscount Kenmure. Far and near he was held in repute, both for his religion and for his prudence and "mensefulness." Since Bothwell Brig he had borne many trials and wrongs. The horses of the dragoons had "eaten up all his meadows"; the men themselves had "broken down the very timber of his house and burned it." In February 1685 the last of his griefs arrived. With four associates, John Bell fell into Grierson's hands. Quarter had been promised, but Lag laughed at the promise; he commanded that they should be shot instantly. "Let me spend a few minutes in prayer," said Bell. "What have you been doing so many years in these hills?" Grierson retorted—"No, no! you have prayed enough." And, when the good man was dead, he would not let them bury him; his vengeance must be wreaked on the lifeless frame. Some weeks later, he met Lord Kenmure in Claverhouse's company, at Kirkcudbright. The Viscount upbraided him for his brutality to a kinsman, whom Lag knew to be of gentle blood and breeding, and especially for his churlish refusal to

allow the body a resting-place. But Grierson swore at him, and made a most offensive reply. "Take him," he cried, "if you will, and salt him in your beef-barrel." In his anger the nobleman drew his sword, and would have attacked the man who had insulted him so coarsely. But Claverhouse interposed, and separated the two.

John Graham himself was foremost actor in the misdeeds of the Killing Time. His eulogists admit that he was "imbued with a disregard of individual rights," and that, himself "careless of death, he was ruthless in inflicting it upon others." He was appointed Sheriff of Wigtown in January 1682, and was also commissioned to act as Sheriff-depute in the neighbouring districts of Dumfries, Annandale, and Kirkcudbright, inasmuch as "guilty persons do remove from one jurisdiction to another, when they are called in question and pursued, and it is necessary, in this exigent, that they be brought to justice"; and, being both magistrate and soldier, he had special opportunities for executing the policy of the Government. Even little children did not escape his notice. There is no reason to doubt the truthfulness of that persistent tradition which gives a grim account of his untendernesses towards them. He would collect the girls and boys of a country hamlet, some of them no more than six years of age, and, drawing up a line of dragoons, would bid his victims pray, because he intended to put them at once to death. Sometimes, to heighten their alarm, the men were actually ordered to fire over their heads. And then he would inform the poor innocents, terrified that the close of life had come, that he was willing to spare them, if they would show him where their fathers or elder brothers or friends were concealed. It is not easy to understand how one

so cold-blooded should be exhibited to us as the mirror of chivalry.

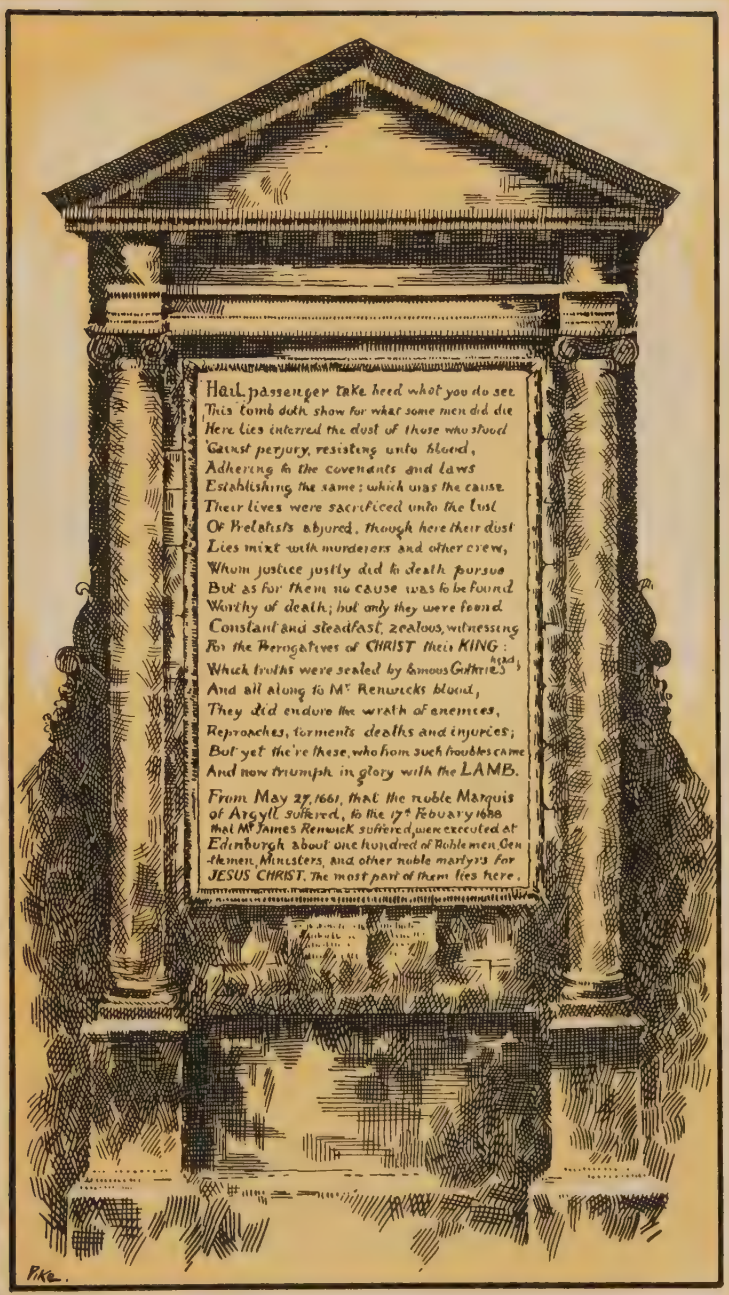
In his Sheriffdom he showed no lack of energy. Three weeks after his appointment he had travelled through the whole of Galloway, from Stranraer on the west to Dumfries on the east. He wrote letter after letter to Queensberry, detailing his movements and activities. Now and then, like the rare oases in the hot sands of an African desert, there is a milder note : "It will be mor of consequence to punish one considerable laird than a hondred litle bodys. Beseids, it is juster, because these only sin by the exemple of those." But the relenting was brief-lived. A week later, he had captured "that great villain MkClorg, the smith at Menegaff, that made all the clikys, and after whom the forces has troted so often" ; and there was to be no door of escape for this descendant of Tubal-cain, who had known too well how to cut the bridle-reins of the persecutor's cavalry. "I am resolved to hang him, for it is necessary I make some exemple of severity, least rebellion be thoght cheap here. There can not be alyve a mor wiked fellou." It was his ever-recurring regret that he had not a larger company at his disposal. "It wer no great business for the King to send as much mony as would mantain fyve or six hondred mor dragoons ; and in tuo or three years this contry, I am seur, would be broght to forgett all there follys." Erelong he was in violent conflict with one of the principal Wigtownshire families, the Dalrymples. The father, Sir James, the Viscount Stair of subsequent years, was absent in London, whither he had fled when the Test Act came into operation. But Sir John, his son, remained behind him, and continued to be Heritable Bailie of the Regality of Glenluce. He was at heart opposed to the repressive

measures of the time; and, as far as he could, he showed his distrust of them, and of those who, like the vigorous master of the countryside, were zealous in carrying them out. But Claverhouse would not tolerate such slackness and neutrality. He formally indicted Dalrymple before the Privy Council, accusing him of giving employment to disloyal and disaffected persons, of imposing mock-penalties—not the fiftieth or sixtieth part of what the law demanded—in order that the culprits might be immune from any sorer punishment, and of conniving at the irregularities of the ladies of his house who had some fondness for the teachings of the Covenant. The case, which dragged its slow length along through several months, stirred, as Lauder of Fountainhall tells us, "much transport, flame, and humeur"; but Claverhouse won the libel. Sir John Dalrymple lost his Bailery, and was fined five hundred pounds sterling, and learned how dangerous it was to thwart King Charles's Sheriff.

It is futile to contend, as has occasionally been done, that in his persecuting zeal Claverhouse was simply the instrument of others. For two years, from May 1683 to March 1685, he was himself a member of the Privy Council. He was not always present at its meetings, being kept so busy out in the fields and on the hillsides and at the Courts of Justiciary up and down the country. He was not on the best of terms with some of its dominant figures, coming as he did into sharp collision more than once both with Queensberry and with General Dalzell. But he played his own part in its decisions and enterprises, and he was best pleased when these were emphatic and thorough. "I fynd myself worse there every day," he wrote to a friend; "but I take no notice of it. I goe thither as I used to doe, but only when I have business of publik concern; and houever

things goe am resolved to doe as a good subject ought and a man of honor." There are papers of the Council, letters and decrees, on which his signature may be seen; for what it determined and did he must bear his moiety of responsibility. The dogged ill-will of Queensberry succeeded at last, when James II. had mounted the throne, in humbling John Graham, with his "hye, proud, and peremptor humor," and in expelling him from his seat at the Council's board. But his exile lasted for less than two months. If James had surrendered temporarily to the machinations of his rivals, in reality he cherished no intention of dispensing with an agent whose beliefs and methods were entirely to his own mind; he had him restored to the dignity from which jealousy and hate had driven him. It is apparent that we must amend somewhat the antithesis which was quoted on a former page from Mr. Francis Watt: there were years of his life in which Claverhouse was not only "the hand that struck"—like Sir George Mackenzie, he was also "the brain that plotted."

A specially burdensome grievance of the Killing Time was the exorbitant fines inflicted on men who could not conform. It was the boast of Claverhouse that he never sought "to enrich himself"; but the boast was ill-founded. His avarice, if it is not so conspicuous in the earlier part of his career, grew with the numberless chances he had of reaping a harvest from the misfortunes of others. It is proved by the narrative of Lord Fountainhall, who draws a picture of the soldier-Sheriff's exactions, and of the meanness which too often disfigured his procedure. He spoiled the homes of the sufferers, whether they were richer or poorer. He wrung from them the last farthing of the extravagant dues which he had imposed. With


Hail passenger take heed what you do see
This tomb doth show for what some men did die
Here lies interred the dust of those who stood
'Gainst perjury, resisting unto blood,
Adhering to the covenants and laws
Establishing the same: which was the cause
Their lives were sacrificed unto the lust
Of Prelatists abjured, though here their dust
Lies mixt with murderers and other crew,
Whom justice justly did to death pursue
But as for them no cause was to be found
Worthy of death; but only they were found
Constant and steadfast, zealous, witnessing
For the Prerogatives of CHRIST their KING:
Which truths were sealed by famous Guthrie's head;
And all along to Mr Renwicks bloud,
They did endure the wrath of enemies,
Reproaches, torments deaths and injuries;
But yet tho're these, who from such troubles came
And now triumph in glory with the LAMB.
From May 27, 1661, that the noble Marquis of Argyll suffered, to the 17th Febuary 1688 that Mr James Renwick suffered, were executed at Edinburgh about one hundred of Noblemen, Gentlemen, Ministers, and other noble martyrs for JESUS CHRIST. The most part of them lies here.
Pike.

THE MARTYRS' MONUMENT IN THE GREYFRIARS CHURCHYARD.

all his anxiety to force the people to accept Episcopacy, he was willing to release his prisoners if he could secure from them the promise of a thousand merks a-piece. His rapacity became at last a public scandal ; and the officers of the Crown compelled him to pay into the Exchequer moneys which he was appropriating to his own purposes. John, Viscount Melfort, brother of the Earl of Perth, and one of the two Secretaries of State for Scotland in King James's reign, wrote to Queensberry news which gladdened that envious nobleman's heart—how, in London, the Duke of York was observant of the " insolence " of the overweening Colonel of dragoons, and was " really angry with him " ; how he had himself got orders to send him such a reprimand as would sufficiently show his Royal Highness's displeasure ; how, at length, James had commanded " the fynes upheld by Claverhous to be counted for and payed in "—so now, " without a grudge," Queensberry might call for them. " I am affrayed," Melfort added, " that gentleman has mistaken his measures, and, if he persist, I question not that he will find it so." When they had to combat greed as well as bloodthirstiness, were not the advocates of the Covenant in pitiable case ?

Then there were the banishments. Let us take *The Cloud of Witnesses,* and turn to its concluding pages, with their list of those driven into strange lands for conscience' sake. In March 1684, seven were sentenced and sent to West Flanders, " never to return under pain of death." In July 1684, " were banished to Carolina thirty, who were transported in James Gibson's ship, called sometime Bailie Gibson in Glasgow, of whom it is observed that, in God's righteous judgment, he was cast away in Carolina Bay, when he commanded in the *Rising Sun.*" In the same month five

men are exiled to New Jersey. In the following year, we read that "in the time of Queensberry's Parliament, of men and women were sent to Jamaica two hundred." A little later, "one Pitlochie transported to New Jersey one hundred, whereof twenty-four were women." Before 1685 has ended, "three-and-twenty men and women were sent to Barbadoes." And so the record pursues its course. What ignominies, what agonies, are hidden under the brief entries! Often the vessels were poor and unseaworthy. The unfortunate captives were treated with a harshness which felt no relentings of mercy. They were crowded together under the decks. They had insufficient food, and the scantiest supply of water, and scarcely any fresh air. Many of them died on the voyage, and never saw the shores of the Western world. When they landed, they were sold as slaves; and if they resisted, and strove to retain their freedom, trouble upon trouble was visited on them. "Their cruelty to us," writes John Mathieson of Closeburn, "was because we would not consent to our own selling or slavery; for then we were miserably beaten, and I especially received nine great blows upon my back very sore, so that for some days I could not lift my head higher than my breast." Chattels rather than persons the Covenanting bondmen seemed to their taskmasters.

In the experiences of these exiles romances are shut up, which, if they were but deciphered, would prove as thrilling as any adventures that the novelists give us. John Mathieson is an instance in point. Contriving to escape, he sailed to Virginia through a dangerous storm. Then he journeyed on foot to Pennsylvania, and from Pennsylvania made his way mile by mile to New England, where he knew of some Presbyterian friends. But they had changed their soul as well as

their sky, and were no longer so faithful as they had once been ; and he could not stay among them. With a saddened heart he turned back to New Jersey, and there sickness fell on him. But strangers entertained him hospitably ; and, when he recovered, he bound himself of his own accord to be their servant. " For, albeit we could not work to them that had brought us over, yet we behoved to work for something to bring us back again." All this while, too, his Lord was very gracious to him in the distant land. Twice or thrice he covenanted with Him, " on these terms that He would carry me and my burden both, and save His noble truth from being wronged by me ; and so I took Him for my King, Priest, and Prophet." There were seasons when he felt such a clearness of his interest and salvation, that the thought of it made him leap for joy in the midst of his travail. " For many and wonderful were His loving kindnesses unto me, even to me, one of the silliest things that ever He sent such an errand ; so that, as it passes my memory to relate, I think truly it would seem incredible to many to believe, when they heard them told, even what He hath done for poor, insignificant, unworthy me." But the *Heimweh,* the home-sickness, was strong ; his heart hungered to be back with the devoted remnant in Scotland. At last he had gathered enough to pay his passage from New York to London ; and, after an absence of something over three years, he was again among those for whom he had so quenchless a desire, " hearing with much delight the Gospel faithfully preached, yea, powerfully preached, by that shining light, Mr. James Renwick." Pathos and gladness pursued John Mathieson to the close. When he entered his own house, his wife was preparing dinner for the reapers busy among the yellow corn. She

did not recognise him ; he was a wayfarer, she fancied, who had come in at the open door to rest himself. She pressed him to take some food, and, with hands full, went out to the workers with their portion. But, as she passed him, he rose, and followed her at a respectful distance. Turning her head, she saw him, and, mistaking his intention, said to the bystanders, "The gangrel body wants a second dinner." The words drew the eyes of the reapers towards him ; when one of his own sons whispered to his mother, "If my father is living yet, that's him." She looked keenly into the stranger's face for a single moment, and then ran to his arms, crying, "My husband!" It is meeting after parting as touching, and as bonnie, as the meeting of Penelope and Ulysses.

Two other memories of the Killing Time are worth recalling. Shall we name them, The Stories of Mr. Valiant and his Brother ?

We have not forgotten Captain John Paton of Meadowhead, who fought stoutly at Rullion Green and again at Bothwell, those twin days of struggle and flight. He was an old man now, and the privations of a soldier's career had added to his age. The dragoons had not much difficulty in making him prisoner. In August of 1683, he was in a friend's house near Kilmarnock, when a party of five troopers, moving along the road, claimed him as their prize. It happened, contrary to his practice, that he had with him neither pistol nor sword ; but those under whose roof he was offered him both. Ten summers before he would have welcomed the offer, and have fought the dragoons single-handed ; to-day he declined the suggested aid. He was well stricken in years, he said, and worn with fleeing from place to place ; and he had no fear of death, for his portion in Christ's love and redemption

was sure—it was best that he should surrender to his antagonists. But as yet they did not surmise who he was; they imagined him some venerable preacher of the Covenant. It was when they passed a farm farther on, and the farmer, standing at his door, exclaimed in amazement, "Captain Paton! are you there?" that they discovered the value of the booty they had taken. From Kilmarnock they carried him to Ayr, from Ayr to Glasgow, from Glasgow to Edinburgh. General Dalzell saw him as he was led bound into the capital. They had fought together at Worcester two-and-thirty years past and gone; and there were fragments of courtesy and compassionateness surviving still in the rugged old persecutor. He embraced the prisoner. "John," he said, "I am both glad and sorry to see you. If I had met you on the way before you came hither, I should have set you at liberty; but now it is too late." On the impartial tablets of history, the speech must be written to the honour of the rude Muscovite bear.

Captain Paton's trial did not take place until the spring of 1684. He was condemned on his confession that he had been at Bothwell, and was sentenced to be hanged in the Grassmarket on Wednesday the 23rd of April. But twice over, the first time on his own petition, the second time perhaps through the influence of Dalzell, the execution was delayed. On the later occasion the Clerk of Council noted in his books: "John Paton, in Meadowhead, sentenced to die for rebellion, and thereafter remaining in mosses and moors to the high contempt of authority, reprieved till Friday come sen'night, and to have a room by himself, that he may prepare more conveniently for death." It was an unwonted clemency; but the interval was soon ended. On Friday, the 9th of May,

he was executed, dying, Wodrow relates, "most cheerfully," as indeed he had always lived. His last testimony shows how thoroughly he had appropriated the lessons William Guthrie taught him from the pulpit of Fenwick Church. "There is no safety," he declared, "but at Christ's back; and, I beseech you, improve time, for ye know not when the Master calleth, at midnight or the cock-crowing. Seek pardon freely, and then He will come with peace. Seek all the graces of His Spirit—the grace of love, the grace of holy fear and humility." It is the dialect of *The Christian's Great Interest.*

Mr. Valiant's brother was John Nisbet of Hardhill. He too had fought at Pentland; and not for twelve months thereafter were his wounds altogether healed. With his own right hand he sent seven of Claverhouse's troopers to death at Drumclog. At Bothwell he occupied the post of danger at the bridge, standing as long as a comrade stood beside him. After that, he was a rebel, denounced by the Privy Council, with a price set on his head, chased unceasingly from one concealment to another. He had a wife as brave as he was. With her young children she was turned adrift upon the world; but never was she heard or seen to show the least discontentment with her lot. Through more than four years she contended against her great army of afflictions, until, on a December day, her enfranchisement came; and she died "in a sheep's cot, where was no light nor fire but that of a candle, no bed but that of straw, no stool but the ground to sit on." It was some time before the news that she had gone from him reached her husband. As soon as he heard, he hurried to the spot, to find that her dead body had been in its grave for days, and that meanwhile new sorrows were sweeping down on his

head. The first sight on which his eyes lighted was the rude coffin which some friendly hands had put together, and in which he saw his daughter lying, her short race finished and her soul flown away to God. Glancing round the hut, he discovered other troubles ; for in a corner two of his boys lay in the delirium of fever. He spoke to them, but they were unconscious of his presence ; and then he groaned, and said, " Naked came I into this world, and naked must I go out of it ; the Lord is making my passage easy." It is difficult to believe that, in all literature, one will encounter any story more bitter-sweet.

At last John Nisbet had his liberation. He was taken on a Sabbath morning in November 1685. Three friends in the family of faith had spent the preceding evening and night in his society, not sleeping much, but praying and conversing a great deal. With the day-dawn the soldiers appeared. The four defended themselves for a time, Nisbet standing with his back to the wall, and caring nothing for the wounds he received. But they were overpowered. The other three were shot immediately ; but, because there was a reward of three thousand merks offered for him, he was bound, and conducted across the country to the Privy Council in Edinburgh. They tried him on the 30th of November, and ordered his death in the Grass-market four days later. The spell of respite was spent in heaven rather than on earth. Hitherto he had been a man who had never uttered much of his own soul's convictions and joys ; but now *his tongue was loosed and he spake plain.* " Scar not," he wrote, " at Christ's sweet, lovely, and desirable cross ; for, although I have not been able because of my wounds to lift up or lay down my head but as I was helped, yet I was never in better case all my life. He has not given me one

challenge since I came to prison, for anything less or more; but, on the contrary, He has so wonderfully shined on me with the sense of His redeeming, strengthening, assisting, supporting, through-bearing, pardoning, and reconciling love, grace, and mercy, that my soul doth long to be freed of bodily infirmities and earthly organs, that so I may flee to His royal palace—even the heavenly habitation of my God, where I am sure of a crown put on my head, and a palm put in my hand, and a new song put in my mouth. . . . Welcome, welcome, welcome, our glorious and alone God! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, into Thy hands I commit my spirit, for Thou art worthy!" Mr. Valiant's brother did not require to wait until he gained the other side to hear the trumpets sound for him. The invigorating music greeted his ears before he placed his foot in the waters; and he went through the swellings of Jordan with a high heart.

We cannot exhaust the pains and the pageants of the Killing Time. We cannot recount all its sufferers and conquerors. "It has not been possible to come at the certain number," Daniel Defoe says in a passage of notable eloquence, "there being no record kept of their prosecution in any court of justice, nor could any roll of their names be preserved in those times of confusion. But under the Altar, and about the Throne of the Lamb, where their heads are crowned and their white robes seen, an exact account will at last be found."

CHAPTER XXXI.

HOW JOHN BROWN WON HIS DIADEM.

THE month of May in 1685 stands out with a melancholy pre-eminence, a garland of thorns, among the dark months of the Killing Time. It saw the deaths of John Brown and of the Wigtown Martyrs. The veracity of both histories has been questioned by writers whose sympathies are courtly and prelatist; but both have been proved true beyond dispute.

Here, for example, is Professor Aytoun. In the appendix to his *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers,* Lays which persist in placing the laurel on the less deserving brows, he investigates at much length "the story of John Brown," which he was "particularly anxious to expiscate." The "tale," he says, "is usually brought forward as the crowning instance of the cruelty of Claverhouse." In the course of his examination Aytoun writes: "For thirty-three years after the Revolution, the details of this atrocious murder were never revealed to the public! Nowhere in print or pamphlet, memoir, history, or declaration, published previously to Wodrow—1722—does even the name of John Brown occur, save once, in *The Cloud of Witnesses,* a work which appeared in 1714; and in that work no details are given, the narrative being comprehended in a couple of lines." But, as Dr. Hay Fleming replies, "Aytoun's search must have been

perfunctorily performed." In a pamphlet by Alexander Shields, published immediately after the Revolution, the tragedy is thus told: "The said Claverhouse, in May 1685, apprehended John Brown in Priesthill, in the parish of Moorkirk, in the shire of Air, being at his work about his own house, and shot him dead before his own door, in presence of his wife." A year later, Gilbert Rule gives a brief but explicit account of the martyrdom. Two years afterwards, there is allusion to it again in one of the best-known controversial books of the time. The Royalist professor has been negligent in his scrutiny.

Claverhouse, he would have us believe, "was not present at the execution." But it is a sheer impossibility to prove an *alibi* for John Graham. His own biographer, Sheriff Mark Napier, who sees no slightest spot on the face of the sun, has published the letter which the persecutor addressed to the Duke of Queensberry on Sabbath, the 3rd of May 1685. These are its opening sentences: "On Frayday last, amongst the hills, betwixt Douglas and the Plellands, we purseued tuo fellous a great way throu the mosses, and in end seised them. They had no armes about them, and denayed they had any; but, being asked if they would take the abguration, the eldest of tuo, called John Broun, refused it, nor would he swear not to ryse in armes against the King, but said he kneu no King. Upon which, and there being found bullets and match in his house, and treasonable peapers, I caused shoot him dead: which he suffered very inconcernedly." There need be no debate in our minds either about the arbitrary conduct of Claverhouse or about the triumphant faith-keeping of the carrier of Priesthill. These are not the pathetic adornments of a skilfully constructed page of fiction. They are demonstrated facts.

In his despatch to Queensberry, Claverhouse speaks of capturing, along with John Brown himself, "a young fellow and his nephew." It is curious that neither Robert Wodrow nor Patrick Walker has a word to relate regarding this second participant in the tragedy —John Brounen or Browning. Perhaps they forbore to mention him, because they judged him unfaithful to his vows, one who had ingloriously preferred the cowardly road of compliance. For, after he had said his prayers, and the carbines had been presented, John Graham offered that, if he would reveal something which might be of importance for the King's service, he should himself plead for his life with those in authority. So the lad admitted that he had been one of an attacking party which, a day or two previously, had assailed the royal soldiers in Newmilns, and that he had come straight from this escapade to his uncle's house. Meantime, while the inquisitor and the frightened boy were engaged in their interview, the dragoons had been searching the place, and had lighted on a new piece of evidence. In a cave under the ground were concealed some swords and pistols. These they brought to their commander; and John Brown's nephew, being confronted with them, acknowledged that they were the property of his relative, the man who lay dead a few yards away. The captain thereupon bade his troopers put their carbines down, and sent the Covenanter to his Lieutenant-General, that the superior officer might dispose of him as he pleased.

No doubt it was with the view of defending himself from the accusation of barbarity in slaying John Brown, that Claverhouse was thus particular in recounting what he had learned from the younger man. Let it be confessed that the Priesthill carrier was in revolt against the rulers of the land: are there not

moments when rebellion is transfigured into spiritual duty, and when the subject clothes himself with honour if he takes rank amongst insurgents? There are laws sublimer than the statutes of Government—the dictates of conscience, the requirements of patriotism, the precepts of God; and sometimes he who reverences the higher laws must resist the lower. But it may be argued that John Graham, being the emissary of those who were parents of the bad legislation, had no choice but to punish the man who set it at defiance. This fact, however, must hinder us from condoning him, that the damnatory evidence was not forthcoming until the victim had been sacrificed; the nephew was examined after the uncle's murder. In truth, there was neither justice nor mercy in all the proceeding. No real assize was held. No defence was permitted. The doom fell in an instant. But it fell on a heart which it could not impoverish and which it was powerless to affright.

Some five miles distant from the town of Muirkirk, up among the lonely hills, was the croft of Priesthill. There is no cottage there to-day, nor any garden bright with homely flowers; but the spot may be identified by the monument which has been raised to the tenant who made it famous. In 1685 Priesthill was the abode of John Brown and his wife, Isabel Weir. Suspect and dangerous the husband might be in his politics, but in personal life none was more inoffensive: the countryside knew his religion and his uprightness. An impediment in his speech had forced him to surrender his hope of entering the office of the ministry; but his reading and shrewdness and character fitted him to be the teacher of those near the little farm who desired instruction in the truth as it is in Jesus. One evening in each week he met with "the young persons

of the neighbourhood," and expounded to them the Bible and the Confession of Faith. In summer they gathered in a sheepfold out in the fields ; in winter they formed a circle round the fire of peat which blazed on the kitchen floor in the carrier's house. The place was wild and solitary, and round it the heather and moss stretched for miles ; but it was a training-school for theologians and heroes. Three of those who looked to John Brown as guide were afterwards put to death for their faith ; and frequently their modest teacher was obliged to secrete himself in the moors of Lanarkshire and Kyle.

In 1682 he and Isabel Weir had been married. From the first there were some drops of vinegar in their chalice of joy. Within the home, trust and tenderness were perpetual guests, and Christ sat at the humble table. But to the wife's heart forebodings would come, unbidden visitors compelling her to listen to their prophecies of evil. It was Alexander Peden who pronounced the lovers one flesh. When the simple ceremony was over, "Isabel," he said, "you have got a good man ; but you will not enjoy him long. Prize his company, and keep linen by you to be his winding-sheet ; for you will need it when ye are not looking for it, and it will be a bloody one." Did ever bride receive so heavy a benediction? That was why there were undertones of sadness in the music of Isabel Brown's home-life, and why, when the man of God on whom she leaned was absent longer than his wont, a look of apprehension leaped into her eyes. Just three years of wedded gladness the two were to know ; and then the hour came when the winding-sheet had its dread use.

Again, on one of the last days of April in 1685, Alexander Peden came to the carrier's house at Priest-

hill. He was always an honoured friend, and he remained overnight—this gaunt and yet gracious seer of the Covenant, who, for the most part, had nowhere to lay his head. Early on May-day morning he said his farewells ; but, passing out from the door, he was heard repeating to himself, " Poor woman, a fearful morning ! " These words twice over, and then—" a dark, misty morning ! " John Brown too was up betimes ; and, having kept the worship of God with those dearest to him, he went, with a spade in his hand, to dig some peat-ground not far away. The mist lay thick and grey over everything. Neither he nor his nephew dreamed that their enemies were so near them. They " knew not until bloody, cruel Claverhouse compassed them with three troops of horses." There was no chance of flight ; they were made prisoners and led back to the house. It was remembered afterwards by the poor wife that, in these most poignant and blessed moments of his life, her husband's stammering left him altogether ; he addressed Claverhouse in clear and unshaken accents. So noticeable was this distinctness of utterance that the captain inquired of those who had directed him through the moors whether they ever had heard the tenant of Priesthill deliver a sermon ; but they answered, " No, no ! he was never a preacher." " If he has not preached," Claverhouse said, " meikle has he prayed in his time " ; and then, turning to John, he added, " Go to your prayers, for you shall immediately die." So, on the grass beside the door, the carrier knelt down, to speak to his Friend in heaven. But he had many things to say ; and John Graham, growing more and more impatient, interrupted him three times over. It was not for himself that the suppliant was concerned, although he was on the threshold of death, nor yet

chiefly for his wife and little ones ; it was downtrodden and afflicted Scotland which lay like a burden on his soul. He was pleading that the Lord would spare a remnant, and would not make a full end in the day of His anger. "I gave you time to pray," Claverhouse exclaimed angrily, "and ye've begun to preach." The intercessor paused to reprove the man whose ignorance was inexcusable. Looking about on his knees, he said, "Sir, you know neither the nature of preaching nor of praying, that calls this preaching." Then, for a short space longer, he continued unconfused his interview with the Father above.

And now John Brown "yielded to Fate as lambs to the eagle's pounce" ; or rather, as Alexander Henderson before him and Adoniram Judson long afterwards described the sunnier side of death, he ran to God with the alacrity of a boy bounding home from school. When the prayer was done, Claverhouse spoke again. "Take good-night of your wife and children," the lips commanded which seldom had any compassion for stubborn Whigs. The woman he loved was standing near, with a baby in her arms. Going to her, the martyr said, "Now, Isabel, the day is come that I told you would come, when I spake first to you of marrying me." She replied, with a fortitude at which probably she marvelled afterwards, "Indeed, John, I can willingly part with you." "That's all I desire," he answered ; "I have no more to do but die." He kissed his wife and the bairns with whom he had both prayed and played, and begged God to multiply "purchased and promised blessings" upon them, and gave them his good-bye. Then, says Patrick Walker, "Claverhouse ordered six soldiers to shoot him, and the most part of the bullets came upon his head, which scattered his brains upon the

ground." Turning to the new-made widow, the officer asked callously, "What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?" "I thought ever much good of him," she responded with swift loyalty, "and as much now as ever." "It were but justice," he went on, "to lay thee beside him." "If ye were permitted," she said, "I doubt not but your cruelty would go that length; but how will ye make answer for this morning's work?" His was a mocking and contemptuous retort: "To man I can be answerable, and, for God, I will take Him in my own hands." But he had no leisure to bandy more words. At this point, we may believe, the nephew's examination took place; and when it was completed, he mounted his horse, and left Isabel Weir with her loved and holy dead.

For some hours she had no human comforter, so isolated and remote the cottage was. The last sacred duties were performed without a neighbour's aid; and, heart-breaking as the task was, she would not have wished things otherwise; what other fingers had such incontestable right to make the good confessor ready for his sleeping-place? "She set the bairn upon the ground, and gathered his brains, and tied up his head, and straightened his body, and covered him with his plaid, and sat down and wept over him." The relief of tears had been granted at length. Then, after a time, when the news reached the nearest dwellers in that wilderness country, a mother in Israel found her way to Priesthill. "The first that came was a very fit hand, that old singular Christian woman, in the Cummerhead, named Jean Brown, who had been tried with the violent death of her husband at Pentland, and afterwards of two worthy sons killed and shot." We can see them still, these kinsfolk in grief, one with the white hair and the other with the dark, as they

wept and prayed together, until the younger could thank God for the angel He had sent to minister to her in her Gethsemane.

Hitherto we have been following Walker's account of the events of that May dawn. But there is one part of the story where Wodrow gives us another version. Instead of relating how the six troopers fired simultaneously, he declares that the rough soldiers were so subdued and broken by John Brown's prayer that, "as my information bears, not one of them would shoot him or obey Claverhouse's commands, so that he was forced to turn executioner himself, and in a fret shot him with his own hand before his own door." The commander was capable of such a deed, and this is the narrative which has been commonly accepted. But, because there is some uncertainty, we may allow John Graham the benefit of the doubt.

The murder was committed between six and seven in the morning. Alexander Peden was then ten or eleven miles distant. Before eight o'clock he found himself at the gate of a friend's house, and lifted the latch, and entered the kitchen, craving permission to pray with the family. "Lord," he said, "when wilt Thou avenge Brown's blood? O, let Brown's blood be precious in Thy sight!" When the voice of yearning and entreaty had ceased, John Muirhead, the father in the home, asked Peden what he meant by Brown's blood. "What do I mean?" he answered. "Claverhouse has been at the Priesthill this morning, and has murdered John Brown. His corpse is lying at the end of his house, and his poor wife sitting weeping by his corpse, and not a soul to speak comfortably to her." And then, lifted into a kind of ecstasy, he continued, "This morning, after the sun-rising, I saw a strange apparition in the firmament, the appearance of a very

bright, clear, shining star fall from heaven to the earth. And indeed there is a clear, shining light fallen this day, the greatest Christian that ever I conversed with." Into Peden's eyes "from the well of life three drops" were instilled; his heart, as the Quaker apostle said, was baptized into a sense of all conditions; and he saw, by a spiritual intuition, the sorrows which were happening in other parts of the vineyard of Christ.

One knows not whether the courage of husband or of wife is the more admirable. But hers were the loss, the cup of gall, the weighty heritage of pain. He went instantaneously from his moorland croft to the "lovely city in a lovely land," where "pleasures flow as rivers flow." She lived on in widowhood, dowered with ineffaceable memories.

"What think you now of your braw goodman?"
Ah, woe is me!
My heart was high when I began,
My heart was high, and my answer ran,
"More than ever he is to me."
But when I laid him on his bed—
Ah, woe is me!—
And spread the face-cloth over his head,
And sat me down beside my dead,
O, but my heart grew sair in me.
It's well for men to be heroes grand—
Ah, woe is me!
But a woman's hearth is her country, and
A desolate home is a desolate land:
And he was all the world to me.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AT THE WATER OF BLADNOCH.

THE tragedies and victories of the Maytime of 1685 were not concluded. Little more than a week after Claverhouse had sent John Brown to the summer and Sabbath of the everlasting country, young Andrew Hislop refused to pull his bonnet over his eyes, and looked the death-bringers in the face without fear or shame. On the very day of his triumph, Margaret Lachlison and Margaret Wilson were drowned in the tides of the Solway, because their wills were eager and steadfast to promote the glory of Christ.

The persecutors reached the lowest deeps of infamy when they made war on women. This drowning is an indictment of their methods and actions so terrible that every endeavour has been put forth to represent it as a figment of the imagination. Half a century since, Sheriff Napier stated *The Case for the Crown,* and strove hard to prove that never, except in Covenanting literature, had there been any Wigtown Martyrs. He admitted that the two Margarets—the widow of more than threescore, and the girl whose womanhood was yet in front of her—were condemned to die. But, he asked, did they not petition the Government for a reprieve? And was not the request granted? And were they not transferred from their Galloway prison to Edinburgh that they might await the announcement of the King's pleasure? And is it not the conclusion

to which probability and analogy and argument tend, that the royal pardon did actually come to them, and that they went out from their bonds to safety and freedom? The Sheriff's questions have a plausible sound, and we ought to know how they can be answered.

Over nine separate districts in the south of Scotland, James Douglas, the kinsman of the Duke of Queensberry, and a man with whom already we have some acquaintance, ruled as Commissioner for the Privy Council and for His Majesty King James. It was impossible that he should take personal cognisance of all that occurred throughout a jurisdiction so widely extended; he was compelled to intrust much of his work to subordinates. Thus he had no immediate share in trying and sentencing the two women; the ugly task fell to four of his agents—David Graham who was Claverhouse's brother, Robert Grierson of Lag, Major Winram, and Captain Strachan. They were men to whom even so unchivalrous an exploit was not utterly repugnant; and at a court held in the little town of Wigtown, on the 13th of April, they decreed that the culprits should be consigned to the mercies of the Solway. They had, it must be acknowledged, some legal justification for their barbarity. Only a few weeks before, the Privy Council had ordained that, while a man who hesitated about disowning James Renwick's Declaration was at once to be hanged, a woman "who had been active in the said courses in a signal manner" was to be drowned in loch or stream or sea. Margaret Lachlison and Margaret Wilson, being followers of Renwick who did not scruple to avow their beliefs, had indubitably exposed themselves to the pains and penalties of this extraordinary statute.

They were sentenced, therefore; but did they not, a few days after their trial, seek a reprieve? In the

Register House of Edinburgh may be seen a petition addressed to the Council by the older of the two sufferers, and authenticated by "Gulielmus Moir, notarius-publicus," the suppliant herself being unable to write. It confesses that Margaret Lachlison, prisoner in the Tolbooth of Wigtown, had been righteously condemned to death for "not disowning that traiterous apollogetical declaration laitlie affixed at severall paroch churches within this kingdom," and for "refusing the oath of abjuration of the saymein." It declares that, having now had an opportunity of considering "the said declaratione," she realised that it conduced to "nothing but rebellione and seditione," and was "quyt contrair unto the wrytin word of God," and so she was "content to abjure the same with her whole heart and soull." It beseeches his Grace the Lord High Commissioner, and the remanent lords of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, to "take pitie and compassione" on the offender, and to "recall the foirsaid sentence so justlie pronouncet." And, finally, it promises that "your supplicant shall leive ane good and faithful subject in tyme cuming, and shall frequent the ordinances, and shall give what other obedience your Grace and remanent Lords sall prescryve." Such was the petition; and, although no document has been found which makes these admissions and solicits these favours in the younger woman's name, the likelihood is that the authorities in Edinburgh were approached on her behalf too. For, on the 30th of April, the Privy Council granted a reprieve to both; and, once again, life and liberty seemed to lie within the grasp of the prisoners. Death had come very close; but, meanwhile, his advance was checked, and perhaps he might be routed altogether and driven away.

But no one who reads this petition with unbiassed

mind will maintain that it is couched in Margaret Lachlison's own language, or that it photographs with accuracy her sentiments and thoughts. It was drawn up for her by friends, who were afflicted in her affliction and would fain have effected her escape. She was unlettered, although she was not ignorant of God's mysteries and of the secrets which Christ keeps for those whom He loves. She could not have written the craven parchment; and it appears incredible that she could have inspired its paragraphs. For, a day or two previously, she had protested before her judges her whole-hearted approval of that which she was made now to scorn and deny and trample in the dust. And when we turn to Margaret Wilson, the conviction is deepened that the recantation and the appeal did not originate directly with the sufferers. She had received that schooling which her comrade lacked, and in her prison she set herself to compose an Apologia—a defence of "her refusing to save her life by taking the Abjuration." The more we ponder the matter, the clearer it becomes that the petition for mercy proceeded not from the women themselves but from kindly neighbours, who felt, it may be, in how much discredit the execution of the sentence would involve the Government, and who were unfeignedly anxious to succour those with whom they were linked in acquaintanceship and intimacy.

The reprieve itself is curiously worded. It leaves a blank where we should expect to find inserted the date on which the days of grace were to expire. And it "discharges the Magistrates of Edinburgh," and not the Provost and Bailies of Wigtown, from carrying out the sentence which had been pronounced. The date may have been designedly kept in suspense, that time might be allowed for procuring the King's forgive-

ness, if the culprits should actually swear the oath that was demanded of them. It is more difficult to understand the allusion to the civic rulers of Edinburgh. On the ground of it, Sheriff Napier contended that, having satisfied the authorities in Wigtown of their penitence, the two Margarets were conveyed to the Scottish capital, and were detained there until the decision as to their ultimate fate should come from Whitehall. But there is not a shred of proof for this theory, and there are many testimonies to the fact that the women were never removed from Galloway. Probably the intention was to carry them to Edinburgh if only they had shown themselves pliable and complaisant, and to intimate to them within its walls their final pardon. The rulers were much too shrewd to liberate the delinquents in the same provincial town where they had been condemned, and among the people most deeply interested in their welfare. They would themselves have reaped a harvest of contempt, they would have been taunted with their own patent and palpable defeat, if they had done so. Prudence required that the reversal of their sentence should be accomplished at a safe distance. So the magistrates of the capital were selected instead of their municipal brothers in Wigtown, and the design was that they should be the latest actors in the drama. But the prisoners spoiled the well-planned scheme by their recalcitrancy. They refused stubbornly to take the Abjuration Oath. And thus they never saw the High Street, and the crown of St. Giles, and the Tolbooth where many of their spiritual kindred had lain. From Wigtown Gaol they were led out to die.

That neither in one part of Scotland nor in another did King James's pardon bring freedom to Margaret Lachlison and her virgin sister in Christ is as certain as any historical fact can be. Dr. Archibald

Stewart, the minister of Glasserton, replied to Sheriff Napier; and the refutation is overwhelmingly complete. There are five witnesses, Dr. Stewart says, to demonstrate the truth of the Solway martyrdom. There is tradition: could there have been the persistent and undying story, the universal local belief in the reality of the execution, if "the cruel crawling foam" never crept up and up until all was over? There is the evidence of old pamphlets: in the *Informatory Vindication* of 1687 reference is found to what the persecutors had done in "drowning women, some of them very young and some of exceeding old age"; in *A Hind Let Loose,* published immediately afterwards, the indictment is reiterated—"Neither were women spared; but some were hanged, some drowned tied to stakes within the seamark, to be devoured gradually with the growing waves"; and these are but precursors of many similar reminiscences of the gruesome event. There are the unequivocal assurances of the earliest histories: Daniel Defoe, for example, came to Scotland in 1706, and gathered personally the materials for his *Memoirs of the Church,* applying to the most trustworthy sources of information; and he is visited by no doubts on the subject of the martyrdom. There are the minutes of the Church courts—the Synod of Galloway, the Presbytery of Wigtown, the Kirk-Sessions of Kirkinner and Wigtown and Penningham: for, in the commencement of the eighteenth century, the Church of Scotland enjoined its various judicatories throughout the country to collect accounts of the sufferings for religion in the troublous times which were then happily past; and, down in the south-west, as these minutes narrate, numbers came forward to tell how they had been familiar with Margaret Lachlison and Margaret Wilson, how they knew the manner of

life the godly women had lived, and how their sorrowful and yet glorious death was graven indelibly on mind and heart. And, last of all, there is the younger confessor's tombstone in Wigtown Churchyard—a tombstone which was erected within the lifetime of those who could remember the occurrences of 1685, and which in rude and vivid rhyme relates that

> Within the sea ty'd to a stake
> She suffered for Christ Jesus' sake.

It is a fivefold cord which cannot easily be broken.

Who will testify that the tragedy indubitably took place ?

Bailie M'Keand will. On the 8th of July 1704, he came to the Kirk-Session in Wigtown, a man of a broken spirit, and begged that again he might enjoy the high privilege of partaking, side by side with the members of the Church, in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. He spoke of "the grief of his heart that he should have sitten on the seize of these women who were sentenced to die in this place in the year 1685, and that it had been frequently his petition to God for true repentance and forgiveness for that sin." And the elders, having inquired into the carriage of the Bailie since the epoch of his transgression, and being satisfied that his contrition was sincere and deep, admonished him, and granted him the boon he craved, and exhorted him to "due tenderness in such solemn address unto God." Over in New England, in Bailie M'Keand's day, Judge Sewall—"Samuel Sewall, the great and wise"—rose one Sabbath in the Old South Church of Boston, and before the minister, Mr. Willard, and in the hearing of the congregation, avowed with downcast head and faltering voice his heinous crime in sending the Salem witches to death five years before. The Massachusetts lawyer and the Galloway magistrate

were brothers in their error and in their penitence. But Bailie M'Keand's remorse would not have been so penetrating and so profound, if the saints whom he condemned had never really been subjected to the unjust punishment which he meted out to them.

And Elizabeth Milliken will testify. She was Margaret Lachlison's daughter, and was already a married woman before the month of May in 1685. It was in her husband's house at Drumjargan that her mother was seized by the soldiers; from its threshold the prisoner was hurried to Wigtown, three miles distant, to be tried and doomed. She must have known whether one so dear, to whom she was bound by the tenderest ties, swore the oath on which such tremendous issues hinged, and was released from the dungeon, and returned to Drumjargan to close her quiet days. But what she did know seems to have been wholly different. Long afterwards, in 1718, as Robert Wodrow recounts, she still met with her martyred parent in visions of the night. She told Mr. Campbell, her minister, how she dreamed that "her mother, Margaret Lachlison, came to her at the Cross of Wigtown, with the garb, gesture, and countenance that she had five minutes before she was drowned in Bladnoch." A daughter's memories of a mother's home-going to God are not to be lightly gainsaid.

And Thomas Wilson will testify. He was the girl Margaret's brother, two years younger than she. He had shared some of his sister's conflicts, but was permitted to escape participation in that "one fight more, the best and the last," in which her brief warfare was consummated. Half a century after her death, he was an elder, much consulted and revered, in Penningham Kirk. But in the minute-book of the kirk, as he knew well, there was written a detailed and

circumstantial recital of his sister's drowning on Wigtown sands. He never contradicted the recital; he allowed it to remain on the page where the minister had inscribed it as a true relation of a veritable event. Thomas Wilson, being the man he was, could not perpetrate a falsehood. He suffered the record to continue undisputed, because no one understood better than he how incontestable it was.

We have tarried sufficiently long in this "still-vexed Bermoothes." Let us get to the immortal story itself.

Of Margaret Lachlison, or Maclachlan, as the name would be spelled in our modern time, there is little to be told. She was poor in the world's gear, a widow, and at least sixty-three years of age when persecution dragged her out to fame. A Cameronian in her ecclesiastical beliefs, she was rich in faith and a princess in the court of heaven. About her companion more can be said. Margaret Wilson was the daughter of Gilbert Wilson, farmer in Glenvernock. He and his wife were unimpeachable in their adhesion to Episcopacy; "a man to ane excesse conform to the guise of the tymes," and she "without challenge for her religion"—so they are portrayed in Mr. Rowan's Penningham minute. But seldom have good Prelatists been more tried by the obstinacy of their children. Margaret, who was eighteen, Thomas, who was sixteen, even little Agnes, who had just passed her thirteenth birthday, with one consent resolutely declined to adopt the creed of their parents. "They, being required to take the Test and hear the curates, refused both; were searched for, fled, and lived in the wild mountains, bogs, and caves." Alike in the farm and on the hills, life grew harder and more severe. Little by little Gilbert Wilson's substance became the prey of those who were deter-

mined to make him suffer for the waywardness of his family. And the young people were outlawed ; their friends were forbidden to give them houseroom or to supply their necessities ; the cottars and shepherds were obliged to pursue them with hue and cry. There could be only one ending to such a state of things.

It came in February of 1685. Then, Thomas still keeping the mountains, Margaret and Agnes ventured to creep forth from their place of hiding and to steal down to Wigtown, compelled by the privations which they had been enduring. But they were discovered, and locked up in prison, in the Thieves' Hole, where the worst malefactors were their associates. For six or seven weeks they lay in the dismal place ; and then, in April, having been charged with the guilt of Bothwell Brig and Ayrsmoss and the Apologetical Declaration—for their judges were capable of any monstrosity—they were sentenced, along with widow Lachlison—sentenced to be "ty'd to palisados fixed in the sand, within the floodmark, and there to stand till the flood overflowed them and drowned them." Gilbert Wilson succeeded with much difficulty in saving the life of thirteen-year-old Agnes. It meant a journey to Edinburgh, and the payment of a hundred pounds sterling—no slight achievement when he had been so impoverished by the rapacity of the dragoons. But her sister, although she had the short breathing-space secured by the reprieve, resisted steadily every attempt to shake her fidelity, and looked on with fearless eyes to the moment of death.

So, on the 11th of May, the two women, widely separated in years, but equally enamoured of what they regarded as the very truth of God, were marched from their gaol to the shore. That those who superintended the execution—Grierson was there, and Major

Winram—still supposed that their prisoners might yield at the last, when they felt the approach of the merciless waters, is manifest from the efforts which were made even on the sands to weaken their resolution. With the help of the old records we can imagine the scene. The course of the little Bladnoch has been changed in subsequent times by embankments, raised with the purpose of redeeming land from the sea. But, two hundred years ago, the channel it had cut for itself was close beside the foot of the hill on which Wigtown stands, and the coasting sloops could sail almost up to where the church and the churchyard are to-day. Then, when it left the streets and houses, the stream took a bend seaward, fashioning for its progress a deep canal-like path in the soft sand. At low water the Solway recedes for miles, and it is over the naked sands that the Bladnoch trickles to its goal. But, when the tide returns, it rushes rapidly up the river's path, and by and by it overflows the banks on both sides. What the officials of the burgh did, under Lag's and Winram's directions, was to drive two stakes into the channel of the stream, at no great distance from where it leaves the houses and turns to the sea. One of the stakes was farther out, the other nearer the town. To the former they fastened Margaret Lachlison, to the latter Margaret Wilson. Meanwhile, so long as the inrushing Solway would permit them, the persecutors and some of the kinsfolk of the sufferers stood on the banks of the Bladnoch, waiting for any indication that the martyrs were wavering in their resolve, and prepared to pull them from the quickly deepening flood to the higher ground. But they could not tarry for any length of time, because soon the banks themselves would be surmounted by the advancing tide, and their own security would be imperilled.

There are different styles in which the brave confront and conquer death. There is what one may denominate the French way—the way which is marked by *élan,* vivacious gaiety, reckless and joyous abandonment. It is almost pyrotechnic in its gallant mockery of the last enemy. It greets the unseen with a cheer. Those as young as Margaret Wilson, and younger still than she, have illustrated splendidly this rash and romantic mode. At twenty, Henri de la Rochejaquelein, fair-haired, enthusiastic, gently bred, addressed his hastily summoned troop : " I am only a boy ; but I will prove that I desire to lead you. When I advance, do you follow me ; when I flinch, cut me down ; when I fall, avenge me ! " And he had soldiers yet more boyish than himself, and just as eager to champion King Louis against the Revolutionaries. Beaurepaire joined the tiny army at eighteen, and fell at Châtillon, pierced with twelve sabres. Duchaffault, no more than eleven, having been sent back to his mother, rode into the ranks again at Luçon, to dedicate himself in glad sacrifice for the cause. But, over against so merry a defiance of the adversary, there is the Scottish way of dying. It may be as courageous, but gravity and temperance mingle with the courage. It is infinitely more thoughtful, more pensive, less exuberant. It looks in to see how things go with the soul, and it looks on to the august presence of God the Judge ; and therefore there are the accents of confession as well as the notes of confidence and song, and it is with a lowly humility that faith claims her inheritance in the skies. This was Margaret Wilson's method. Hoping that the sight of her friend's last struggle would dismay her into submission, they bound the old woman to the stake which the water reached first ; and, when the Solway was doing its pitiless work, they asked the girl

what she thought of her companion now. "What do I see," she answered, "but Christ wrestling there? Think ye that we are the sufferers? No, it is Christ in us; for He sends none a warfare on their own charges." Then, opening her New Testament, she read aloud the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans—the great chapter which tells how the condemnation of sin is cancelled by the Saviour; and how the spirit of adoption delivers from bondage and fear; and how nothing, neither death nor life, can separate from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. The chapter finished, she sang her farewell psalm—the 25th Psalm, from the seventh verse—

> My sins and faults of youth
> Do Thou, O Lord, forget;
> After Thy mercy think on me,
> And for Thy goodness great.

It is not "Monsieur Henri's" way of facing the King of Terrors; but perhaps it is a better way.

Even at the last she might have kept her life. Before the end came, they pulled her from the grip of the tide; and, holding her until she was able to speak, they inquired if she would pray for King James. "I wish the salvation of all men," she responded, "and the damnation of none." Some who were related to her by ties of blood cried out, "She is willing to conform," reading into her words the significance which they longed to find. "Dear Margaret," entreated another of the bystanders, "say, God save the King!" "God save him if He will!" she replied, "for it is his salvation that I desire." "She has said it! she has said it!" numbers in the crowd exclaimed. But Major Winram was not so sure. He offered to administer the Oath of Abjuration to her. If she accepted it, there would be no drowning; if she spurned it as she had

done formerly, she must return to the waters. No doubt life was as sweet to her as it is to most girls of eighteen ; but, when conscience was in hazard of being wounded, there could not be a minute's hesitancy. "I will not," she said ; "I am one of Christ's children ; let me go." They plunged her again into the tide, which soon would be at its deepest ; and, in a few seconds more, her battle had terminated in victory. To some of us it may seem a little matter for which she and her comrade suffered. But to them it was not little, for it was part of the faith committed to their keeping. It was a fringe of Christ's royal robe, and in their hands no harm, however apparently trifling, must befall the seamless vesture of their Monarch. Like the Christians of the first days, they would not cast so much as a single grain of incense on the heathen altars of Diana.

Years after the crime at the Bladnoch had become a sombre incident of the past, a broken old man might be seen wandering alone through the streets of Wigtown. He was afflicted with an unquenchable thirst—a thirst so unusual that he never dared to venture abroad without carrying with him a large jar full of water. As he moved slowly forward with his singular burden, the people who met him would involuntarily shrink back. They believed that they knew the origin of his strange disease. This man had been the Town's Officer of Wigtown, who, when Margaret Wilson was raised out of the stream, and when she declared that she could not preserve her life by uttering the few words that would have sufficed, thrust her down with his halbert, saying, "Tak' anither drink, hinny ! " and bidding her "clep wi' the partons "—gossip with the crabs. In his own body, his townsmen fancied, he was reaping the harvest of his misdeeds.

HERE LYES MARGRAT
WILLSON DOUGHTER
TO GILBERT WILLSON
IN GLENVERNOCH·
WHO WAS DROWNED
ANNO 1685 AGED 18.
LET EARTH AND STONE STILL WITNES BEARE
THEIR LYES A VIRGINE MARTYRE HERE
MURTHER'D FOR OUNING CHRIST SUPREAME
HEAD OF HIS CHURCH AND NO MORE CRIME
BUT NOT ABJURING PRESRYTRY,
AND HER NOT OUNING PRELACY,
TEY HER CONDEM'D, BY UNJUST LAW,
OF HEAVEN NOR HELL TEY STOOD NO AW
WITHIN TE SEA TY'D TO A STAKE
SHE SUFFERED FOR CHRIST JESUS SAKE
TE ACTORS OF THIS CRUEL CRIME
WAS LAGG·STRACHAN·WINRAM·AD GRHAME
NEITER YOUNG YEARES NOR YET OLD AGE
COULD STOP TE FURY OF TERE RAGE·

MARGARET WILSON'S TOMBSTONE,
IN WIGTOWN CHURCHYARD.

Salvations vary in their character. Mrs. Oliphant describes a scene which happened on Solway sands rather more than a century later than the May of 1685. While they were still children, John Irving and his younger brother Edward—"true friend and tender heart, martyr and saint"—strayed down to the shore, with the intention of meeting their uncle, George Lowther, who was expected to cross at the ebb from the Cumberland side. But in the wilderness of shingle, with its gleaming salt-water pools, full of curious creatures, the boys presently forgot their errand, and thought neither of their relative nor of the rising tide. While they were absorbed in their amusement, a horseman suddenly came up to them, seized first one and then the other, and, throwing them across the neck of his horse, galloped on without pausing to speak or even perceiving who they were. When they had safely reached the higher bank, he drew bridle, and pointed back breathless to where he had found them. The startled children saw the tawny waves pursuing almost to where they stood; and then "the happy Hercules-uncle" discovered who they were whom he had saved. They were fortunate in their deliverer; but young Margaret Wilson had a better redemption—

> the intrepid maid for whom
> Old Solway piled his waters monumental,
> And gave that glorious heart a glorious tomb
> Worth Scotia's rental.

For, when the impetuous sea had done its work, it was the strong right arm of Christ Himself which received her spirit.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE ADVENTURES OF GEORGE BRYSSON, MERCHANT.

MR. RUSKIN has told us that, in our intellectual life, we need not only what is sublime and vast, but what is soft and silent and small; and that we turn from the magnitudes and majesties of nature to find in a wild flower or a snowflake or a foam-bell bread enough and to spare. As we read history, it must be an exceeding comfort to many of us to see that God has innumerable servants no more imposing than foam-bells and snowflakes and wild flowers. In the annals of the Covenant an Isabel Alison figures less conspicuously but no less honourably than a Lady Balcarres, and George Brysson as well as Lord Wariston wins for himself a good degree. He was neither preacher nor lawyer nor captain; but, when we look into his face as he paints it in his own *Memoirs,* we pronounce it a face which has frankness and honesty written on every feature. It gains our trust and deserves our love.

The son of a farmer in Midlothian, born in the eventful year which beheld the death of King Charles the First, he was an apprentice-boy in Edinburgh, when, as he listened to a sermon from that "very worthy, famous, godly minister, Mr. James Kirkton," the power came along with the Word, and the Lord opened his prison doors, and he was made to wonder at God's surprising goodness towards him. Thereafter he was done with the curates and their pithless prelections; let the

results be what they might, George Brysson must keep close by the ordinances which had become so sweet and refreshing. Soon he had his first taste of the troubles of nonconformity. His master, a kindly man but no enthusiast, was seized with alarm lest the imprudences of his apprentice should compromise himself and hurt his trade. He sent for the boy's father, who, when he arrived, "gave him a very sore onset," assuring him that he had expected better things than that his only son should be a follower of men forbidden by law to preach, and that, if he persisted in his obstinacy, he must disown him altogether. But the young convert's zeal was not daunted by the threat. "Father," he said, "I am sorry to hear such words coming from you. If you had found me guilty of cursing, swearing, Sabbath-breaking, stealing, or uncleanness, you would have ground to disown me. But, seeing the Lord has kept me from these things, and that the only quarrel is my hearing the Gospel when I have opportunity, I cannot help it." Bravery so outspoken was not to be resisted, and love put discretion to flight in the older man's heart. "My dear bairn," he cried, breaking into ready tears, "God forbid that ever I should hinder you from going where you may get most good for your soul!" And thus George Brysson fought his initial battle, and came forth successful.

It preluded many similar battles. A year or two later his father died, and the lad was called away from business to take charge of the farm. But he had not been many months at home when the landlord, Sir Robert Preston, a Judge in the Court of Session, summoned the tenants, that he might compel them to sign one of the numerous bonds or engagements of the time against conventicles, and those who conducted them. Most of the farmers, overawed, meekly did as they

were enjoined. But our young confessor stood staunch as a rock. "George," Sir Robert said, "I know you can write; take the pen, and subscribe this bond." But George was inflexible. "My lord," he answered, "I cannot. I durst not bind up myself from hearing the Gospel preached by the Lord's sent servants; neither durst I refuse to give them entertainment, if it lies in my power." His superior told him angrily that he was playing the fool; but, because he had cherished a great respect for his father, he would not, he said, put him off the estate immediately; he should have until next term-day to bethink himself. So the recusant, with two others who held his uncompliant creed, was packed to the door, and "escaped that snare." And he notes it as a memorable providence that, ere the term-day dawned, Sir Robert Preston was dead; it was the laird and not the tenant who had been forced to quit the green fields of Goursnout and the barony of Craigmillar.

As years went on, there was little rest for the determined Covenanter. He had been in more than one skirmish with the dragoons before Bothwell; and, on that day of dule, he fought in the beaten army. When the prisoners had been marched to Edinburgh, the search after those who, like Brysson, were neither killed nor captured, was diligent and tireless. From one concealment to another he had to flee, making his way gradually back to the familiar homestead. Sometimes he slept in the wood beside the house, sometimes under the ripening corn; sometimes he would venture for a night into his own bed. He had friends in the ranks of the enemy. To his praise, and to the honour of foes as humane as Saladin with the Crusaders, he records how two of the proprietors of the district, one of them being Sir William Drummond of Haw-

thornden, the son of the poet, never wearied aiding his sister in the farm, during the weeks when he lay in hiding. They fed her sheep and cows with their own. They bade her gather everything of value in the house and send it to their mansions, where it was kept from the covetous greed of the soldiers. It is a little bit of knightliness and courtesy, which breaks like a shaft of gold through the prevailing clouds, and which it heartens us to remember.

But, although these generous opponents, and other helpers too, were his advocates, George Brysson ran perilous risks so long as he lingered near the Midlothian home. The place was attacked one night by a party of infantry, and it was by a sort of miracle that he contrived to get safely away. He felt that, until happier days came, he must turn his back on Scotland. For a while he sheltered himself in the big world of London. But the air of the town harmed his health ; and the emissaries of the Government were still in pursuit of the fugitive. At length he found an asylum in a curious quarter—in the family of an English gentleman who was a thorough-going Royalist. The good man, who had been almost killed for his fidelity to the Stuarts when the Commonwealth was supreme, was now more than seventy, and so deaf that he could not catch a single word spoken by those about him. He had a wife as devoted to the Whigs as he was to the Tories. She filled his house with servants whose principles, had he known what they were, would have driven him to distraction—poor dissenters worried by rulers who did not understand the first elements of toleration. The exiled Scot was one. He became the cavalier's personal attendant ; and we see the stiff Presbyterian in the disguise of a courtier, " mounted all new " and decorated with " a fine walking sword." His security lay, of

course, in his lord's deafness ; for, although the two conversed by signs, the problems of faith and Church were too recondite for so circuitous a mode of discussion. Brysson began to "build a paradise" to himself ; and the months when he was hunted like a partridge looked far enough distant. But there was a sudden awakening. His master and he were cited before the Justices, to swear some new oath. The convinced Presbyter had no liberty to perjure his soul ; and, although the astonished gentleman persuaded the magistrates to postpone their verdict to a later day, the secret was out, and his servant had to be sent off at once in order to avoid capture and punishment. Again the wandering bird managed to wing its flight from the lure up into the freedom of the skies.

And now we enter a section of George Brysson's life which links him with public history. Here and there we have had glimpses of the Earl of Argyll, son of the great Marquis. We have seen how he strove to reconcile his religion with his loyalty to his prince, but how he could not take the piebald Test, and was imprisoned, and would have suffered death, if his step-daughter had not piloted him past the sentinels on the Castle Hill. Chaperoned by William Veitch, one of his ministerial friends, and concealed under the assumed name of "Mr. Hope," he travelled to London by roads which were comparatively unfrequented. Soon he crossed to Holland, that kindly retreat of persecuted men ; and there, in conjunction with the Duke of Monmouth, he was now organising an expedition against Popish King James. The Scots Earl was much more eager than his English colleague to essay the hazardous attempt. James, he wrote to Monmouth, could not withstand their double attack ; and was not the Duke desirous to be known to posterity

as the deliverer of his country? and would not delay merely strengthen the power of the enemy? To the last Monmouth was not sure. "To tell you my thoughts without disguise," he said, "I am now so much in love with a Retired Life that I am never like to be fond of making a Bustle in the World again." His had been a happier lot, had the bustle been more resolutely declined and the retirement more unswervingly chosen. To Argyll and to his company Brysson resolved to go. He and a friend, Major Henderson, had much difficulty in eluding the watchfulness of officials who, in these weeks of rumour and suspicion, kept a vigilant eye on ships bound for Dutch harbours. But they chose the King's Coronation Day, when everybody was engrossed with the shows and sports: and at Gravesend no one questioned them, and so, with a very fair wind, they sailed for Amsterdam, where in due time they had the heartiest of welcomes.

But nothing except sorrow was allotted those who shared in the ill-starred enterprise of Argyll. The next two months in George Brysson's life were spent *in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.* With three good ships — the *Anna,* the *Sophia,* and the *David*—loaded with arms and ammunition and all the necessaries of war, the Earl and his three hundred men sailed for Scotland. With him went two of his sons, Sir John Cochrane also, and Sir Patrick Hume. He had other coadjutors of a more fanatical temper—Richard Rumbold, the Oliverian soldier, who had been proprietor of the Rye House, when the plot was hatched against Charles and James; and John Balfour of Kinloch, who led the murderers of Archbishop Sharp on Magus Moor. It was the end of April in 1685. But, although the passage was quick

and easy—so quick and easy as to induce some to "think that witches had sold them a wind"—they had steered too much to the north, and, instead of sighting the mainland, they found themselves off the crags and skerries of Orkney. And now their troubles began. Two of their number — William Spence, Argyll's secretary, and William Blackader, son of the brave field-preacher—whom they put on shore to glean what information they could, were speedily apprehended by the King's officers. Round the coasts they went, past Cape Wrath and the Hebrides, towards Argyll's territory in the west. A raid into Islay was attended with meagre success. At the Cross of Campbeltown, the formal Declaration was read by which they sought to justify the insurrection. From one district and another they added to their number about a thousand men; but, in spite of all their efforts to win recruits, the force continued disappointingly small and insufficient. In an old fortalice near the Kyles of Bute which they strengthened and equipped, the tower of Eilean Gheirrig, they stored their arms and provisions. But the *Kingfisher,* the *Falcon,* and the *Mermaid,* three English men-of-war, were watching them; and, when they were absent in pursuit of Atholl and his Highlanders, the little magazine was rifled and its contents were lost. It was a shattering blow, and they never rallied from the disappointment. There were marchings and counter-marchings, crossings of Loch Long and the Gareloch, debates among the officers, perplexities and privations and sleepless nights for the men. The expedition was doomed. It failed to attract to its ranks the reinforcements which were needed. It was not guided with wisdom and certitude. Sometimes Sir Patrick Hume and Sir John Cochrane would commend one course of action, whilst Argyll, gallant and

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, EARL OF ARGYLL.

kindly and candid, but impetuous and opinionative, had set his heart on another : they overruled his wish to engage the Royalists in a decisive struggle, and, again, his scheme of marching rapidly on Glasgow. In the middle of June the crisis came. Early on Thursday morning, the 18th, Sir Patrick, with five hundred tired and discouraged followers, entered the village of Kilpatrick ; and, having eaten a morsel of bread and drunk hurriedly a cup of ale, he went in quest of his commander, the Earl. But, instead, he met Sir John, who grasped his hand, and turned him round, and said earnestly, "My heart, go you with me." "Go whither?" asked Sir Patrick. "Over the Clyde by boat," the other replied. "But where is Argyll?" Hume queried, "for I must see him first." "You cannot see him," Cochrane said ; "he is gone away to his own country." The night before, on Sir John's advice, the Earl had started for a friend's house in Glasgow, and the army of which he was the General was helplessly broken into two. The calamitous issue of the luckless venture was in sight.

On Argyll himself the catastrophe fell within a few days. Clothed in the dress of a peasant, he attempted to make his escape on a pony. At Inchinnan, near Paisley, in the grey of the evening, he was observed by two servants of Sir John Shaw of Greenock, who were driving in front of them a saddle-horse. Their beast was worn with long travel, and they summoned him to surrender to them his own fresher animal. He refused, and a quarrel ensued ; and then, from one of the cottages, a weaver, angered by the noise, came out, and, not dreaming whom he assailed, struck the nobleman on the head with a rusty broadsword. Stunned by the blow, he tottered to the ground, and betrayed himself by an involuntary cry—"Unfortunate Argyll!"

They made him their prisoner ; and very soon he was lodged, this time not to elude his captors, within the strong walls of Edinburgh Castle.

He left the world with the same tranquil bravery which had illumined the last hours of his father. The old sentence, passed upon him for seeking to qualify the Test of 1681, was revived ; since its imposition he had been legally dead, and therefore no charge of treason was preferred against him now because of his invasion of the realm. His final day, the 30th of June, was the best of all his days. To one of his step-daughters, the Lady Henrietta Lindsay, he said in the morning, " We must not part like those not to meet again " ; to the other, the Lady Sophia, who had rescued him so fearlessly in his former strait, he wrote a little letter which breathes the perfume of calm : " What shall I say in this great day of the Lord, wherein, in the midst of a cloud, I find a fair sunshine ? I can wish no more for you but that the Lord may comfort you and shine upon you as He doth upon me, and give you the same sense of His love in staying in the world as I have in going out of it." How he dined with appetite, and conversed with gaiety at the table, and then lay down to take a short slumber, in order that his body and mind might be in full vigour when he should mount the scaffold, is known to every admirer of Ward's famous picture and to every reader of Macaulay's vivid page. " At this time one of the Lords of the Council, who had probably been bred a Presbyterian, and had been seduced by interest to join in oppressing the Church of which he had once been a member, came to the Castle with a message from his brethren, and demanded admittance to the Earl. It was answered that the Earl was asleep. The Privy Councillor thought that this was a subterfuge, and insisted on entering.

The door of the cell was softly opened, and there lay Argyll on the bed, sleeping in his irons the placid sleep of infancy. The conscience of the renegade smote him. He turned away sick at heart, ran out of the Castle, and took refuge in the dwelling of a lady of his family who lived hard by. There he gave himself up to an agony of remorse and shame. 'I have been,' he said, 'in Argyll's prison. I have seen him, within an hour of eternity, sleeping as sweetly as ever man did.'" He awoke to go to the place of execution. There, falling on his knees, he embraced the Maiden, the guillotine which was to close his earthly life, protesting that it was the winsomest maiden ever he had kissed, "it being a mean to finish his sin and misery, and his inlet to the glory for which he longed." Then, when he had prayed, he gave the sign to the headsman; and immediately all was over. "Thus fell," wrote Lord Fountainhall, "that tall and mighty cedar in our Lebanon"—the impersonation, as a later historian has said, at once of feudal power and of freedom-loving Protestantism.

We have forgotten George Brysson in following the distresses and the joys of his leader. He stayed behind with Sir John Cochrane when Argyll had left the camp—stayed to encounter new excitements and perils. Against a troop of cavalry and two troops of militia those devoted Whigs, exhausted though they were, fought a hot skirmish at Muirdykes and came forth from it unbeaten. From within "an old stone-fold, which was a little defence to us," the enemy was riddled with a furious musketry-fire, first on the right hand and then on the left; and, in the end, Lord Ross was glad to give over, and to withdraw his men from the dyke that helped the Covenanters so effectively. When they had retreated to a certain distance, though

still they circled the fold round as in a ring, Sir John Cochrane bade his sharpshooters bless God for their marvellous preservation. He took a book, and sang the 46th Psalm throughout, and after that prayed pertinently, the warriors behind the bield of the wall holding themselves in a watchful posture while they knelt to praise the Lord of battles. They were not troubled again by those whom their captain called derisively "the cowardly rogues"; and in a day or two, having heard the news of Argyll's seizure, they parted one from another.

In what direction was Brysson to turn his footsteps now? With three lads who came from London, he decided to journey south and to join the Duke of Monmouth—Monmouth, whose own rainbow-coloured bubble was in the next month to be dissipated as completely as the hopes of the Scottish conspirators had just been. But the four wayfarers "travelling all night and derning all day," did not require to make the long and bootless pilgrimage. On a Sabbath morning, when they could perceive neither wood nor moss in which to screen themselves, one of them went up to a house near by, and confessed frankly who they were. They had difficulty in persuading the inmates to believe their tale; but, once it was credited, they were graciously received: for they had fallen among Cameronians, who, if they were not disposed to enlist under the standard of Argyll, yet wished him well. There was a brave fire burning on the hearth, and the weary men sat down and warmed themselves. They had plenty of meat given them; and, once their hunger was appeased, lest King James's dragoons should discover their place of hiding, the daughter of the home carried straw out to "an old torn house" where the sheep were accustomed to rest, and there they "slept as sound

as ever they did upon a feather-bed." Their generous hosts would not permit them to face the dangers involved in pushing on towards the English border. They must remain, they said, in their fellowship. And so, for some weeks, they did, not indeed always with a roof to cover their heads, but often lying in the fields, scarcely knowing at night where they might be on the morrow, and yet through it all never tasting anything but liberal love from brothers and sisters who had tears and temptations as many as their own.

Then the pursuit slackened a little, and George Brysson crept across the country to the Midlothian farmstead he remembered so loyally. Six months afterwards—for he was still a marked and persecuted man—he stole away to Northumberland. There it was his lot to enjoy the special friendship of James Welsh, who had been minister in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, but who was now in exile on the English side of the Border, his name appearing in the Fugitive Roll of 1684. In the preacher's society he travelled from one serious-minded family to another, and learned from experience how warm were the hospitalities of grange and cottage in the Northumbrian dales. Once, when Welsh was in Berwick, the wife of Justice Grieve asked whether he knew of an honest man who could be overseer of her husband's affairs. He commended his comrade Brysson ; and at Martinmas the wanderer entered the Justice's household. The wages, he says, were not high, " but only five pounds per year and my diet " ; but here, with much satisfaction, he lived for five quiet years, until " the happy Revolution " was an accomplished fact, and he could return to Edinburgh, to build up the business of a thriving merchant, to marry that " godly wife who was a true yoke-fellow indeed," and, when age was silvering his hair, to write

his *Memoirs.* Four of his nine pleasant children, with their mother, were in glory ere he took his pen in hand, and the five who were left were very comfortable to him. He desired them to read what wonderful care the Lord had lavished on their father, in the various steps of His providence: surely the record would encourage them to cleave to so good a Master. As for himself, he blessed his Guide, who had followed him with mercy all his days; and he hoped soon to be in that inheritance where there is not a complaint amongst the redeemed company—not a complaint, but only the river of pleasure and the joy for evermore.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THOSE WOMEN WHICH LABOURED IN THE GOSPEL.

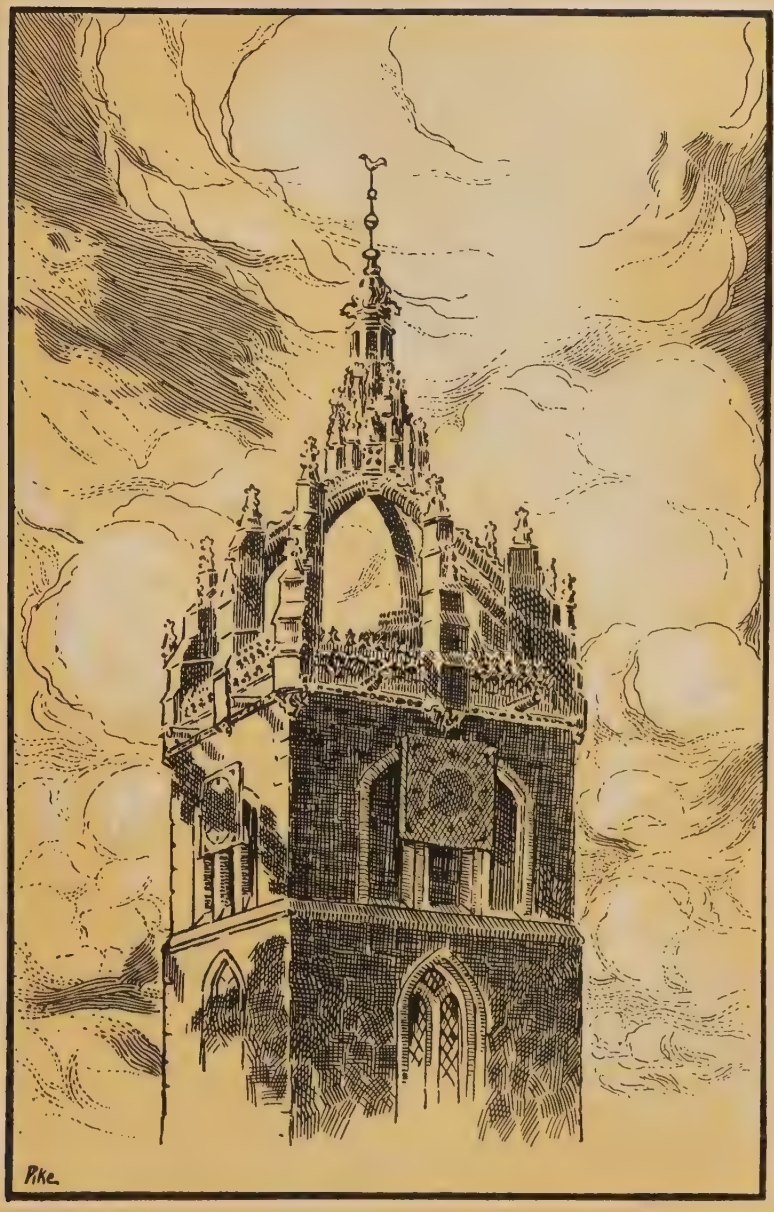
THE women that publish the tidings are a great host: it is the tribute of an Old Testament psalm to the holy enthusiasm which throbbed in the hearts and announced itself from the lips of the daughters of Israel. In the camp of the Scottish Covenant that ancient enthusiasm had its parallel and repetition. Already, in these chapters, we have had momentary visions of various queenly figures. With a fortitude as manifest as that of their fathers and husbands and sons, we have seen the matron and the maid going out behind the banners of the Son of God and performing their part in His battle. But others in the sisterhood of valour and religion deserve to be recalled by us. The literature of seventeenth-century Presbytery, strenuous, argumentative, stained with blood, is beautified by its Legend of Good Women.

And, first of all, one is tempted to travel backward from King Charles's days to the year 1642, when the war that was to work such woe to his father was only breaking out. To that year belongs a characteristic Covenanting document penned by Mr. Archibald Porteous, himself "a pertinent, knowing, seriouse youth." It is the "edifying narration of the sad sweet exercise of soul, and blessed death, of Dame Mary Rutherfurd, Lady Hundalee." Here, indeed, the

reader learns with what agonising earnestness men and women in this old seventeenth century sought for the assurance of the love of Christ, and how poor and pitiable they accounted their condition until they were certain of their Heavenly Bridegroom's grace. It is an accent distinct from the religious dialects of to-day. It compels us to question whether we know the same sorrows of desertion, the same ardency of desire, the same triumphs of appropriation and communion.

Lady Hundalee, with her cousin and waiting-woman, Mary M'Connell, and her young chaplain, Archibald Porteous, had journeyed, sometime in 1642, from Scotland up to London. But the pestilence was raging in the town ; and soon the good waiting-woman was visited by a presentiment, "a post from the Celestial City with matters of great importance," to tell her that her Master called her to stand in His presence, in clothes of immortality, within a few days. She was enraptured at the thought. "Well is my soul ! " she cried, "I shall get Christ, my Love, now." But her mistress would not be outdone ; she avowed that she also was hungering and thirsting to be caught up immediately into Paradise. And the chaplain broke in upon them with his separate aspiration : "Madam, I could never endure strife ; but I am glad to see such a strife as this. May not I, as a third, challenge my part in the bargain ? I hope ye dare not envy any that come to Christ." Thus those three stretched out their eager hands to welcome Death, because in Death they saw simply the herald and apparitor of Him Who governed their souls with His sceptre of gold.

Before many hours had passed, Mary M'Connell's presage was fulfilled, and she had "peaceably entered the everlasting kingdom." But, when she had gone, a darkness as of seven midnights swept over Lady



THE CROWN OF ST. GILES, EDINBURGH.

Hundalee. She was "mightily discouraged," veteran soldier of the divine King although she was. Her inbred corruptions started up to slay her faith, and the temptations of Satan gathered round. It was in vain that her spiritual counsellor, wise beyond his years, strove to impart the consolations of God. "Nothing shall hinder your Lord," he said; "though your sins were as hard as a rock, and as high as mountains in the way, yet neither the height of the one nor the hardness of the other shall keep Him from you. For He would as fain be at you as ye at Him, and fainer too. Take courage! He that shall come will come, and will not tarry." They were strong anodynes; but they did not pluck the rooted sorrow from the memory and spirit. She had been but a hypocrite, the Lady mourned; and between Christ and herself what was there except "fremmitness"—distance and estrangement and alienation? In a day or two, however, there appeared some little lifting of the gloom. At least she could talk to the chaplain about the grievous lapses and wanderings with which she was chargeable: her "deadness, dulness, coldness in prayer, distraction and forgetfulness in hearing, an unruly passion, and a number of such ills breaking out." "Away! away!" she expostulated, when again he tried to comfort, "speak not to me of any grace that I have, for I am graceless; I feel not so much as a dram of grace." Yet, as the needle points to its pole "and knows not why," her soul constantly turned to Him Whom she reckoned better than all the world. One morning, after a short rest, she showed Porteous a tiny manuscript book in which she had written a catalogue of God's providences and Christ's special mercies. She protested that each of these was "a dittay," an indictment, against her thanklessness and

disobedience. But the scattering of the night-clouds had begun, and the sun was preparing to rise.

The pestilence had caught her ere now in its fatal grasp ; but, with the return of inward peace, she could glory over the bodily fever and pain. Once, those who attended her marked that she sang in her sleep. "Madam," asked the chaplain, "what did ye dream when ye smiled ?" "Smile !" said she, "how could I but smile, when I saw my Lord drawing by the bed curtain ? But He went swiftly away." Then she bade her friend leave her for two hours. He came back at the appointed time, to discover that there was no trace of the long-continued combat—nothing but the ravishment of deliverance. She had her good confession to make. "Now I see that all is not lost that is in danger ; and that God's children will have as many troubles as twice over ten horses will bear ; and yet they will bear them all, though they seem to be sunk under them. I see they who love Christ love Him not for nought, but shall get as good as they brought, yea ten thousand times better. I see God never wholly casts off those whom He once takes by the hand, and who honestly indent with Him ; and, if He seems to cast them off, it's only in their own apprehension, and for the trial of their grace, and only for a while ; and, in the meanwhile, His hand is under their head to support them, though they perceive it not." Step by step she went down to the swellings of Jordan, with a shining radiance on her face. "Give me Hell if Thou wilt," she was heard pleading, "but Christ with it ; for He and I shall never part again." What did she think of eternal life ? the minister queried. "O, it's the only life !" she replied. "This is but a living death. But it's a lively, everlasting, honourable, immortal, easy, happy, and comfortable life." And

how did she like death? he queried again. "Very well," she answered. "I think it will do me the best turn that can be. It is a passage to bring me to, and to plunge me in, the ocean of love. If I could win out of this house, I would be content to go see my own grave made." By and by she left off speaking, although the onlookers knew by the motion of her lips that she persevered in prayer. And, on the next day-break, when he saw her dissolution approaching, Mr. Porteous, as he had promised, sounded in her ears "the love of Christ." And she, with hands uplifted and eyes fixed and smiling countenance, did step victoriously into eternity.

Because this history, first of desolation and then of delight, was repeated in numbers of Covenanting hearts, it is well worth our while to remember Lady Hundalee's sore struggle and glorious "outgate."

Isabel Alison and Marion Harvie, each a little older than Margaret Wilson, were called to walk the road of death and gain, four years before the opportunity came to her of threading "the sombre boskage of the wood toward the morning star." They suffered in the Grassmarket on the 26th of January 1681. One of them was a maidservant from Bo'ness, the other had "lived very privately in the town of Perth"; but their testimonies before the Council and on the scaffold were uncompromising, like those of the Lion of the Covenant himself. They were Cameronians, who could give a reason for the resolute creed which they avowed. They owned the Excommunication at the Torwood, and the papers found at the Queensferry, and the Sanquhar Declaration. They declined the authority of the rulers at whose bar they stood, telling them that they had declared war against Christ, and had

usurped and taken His prerogatives, and so were carrying the sword against Him and not for Him. They died, they claimed, not as fools, nor as evil-doers, nor as busybodies in other men's matters—no, but for adhering to the truths of Jesus, and for confessing Him to be King in Zion. On the heads of their enemies they left the guilt of their blood-shedding. It has a revengeful sound ; but probably it was only their solemn warning addressed to those who had travelled as far as tyrants can go in unrighteousness and oppression. There is a proud ring, an accent of finality, a note of immovable conviction, in every answer they gave and every sentence they spoke. To Marion Harvie the Councillors said that " a rock, the cod, and boboons " —a distaff and a pincushion and a bobbin of thread— would befit her better than such high theological and ecclesiastical discourse. But, while her fingers were familiar with the homely implements, she knew no cause why her heart and brain should not move among more transcendent things. She had a personal and powerful motive for that faith which she professed with an emphasis so assured. As she climbed the ladder to surrender her life, she narrated a fragment of her autobiography. " At fourteen or fifteen I was a hearer of the curates and the indulged ; and, while I was a hearer of these, I was a blasphemer and Sabbath-breaker, and a chapter of the Bible was a burden to me. But, since I heard this persecuted Gospel, I durst not blaspheme nor break the Sabbath, and the Bible became my delight." That it had regenerated her own experience was proof sufficient that the Evangel she loved must be the authentic Word of God.

Their burning ardour and adamantine quality are the memories we bring away from our converse with these " two honest, worthy lassies," Marion Harvie

and Isabel Alison. "O, be zealous, sirs! be zealous! be zealous!" the latter cried from the eminence of the scaffold; and zeal was the attribute characteristic of their firm-set souls. To both of them in their prison the judges sent Mr. Archibald Riddell, a Covenanting minister and a good man, who had his trials still to face for the kingdom of Christ, but who had blurred and enfeebled his message in the eyes of all Cameronians by accepting the Indulgence. He was to persuade them to conform; but he might as successfully have tried to soften into velvet and silk the brute mass of the Castle Rock. "He offered to pray. We said we were not clear to join with him in prayer. He said, 'Wherefore?' We said, 'We know the strain of your prayers will be like your discourse.' He said, 'I shall not mention any of your principles in my prayer, but only desire the Lord to let you see the evil of your doings.' We told him we desired none of his prayers at all. The goodman of the Tolbooth and some of the gentlemen said, would we not be content to hear him? We said, 'Forced prayers have no virtue.'" Their flag flew as boldly on the morning of their execution. Led for the last time into the Council Chamber, they were taunted by Bishop Paterson, who had none of Leighton's compassionateness and grace, "Marion, ye said you would never hear a curate; now you shall be forced to hear one"; and he commanded one of his suffragans to pray. But he was outwitted. "Come, Isabel," exclaimed the unconquerable serving-maid, "let us sing the 23rd Psalm." Line by line she repeated the calming and uplifting words which Scottish children are taught so soon as they can lisp their syllables; and line by line these two, who were appointed to death, sang of the Lord their Shepherd, and of the Valley of the Shadow where His rod and His

staff sustained them, and of God's House in which, for evermore, their dwelling-place should be. And not a petition of the curate's prayer was heard.

Amongst all Shakespeare's women there is none auguster, none more heroic, than Portia—the Portia of *Julius Cæsar* and not of *The Merchant of Venice.* Cato's daughter and the spouse of Brutus, she is as stoical as her husband. Professor Dowden points out that we read of no embrace, no touch of hands or lips, between this noble wife and her lord ; but we know that their souls have met, that they are inseparably one and absolutely equal. His aims, his theories of justice, his consistent devotion to his republicanism, are hers as well. Something of the tenacity, the pure idealism, the lofty sternness of the Roman matron, lived again in the humble Scotswomen.

But they were happier than she. Diviner consolations upheld them in dying. They were executed with " some three or four wicked women, guilty of murdering their own children " ; no possible insult was spared them. But they soared heavenward, as the larks soar, still singing a song instinct with certainty and gladness. " I have looked greedy-like to such a lot as this, but still I thought it was too high for me," said Isabel Alison. " O my Fair One, my Lovely One, come away ! " cried Marion Harvie, for she was enraptured with the beauty of the celestial Bridegroom. Together they raised their voices in the verses of the 84th Psalm ; and thus they took their flight to the Lord God Who is a Sun and a Shield.

Mr. Stevenson, who held the magical key that unlocks the ivory and golden gate of their hearts, tells us that

> The children sing in far Japan,
> The children sing in Spain.

But in the experience of a Covenanting child there was little room for blithe and light-hearted song. One may surmise that, from the earliest years of life, the burden lying on the soul checked the overflow of gaiety, and made the ordinary speech preternaturally serious and grave. A proof of it is supplied in a tiny memoir published in the Glasgow of 1720. "Some Few Choice Sentences and Practices of Emilia Geddie," the booklet is named.

Emilia Geddie was the young daughter of a man of considerable note in his day, a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, the Clerk of the King's Stewartry of Fife, and factor to the Marquis of Atholl. He had a liking for natural science, and discovered a new method for "improving and colonising bees," winning the compliments and congratulations of the Royal Society on his ingenuity. He was rich too, and lived on his own estate of Hilton, near the old palace of Falkland. In 1657, John Geddie married Anna Wallace, sister of the Provost of Glasgow, and cousin to Lord Burleigh. Their two boys died in childhood, happy in escaping quickly from the distractions of the hour to the City of God which is built of crystal, pearl, and gem. Emilia, the one girl in the home, was born in 1665, to spend fifteen years in a world over-weighted with sorrow, and then to join her brothers in the presence of Christ. Her parents were firmly fixed in their affection for the cause of the Covenant, and her own feet began very soon to walk the same thorny path.

Before her third birthday she had framed for herself a grace before meat. One day some guests were present, and overheard the lisping benediction, and wondered at its freshness and propriety. How had she been taught it? they asked; and she replied that she "had learned now and then a word from

several persons, and her Lord had set the words together, and she had made a blessing of them." She was like the little girl whom Mr. Canton has compelled us to love, in this, that, within the house, she was a kind of conscience in flesh and blood, "who winnowed every sin, who tracked each slip and fall, one of God's spies"; only she was a more intentional, preconcerted, deliberate conscience than W. V., who reproved the transgressor only by those unshrinking and deep-gazing eyes of hers. One of the lads in the farmyard blurted out an oath, as Emilia passed with her hand linked in her nurse's. She turned to him. "Henry," she said reprovingly, "I'll tell God." "Go and do it, miss," the impenitent boy retorted; and without delay she went. The offender could not maintain his unshaken front against such artillery, and the praying child conquered him. Seven years afterwards, when he was surprised again by temptation, and somebody reminded him of the incident, he fell a-weeping, and declared that to his dying day he ought not to have forgotten so gracious a reproof. She had invariably her pat and pertinent answer. A captain of the King's forces, busy about His Majesty's persecuting work, had halted under her father's roof, and was receiving hospitable refreshment from those who held his principles in abhorrence. "Emily," he said, "I'll marry you." Her "No" was instantaneous and decisive. "Why?" he asked in pretended amazement. "Oh!" she replied, "you have no grace." "And have you?" said he. "Whatever grace I have," was the response, "you have none; for, if you had, you would not do the King's and the Bishop's bidding, to take the honest ministers and to shoot the praying folk." But often John Geddie, like the Gaius of the New Testament, was host to an apostle.

THE GRASSMARKET OF EDINBURGH.

Donald Cargill preached frequently in Fife, among the Lomond Hills, at no great distance from Hilton ; and then he was welcomed to the shelter and kindness of the factor's mansion. On a certain Saturday morning he was there ; but, having made many unsuccessful attempts to get a message for the following day, he proposed to take his departure before the Sabbath dawned. They begged him to remain ; they would leave him in quietness, they promised, that he might try once more to discover a text and a sermon. He consented, and everybody went from the room—everybody but Emily, of whose presence none seemed to be aware. Half-an-hour later she crept to the minister's side, to whisper a hope that the difficulties were disappearing. "No," he confessed, laying his hand on her head, and wondering at such solicitude in a child—"No ! they are not" ; and then he proposed that the two of them should kneel together, and that she should pray with him. And the little lass did so, and, after they had risen, Donald Cargill protested that his mind and spirit were both so strengthened that he could do nothing else than tarry and preach ; and, next day, his power and liberty in proclaiming the Word were so manifest that all who heard him received great benefit, and Emilia Geddie herself found that the sermon "wrought mightily on her heart." Her own father was forced to marvel at her unyieldingness : she was as dreadless as Abdiel among the angels. When she was eight years of age, he once put her to the test. "Shall I take the Oath ?" he asked, referring to one of those vexatious Declarations which the Government concocted and imposed. "No, no !" she entreated. "But, if I should refuse, I shall be no longer King's steward," he told her, "and they will send us out of house and home, and then how will you

and I live?" She felt no qualm of anxiety. "God will provide," she said, "and we shall live by faith." "Ay!" he went on, though he was simply putting her to the proof, and had himself resolved not to conform, "but I see no means for our livelihood except I take the Declaration." "Dear father," spoke up Miss Intrepid, "I will tell you what we shall do. I shall go to service, and will get my victuals and some old clothes from persons of honour whom I know, and so I will save all my wages, and I will give them to you to live upon." She was a maiden as stout as La Pucelle, or as "Eleanor whose fearless breath Drew the venomed fangs of death."

But, as we read Emilia Geddie's short life-record, the conviction is driven in that her seriousness is too precocious and premature. There is an introspection which, at times, grows almost morbid. There is a tendency, too, to sit in hypercritical judgment on others, which is not a customary habit of the young. "The first fall of the snow" is more noticeable in her pathetic year than "the birds and the sunshine" and the musical ripple of the brook. Hazlitt said of the children whom the canvases of Sir Joshua have made immortal that, invariably, they are "happy, bold, and careless"; and these are the adjectives which should summarise the very religion of a child. Emilia's religion demands other epithets. It is exacting. It is severe in depreciation and sentence. It is unkind both to herself and to her companions. The iron of cruel circumstance had entered her soul. The atmosphere was unfriendly to the wholesome and joyous development of the girl's nature. There is an element of strain and excess which we would fain miss. Was it not difficult to be young in a Covenanting home? Age, and thought, and sadness, and fear came almost as

soon as mind and heart awoke to the events that were transpiring round them; and childhood had fled before ever it could be seized and held fast and gloried in. Emily was fond of birds of all kinds. They not only amused but "edified" her, showing her much of the wisdom of God. Sometimes, like great St. John, she would excuse herself for the gladsome minutes she spent among them: "my spirit cannot be always in benzil," she would explain—always outstretched and bent to the utmost, like the bowstring to which the arrow has been fitted before it wings its flight through the air. But soon a too scrupulous and too wakeful conscience would lift its voice in admonition, and, bowing her head in penitence, she confessed, "I cannot altogether defend myself from wasting time." One Sabbath she heard a sermon against backsliding, and afterwards was very heavy and afflicted. "I am a great backslider," she said, when a friend asked her the cause of so sore a trouble; and then she related the tale of her sin. "I had met with a wonderful deliverance; for, as I sat by the wall of a house, a great piece of slate fell by me, touching only my clothes, and I was not hurt; and yet I did not set apart a day to praise the Lord for such a mercy." It was an undue sensibility, a too sharp disquiet, in a disciple whose summers did not number more than eleven or twelve; and we may be certain that the liberal Master had no condemning indictment to bring against her. The strict discipline with which she ruled herself was as firmly exercised towards other delinquents. She and her comrades—this was before her ninth birthday—had established their own Praying Society. To the Society a complaint was made of the conduct of one of its members, the oldest and the tallest girl among them. She had heard a curate preach in the church

at Strathmiglo ; she had laughed once during public prayer ; she had spoken untenderly of some godly people : such was the triple accusation. A little court was formed, and Emilia was chosen to preside, and the culprit was placed at the bar. She admitted meekly that there was some truth in all of the charges, though she pleaded that in each case there were palliations of her fault. Then the president, after a discourse to the meeting, announced her verdict : " That the offender should not be debarred from the Society, but allowed to be present with them for hearing and converse ; but, in regard of her blameworthiness in this matter, she should not be permitted to pray with them for the space of a month ; so that, during that time, they might have occasion to observe her deportment, and she might have access to improve herself." We smile, and yet there are tears behind the smile. It is right that the children should pray ; but here is a too precise inquisition into one another's behaviour ; here is a budding censoriousness ; here are the echoes of those dividing conflicts and bitter pains through which their elders passed, and by which their opening souls should never have been racked and perturbed. One recalls the half-amusing, half-poignant page of a modern book, in which a delightful writer portrays the lesser crosses of the child of to-day. " Now what shall I say ? " inquired Rebecca of her teacher. " ' The subjunctive mood, past perfect tense, of the verb *to know.*' ' *If I had known. If thou hadst known. If he had known. If we had known. If you had known. If they had known.* Oh ! it is the saddest tense,' sighed Rebecca, with a little break in her voice ; ' nothing but *ifs, ifs, ifs !* And it makes you feel that, if they only *had* known, things might have been better.' " If Emilia Geddie could have omitted or deferred some of the ingredients in her edu-

cation, and if only she had known the vivacity proper to the young, things would surely have been better with her.

In February 1681, she took her flight to "the mountain of myrrh and the hill of frankincense." She had an enviable death. For, after some time in secret prayer, she broke forth into excellent and significant words in commendation of the Lord Jesus, reciting one after another of His satisfying names—the Bright and Morning Star, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, the Rock which hath followed His people, the Chief of ten thousands, "and the Chief of all to me." She enjoined her young associates, who were with her, to learn a life of holiness, and spend more of their time in seeking God, and abhor indolence and sloth, and work diligently with their hands. She interceded for the suffering Church of Christ, and for the father and mother from whom she was going away. "Only upon the blood of Jesus and the faithfulness of God," she said, "do I rest." Afterwards she "spoke a word which we could not hear, and then she closed her own eyes and lips as one falling asleep, and having stretched down her body she had no motion more." And thus she went to the Jerusalem, whose streets are filled with boys and girls at play, where the childhood of which she had caught so slight a glimpse on earth would be given her with no abatement or defect.

The lady in whose fellowship we move next was separated from these others by many sundering lines. She was great and stately. That she was no member of the Cameronian family is demonstrated by the fact that the husband of her youth breathed his last in exile because of his fealty to the Stuarts, and by the other fact that her son led King James's forlorn hope

side by side with John Graham of Claverhouse. Nor was it her heritage to die young or in the Grassmarket; she lived until her years were well-nigh ninety, and passed from the earth in the quietude of her own room. But her sorrows were deeper in reality than those tasted by the girlish martyrs; and her religion, if it was roomier and more forbearing, was identical with theirs in its essence. Anna Mackenzie of Seaforth, Lady Balcarres, and afterwards Countess of Argyll, is a princess not of the Covenant alone but of that wider realm in which all love-worthy and saintly women dwell.

She was Sir Robert Moray's sister-in-law and friend; his "dear Cummer," he delights to name her in the familiarity of his letters. Abraham Cowley extolled her worth no less than that of the husband whom she lost in Holland—

> Unfortunate for ever let me be,
> If I believe that such was he
> Whom, in the storms of bad success,
> And all that error calls unhappiness,
> His virtue, and his virtuous wife, did still accompany!

Richard Baxter was unstinted in gratitude and praise. "She is," he said, "of a solid understanding in religion, and of prudence much more than ordinary, and of great integrity and constancy, and a great hater of hypocrisy, and faithful to Christ in an unfaithful world." They are certificates to be envied; but not one of them contains a word which transgresses the boundaries of simple verity.

We shall learn something of Lady Anna Mackenzie's goodness if we join her at Breda, in one of the saddest weeks of her life, the closing week of August in 1659. That "brave and able gentleman," Alexander Lindsay, the Earl of Balcarres, the husband to whom she had given herself nineteen years before, was dying. "The

last eight days of that dear life," she wrote to her cousin, Colonel Henderson, "I may say his dear heart was always in heaven, for he was almost always praying or hearing prayer, or reading, or speaking to the praise of his blessed Maker and Redeemer." . . . "Upon the Saturday's night, he and I talking togeder alone, he said to me that there was many divines of the opinion that all who belonged to God, less or more, found that which Saint Paul speaks of in the eighth of the Romans —of the spirit of bondage : he said, he could not say that ever he found it in all his life. I remembered him what I had heard our minister, who is a most excellent man, say upon that text, that all had it less or more, but God, when He wounded some with the sight of their lost condition without Christ, applied the plaister so soon to the person wounded that the wound was not at all sensible, and he was sure there was many in heaven that never could say they felt the spirit of bondage." . . . "I sat always upon the carpet before his bedside, and often I looked up to him, and, when I found not his eyes fixed upon heaven, I spake to him. Upon the Lord's day I asked him what he was doing, and said, 'My love, have you attained to that great measure of assurance that you desire?' To which he answered, 'I cannot tell what they call full assurance ; but this I can tell you, that I am as full of joy in believing that my Redeemer is mine and I am His as I can hold, and that I shall be with Him before it be long, and that He will never leave me.' 'That's good news, my dear,' said I, 'for you.' 'Aye,' said he, 'and for you also ; for you will quickly follow me.' 'Aye, my dear,' said I, 'you will not think it long ; for a thousand years where you are going is but as yesterday when it is past.'" . . . "At last I closed those dear eyes, and that dear mouth I never

in all my life heard make a lie or take the name of God in vain. O, how Christianly that dear saint of mine lived and died it is impossible for me to tell to you as it was ! " And, as we read, we feel that it is impossible to tell what abounding comforts Lord Balcarres, Royalist and Presbyterian and blameless captive of the King of kings, drew, living and dying, from the communion of his great-hearted wife.

As a mother, she demeaned herself in the same shining fashion. One grief, which came soon after her husband's death, was the conversion to Roman Catholicism of their eldest child, the Lady Anna Lindsay, a girl scarcely more than sixteen, to whose faith the Jesuits about Charles's continental court had laid too effectual a siege. Over in the Fifeshire home, another sharp-edged trial smote her in October 1662. Her boy Charles, the young Earl, just twelve years old, was summoned after a short illness from this world to that which is unseen and eternal : " upon Wednesday morning, at six o'clock, after a quiet night's rest, in a moment he found all his strength and spirits decay togeder, and called to me, and threw his arms about my neck, and prayed God to ' bless his dear lady mother,' and then he looked up and desired that the blood of Jesus Christ would clean him of all his sins, and that God would take him to be for ever with Himself, which He immediately did." Two daughters were left to her, Sophia and Henrietta, and a son, Colin, afterwards to toil and fight chivalrously in the lost cause of the Stuarts. To him, when he was on the verge of manhood, she addressed a letter which is perfect in its thought and style and as perfect in its spiritual dignity. She bade him, first of all, dedicate some certain time every day to the service of his Saviour. To his prince she inculcated loyalty and

LADY BALCARRES.

From the Portrait in Brahan Castle.

reverence; to his country, love and protection; to his friend, fidelity and patience and truth; to his bride, chastity and tender affection, for, "believe it," she declared, "no man is happy but he that is so in his own house." She would have him speak little and be silent much; but there must be no reticence when he saw an occasion to do good to his King, his fatherland, or his neighbour. In the management of his estate, she counselled him to take an hour every day for the study of the affairs of the charter-chest, until he should understand each detail for himself. "You," she concluded, "that have such a closet"—that is, so noble a library—"such gardens, and so much to do within doors and without, need not think the time tedious or be idle; it's the hand of the diligent maketh rich." Did not Lady Balcarres mingle the strength and the judgment of a father with a mother's soft gentleness and pity?

Just before this letter was written, her history had undergone an important change. In 1670, eleven years after she had been parted from the true lover and captain of her early life, she was married a second time, to the Earl of Argyll—the Earl for whom, as we have discovered, the headsman's axe was waiting at the Cross of Edinburgh. She became mistress of Inverary Castle, although perhaps her home more frequently was in Stirling, in that "Great Lodging or Manor-place, lying upon the north side of the High Street," which then was a favourite residence of the Argylls. In the Manor-place she had her own sitting-room, into which she gathered those pretty articles of "womanly furniture" that she loved—three sweetwood boxes, two little statues of "marable," two crystal candlesticks, two-and-twenty counterfeit porcelain dishes, a silver ink-horn, a bell of bell-metal, a case of wooden

"tae-cups," and, on a fir-table in the centre of the room, her Cambridge Bible, in two large volumes in folio, with Ogleby's cuts. Many of these heirlooms had to be sacrificed at a later day, that money might be found for the supply of her husband's necessities in his banishment. And, later, there came the bitterer parting of his death. "Forgive me all my faults," he wrote from the Laigh Council House, "and now comfort thyself in Him in Whom only true comfort is to be found. The Lord be with thee, and bless thee, my dearest!" On few women have the strokes of affliction rained more heavily, and few have borne them with a meeker and more trustful spirit. "Though I live in a continual storm," she had written years before 1685, "the gale will blow at last which will blow me into the haven."

Twenty-one summers and winters were still to pass over her whitened hair before that longed-for gale arose. They were full of excitement and change, of which her gallant son, Lord Colin, had his ample share; but, season after season, she carried within herself the chimes of an overcoming peace. At last the hour arrived which she had desired. She died in the old home, among the "sunward-sloping farms" of fair Balcarres; and in the chapel there they laid her body, beside her first husband and the young Earl Charles.

On a former page reference was made to William Veitch, the minister who helped Argyll so shrewdly in that venturesome pilgrimage to London which followed on his Grace's very dramatic outgoing from his Scottish dungeon. Veitch had himself a biography marked by a hundred vicissitudes and troubles. But he would scarcely have played the man as cheerfully as he did,

if he had not been mated with a wife whose spiritual stature was yet taller than his own. In most of his struggles and flights and hardships she participated; and, when she could not accompany him, she wrought miracles on his behalf by her prayers. For the prayers of Marion Veitch were of the resistless kind which carry the citadel of heaven by storm, and which return to our earth laden with the bread and wine and wealth of God.

How she bore herself when her lord was separated from her, when the children were young and unfit to do for themselves, and when she was far from friends and acquaintances, is recounted in those *Memoirs* which the good minister left behind him. Then she but nestled more close to the almighty Benefactor in the skies. He should be the Husband, and He should be the farm; He should be the stock and the crop; He should be the Provider, the food, and the raiment, the Master of the family and the Father of the bairns. "Yea, she resolved to cleave faster unto this relation than Ruth did to Naomi, for that which parted her should bring her to the greatest nearness, most inseparable and comfortable communion with her God. Thus, while deep called unto deep, she held by her compass." And what can vanquish a spirit of this temper, which casts its burdens one by one at the feet of the King its Friend, and goes its arduous road enlarged and glad? What wind can ruffle its profound tranquillity?

> It may blow north, it still is warm;
> Or south, it still is clear.

With such souls the summer lasts the whole year round.

But even better than her husband's *Memoirs* is her own *Diary,* which she intended simply for her children's eyes, and in which she commemorated her divine

Lord's "gracious dealing with her and His remarkable hearing and answering her supplications." When the innate scepticism which dogs us all insinuates that it is a foolish vanity to kneel and pray, we shall act most wisely if we let Mrs. Veitch speak to us, and if we pay diligent heed to her victorious reply. She is always seeking some great suit from God, and always finding that He may be trusted to send the sufficient deliverance and the satisfying treasure. "Eternal life to me and mine"—that is her request; and He helps her to believe that He is able and willing to grant it, "as Ahasuerus was the life of Hester." That He will return in His glory to His Church, and especially to Scotland—that, too, is her entreaty; and she has this Scripture given her in response, *I have seen his ways, and will heal him; I will restore comforts unto him and to his mourners.* Perpetually she keeps dipping her pitcher down into the deep well, and perpetually she draws it up filled to its brim with the waters of salvation; until, after she has made numberless errands to the spring, and has been nine or ten years a beggar at the Father's door, she concludes that "faith and love have never an ill tale to tell of Him," and that "His promises can neither die nor drown."

We rejoice to know that both Marion Veitch and her husband survived the Revolution, and at long length found a restful home for themselves, first in the manse at Peebles and then in that of Dumfries. But the trials which tested her with most severity, compelling her to grip God's right hand more clingingly than ever, were perhaps those which befell in this Indian summer of her life.

Two of her sons had gone to America, to take their part in the hapless scheme of colonising the Isthmus of Darien. They brought her no sorrow through any

misdoing ; her intercessions for the children of her house had been crowned indeed with the completest recompense ; but now one of these two, her firstborn, returning to Scotland, died at sea, heart-broken with the toils and disappointments of the expedition for which he had done his best. At first, the dark and the pain in the mother's breast were unrelieved by a ray of light. " I had never such a combat with carnal reason and misbelief. Christ appeared like a spirit and frightened me, as He did the disciples." But in her strait she went to Him Who had not failed her yet, and soon she had His medicine for her wound. " Faith told me : I must not be discouraged at the death of my son, for Moses and Aaron died both in the wilderness, and Rachel died by the way, and the saints of God were slain and got none to bury them, whereas thy son got a winding-sheet and a chest of cedar-wood ; and this may be a comfort to thee, that he never gave thee cause to have a sad hour for his sinful practices, though he had been a captain of soldiers and with the King abroad." So in the bare ruined choirs Faith piped her hymn of cheer, and the sufferer listened and ceased to despond.

Even yet the discipline of her chastened soul—*pressed on every side, yet not straitened; perplexed, yet not unto despair; pursued, yet not forsaken; smitten down, yet not destroyed*—was not altogether finished. Her youngest son, her Ebenezer, just ordained minister at Ayr, sickened in Edinburgh, where he was attending a meeting of the General Assembly, and the sickness ran quickly on to death and to the ravishments of immortality. " You passengers for glory ! " he cried to some ministers in the room, " how near think ye I am to the New Jerusalem ? " And when they answered, " Not far, Sir ! " it was his rapturous

vow, "I'll climb, until I be up amongst the innumerable company of angels and the spirits of just men." He had given his parting kiss a few minutes before to his newly wedded wife; but she could not tear herself from him, and he had to beckon her away with the whisper, half expostulatory, half tender, "No more converse with the creature! I never, never, will look back." The story of such a translation, when his mother had it repeated to her, was as sweet as it was sharp. And, no doubt, she "desired the loss to be made up by the presence of the Lord," as, when the nails were driving into the coffin of his Ebenezer—the second of the name whom he had to bear to the grave—Thomas Boston was strengthened to do.

A captivating gaiety and an invincible brightness and a sprightly charm gleam from the features of that lady of the Covenant who, in her girlhood, was Sir Patrick Hume's daughter, and, in riper years, Sir George Baillie's wife. She had a happy issue from all Emilia Geddie's afflictions and introspections; rebuke and reprimand were far from her soul. If one asks for the final refutation of the delusion that the Covenanter must needs be splenetic and sour-faced, he has it in Grissel Baillie, who sang—

Werena my heart light I wad die,

and who translated her song into the irrepressible lilt of her lovely and pleasant life. "Good Breeding, Good Humour, Good Sense were her daily ornaments," the epitaph says which Judge Burnet wrote for her tombstone in Mellerstain; and it is an epitaph that tells the truth.

Born at her father's castle of Redbraes on a wintry day in 1665, she was no more than twelve when the

chance came of proving her courage and wit. Sir Patrick bade her carry a letter to Edinburgh, to his bosom friend, Robert Baillie of Jerviswood. But Baillie was closely shut up in prison ; although this is not yet the captivity that was fated to terminate in the capital sentence and the martyrdom of injustice. How was his girl-helper to gain admittance to his cell without awakening the suspicion of the gaoler ? She did it somehow, and delivered her letter, and took home with her the tidings of which her father was in quest. The chapter has its fit and romantic climax. In the melancholy Tolbooth she saw for the first time young George Baillie, and the two were lovers from that moment. It was a small distress to Grissel Hume that she required to wait in patience through thirteen care-crowded summers before she could be married to the man whose eulogy she uttered long afterwards— " the best of husbands and delight of my life for forty-eight years, without one jar betwixt us " : the flame glowed on the altar from the minute of the encounter in the dungeon, and her reward was sure.

In 1684 it was Sir Patrick Hume himself whose head was endangered ; and who but the high-spirited daughter of the house was his shield and buckler ? The tale has often been told, but it bears to be repeated again and again. How, when the troopers were in search of him, she got Jamie Winter, the carpenter, to come to her aid ; and, under the screen of the darkness, they carried from Redbraes a bed and the bedclothes to the empty vault beneath Polwarth Church ; and there, for a month, she kept the hunted man in safest hiding. He had no light to read by, but he did not dream of weariness, for he would recite to himself George Buchanan's Latin Psalms, which he knew from beginning to end. And, every midnight, Grissel

stole out from the castle to visit him. She could not pretend to any eagerness for the mile of lonesome travel, however hearty her laughter was when it was over and she sat beside Sir Patrick in the Cimmerian gloom. The gravestones in the churchyard gave her many a downfall ; and the rustling of a leaf suggested the redcoats in pursuit of that dear life she was resolved to save ; and the minister's dogs barked so loudly that she imagined herself detected, until her mother coaxed him to hang them all lest perhaps there was a mad member in the pack. And then, the perplexity of catering for the captive's hunger, when the servants must be told nothing of his whereabouts, and the younger children could not be trusted to guard the secret ! Sheep's head, that homely and wholesome fare, was a favourite dish with her father ; and once, while the nine brothers and sisters were intent over their broth, she " conveyed most of one into her lap " ; but by and by Sandy missed it, and was bewildered and horrified by such shameless voracity. " Mother, will ye look at Grissel ? " he cried upbraidingly, " she has eaten up the whole sheep's head ! "

Other devices had to be tried soon : Sir Patrick Hume's security in the cellar under Polwarth Kirk could not always be guaranteed. Again Jamie Winter was summoned to consultation, and was set now to the task of constructing a great wooden box. Meanwhile, in an unused room on the ground floor of the castle, Grissel was busy ; she was digging out in the earth a hole, both wide and deep, in which the carpenter's chest was to be laid. So silently her work must be accomplished that she would not risk the employment of tools, her own lithe and shapely hands were her knife and mattock and spade ; she laboured at her strange love-darg until there was not a nail left on

her fingers. Then, in the night-time, the father was hurried across from the vault below the church, and within his own mansion-walls was imprisoned in the spacious casket got ready for him. Through the openings bored in its lid he breathed in the air which fed his life ; and he spent some weeks in his curious resting-place. But in the hole in the earth the water deepened daily, till it was not possible for its occupant to remain. Once more he betook himself to flight, a longer flight, to London and Bordeaux and Holland.

Grissel Hume followed him, though not until her mother and most of the children had gone in advance of her ; she stayed behind to take a special care of Julian, who was sick ; " there is no friend like a sister, to cheer one on the tedious way, to lift one if one totters down." For three years and a half she was the angel in the little house at Utrecht. A most diligent and practical angel she showed herself. The exiles could not afford to keep a servant, and she toiled early and late, to drive the wolf from the door, and to fill the rooms with sweet content. " There was not a week," Lady Murray tells us, " in which my mother did not sit up two nights, to do the business that was necessary. She went to market, went to the mill to have the corn ground—which, it seems, is the way with good managers there—drest the linen, cleaned the house, made ready the dinner, mended the children's stockings and other cloaths, made what she could for them, and, in short, did everything." Only now and then had she leisure to con a lesson with the rest in French and Dutch, and to divert herself with the music which she loved. Among her most priceless possessions her daughter cherished a manuscript book, in which the hard-driven Cinderella had written the snatches of song which came to her in those months of

banishment ; and some of them were interrupted halfway, and some were broken off in the middle of a sentence ; the Muse and she could not sit down for ten quiet minutes in familiar chat. It was always another's enjoyment which she consulted first, it never was her own. There was her brother Patrick, who rode in the Prince's Guards ; it was her constant attention to have him appear right in his linen and dress ; she would have blushed for shame if his little point cravats and cuffs had not been in as good order as those of the most fastidious cavalier of them all. Or there were the professors and men of learning who visited her father, a true scholar as well as a courteous gentleman ; they must be greeted with the best entertainment, even if it were but " a glass of alabast beer, which was a better kind of ale than common." It was seldom, in this palace of frugality whose chambers were fragrant with the herb called Heart's Ease, that they went to dinner without three or four or five strangers to share the meal with them ; and many a hundred times had Lady Murray heard her mother declare that she never could look back upon their manner of living in Utrecht without thinking it a miracle : they had no want, but plenty of everything. Morning, evening, noon, and night, Grissel Hume sang Theocrite's song, " Praise God ! " For as her father would say to her, none had so good reason to be merry and pleased as those who served the Lord and obeyed His commandments.

But, although the load of hardships and annoyances was carried with incomparable grace, it was a fortunate hour when it could be unloosed and left behind. At last the Prince of Orange was King of England ; and the exiles crossed the seas to Redbraes again ; and Sir Patrick—that " thin clever man "—became Earl of

Marchmont and Chancellor of Scotland; and, about two years after the Revolution, Lady Grissel could wed the lover for whom she had been proud to wait ever since she was a little lass of twelve. The river of their affection had broadened and deepened, in spite of the cataracts over which it had been tumbled, and the many miles of its progress in darkness and secrecy underground. During their banishment they did not dare to avow their engagement, "neither of them having a shilling." Even the girl's parents must not be told. And what a trouble it was "when, in the midst of their distress, there were offers pressed upon her by her mother and father, from two gentlemen, in their neighbourhood at home, of fortune and character, who had done nothing to forfeit either, and with whom they thought it would have been happy to settle their daughter at any time"! But every obstacle was surmounted when for George Baillie, as for Patrick Hume, the brighter era dawned; and never, throughout the future, did the true wife repent her constancy. To the close of his life, she felt the same wish to please him in the smallest trifle that she had had at their first acquaintance. "Indeed, her principal and sole delight was to watch and attend to everything that could give him pleasure or make him easy. He never went abroad, but she went to the window to look after him; and so she did that very day he fell ill, never taking her eyes from him so long as he was in sight." When at length God called him from her side, she lived "with but half a heart," and

> followed him with all the speed
> Desire could make or sorrows breed.

One fine day, looking round and admiring the beauties of their Scottish home, she checked herself, burst into tears, and said to her daughter, "What is all this to

me, since your father does not see and enjoy it?" Neither amusement nor business could expel those regrets. "As I almost always put her to bed," Lady Murray relates, "I can declare I never saw her lie down but with a deep groan, and generally tears not soon to be pacified; nor could she be persuaded to take another room, choosing everything that could put her in mind of him." But they had almost half a century of trust and fellowship ere the separation came; and in her age she was as beautiful to him, without and within, as she had been in her youth. "She was middle-sized, well made, very handsome, with a life and sweetness in her eyes most uncommon and a great delicacy in all her features; her hair was chestnut, and to her last she had the finest complexion, with the clearest red in her cheeks and lips that could be seen in one of fifteen." And her husband, if he had known the words, would have applied to her a lyric of our later day—

> And oh, her happy queenly tread,
> And oh, her queenly golden head!
> But oh, her heart, when all is said,
> Her woman's heart for me!

CHAPTER XXXV.

PUIR AULD SANDY.

WHAT is trite and customary was far removed from Alexander Peden. A glamour clings about his person, and we seem to be walking among enchantments and marvels when we are in company with him. Weirdness, humour, genius, mystery: these are the words which leap to the lips if some one pronounces his name. Dr. John Brown, speaking of "the round-backed, kindly, solemn hills" of Tweed, Yarrow, and Ettrick, says that they are "too plain to be grand, too ample and beautiful to be commonplace." But there are Scottish mountains which are not plain—dark Lochnagar, the wild and lonely Cuchullins, four-peaked Ben Laoghal, the jagged Cobbler which frowns on Arrochar and Glen Croe. Peden resembles one of these, in his imaginativeness, in his eccentricities, in that individuality which was so marked. Yet we may easily exaggerate the elements of wonder. Could we know him as he actually was, we should find that he was no wizard, but a man most devout and most lovable. If he was a prophet, his own spiritual insight and his untiring fellowship with God endowed him with the penetration that others lacked. If he lived among escapes and mercies which appear to belong to the realm of magic, that was because he exercised the faith which laughs at impossibilities. The heaven from which issue answers to human prayer,

and divine interpositions, and great and precious promises, and disclosures of things unseen, was nearer to him than it is to many; by continual trust and daily speech with the King he accustomed himself to "climb higher than the sphery chime." And beneath the quaint exterior there was a heart both brotherly and godly.

It surprises us to read that, lover as he was all his days of the common people—the peasants, the moorland shepherds, the dwellers in hamlet and croft—Alexander Peden was a gentleman by descent and upbringing. He was born, about the year 1626, in the house of Auchincloich—Auchincloich, which means "The Field of the Stones"—in the northern part of the parish of Sorn, in the shire of Ayr. His father was a small proprietor, and he must have been the eldest son, for he is described as heir to the lairdship. Gentlemen were his friends too, and, prominent among them, the Boswells of Auchinleck, forebears of the sturdy radical who gloried in the memory of Cromwell because he "garred kings ken that they had a lith in their necks," and of him who gave to the English language one of its immortal books. If for many of his sixty years Peden was homeless and outcast, his life might have been passed amongst those who want for nothing; it was of his own accord and for his Master's sake that he chose the comradeship of poverty. And he was well educated, a scholar of the University of Glasgow, who finished his college course when James Dalrymple, famous in after days as lawyer and statesman, was Professor of Philosophy. One would give much to have Peden's portrait. There would be nothing vulgar in the face, we are certain; it would be strong, but refined as well, with a starry light in the eyes. As it is, we are without information about his appearance.

He was full of physical vigour, else he could never have travelled as he did from one lurking-place to another. "He laid his heavy hand upon me," one of his intimates writes; it is the solitary hint allowed us of his build and bearing. If we may construct Hercules from his foot, we may perhaps picture Alexander Peden from his "heavy hand"; and then we shall see a giant in body whom God had fitted to endure much toilsomeness and pain. But not less was he a giant in soul.

In much tribulation he began the race which was to be run through thickets of brier to the end. When he was schoolmaster and precentor in Tarbolton, a young woman charged him with having done her grievous wrong. The accusation was false; and his innocence was proved as if by a miracle, on the very day when he was about to be excommunicated from the Church. But the anguish of the experience was terrible, and it left its scar on a nature more trustful and friendly than most. Soon, however, the keenness of the wound was healed; and nothing, not even this, soured Peden, or made him ascetic, or dried up the bubbling fountain of his cheerfulness. He never had wife and bairns, but there was no vow of celibacy, as imaginative writers have surmised; out in his wildernesses he maintained his fresh and limitless interest in his fellow-men.

The *Diary* of Andrew Hay of Craignethan, a fragment of autobiography which the Scottish History Society has published, gives us a peep at the schoolmaster in the process of admission to the ranks of the ministry. Hay was a landlord in Clydesdale, of considerable social influence, bearing a name honoured for godliness and worth, and endowed with a wide culture; he was acquainted with French and Italian

and Dutch, and had possessed himself of a Hebrew Grammar, that he might gain some understanding of the language in which the Old Testament was written. In 1659 he was a member of the Presbytery of Biggar and Lanark; and before this court Peden appeared on trial for license. No fewer than five times, Andrew Hay relates, he was subjected to examination. In those days ecclesiastical judges erred surely not on the side of indulgence but on that of severity. The learned elder was himself disposed at first to be critical, as one of his entries testifies: "25th August 1659.—About eleven a'cloak, I went in to the Presbrie, and heard Mr. Alexr. Pathen have a common head in Latin, *De cultu divino,* which was prettie weell composed, but not weell delivered." But this is the sole depreciatory comment. A month later, the diarist notes with satisfaction the chief points in a sermon of Peden's on the imprisonment of the Apostles: "Obs. 1. That sometimes the Lord maks His enemys first earand-bearers of His people's delivery. 2. That wicked men leav no means unessayed to embitter the lot of the righteous. 3. That ordinarly the Lord disappoints enemyes, when they think themselves most sikker. 4. That it's a hard thing to bear home the conviction of a disappointment on the wicked. 5. That the wicked are so blind as they cannot see the palpable proofes of God's power. 6. That God whyles trysts His people's deliverance with impossibilities." They were theoretical truths which were afterwards to have abundant illustration in the sorrows and succours of him who uttered them. By slow degrees the student exhausted the numerous exercises prescribed to him, until at length he was ready for the official recognition which he craved. Late in the same year of 1659, or early in the next year, came the preacher's ordination. New Luce in

ALEXANDER PEDEN'S BIBLE.

Galloway was his parish, a parish solitary and pastoral and still, in a land of glens and hills. Through the village the little river of the Luce runs on its journey to the Bay, not many miles below. One grieves over the degeneracy of to-day. "If you met a mixed company in the King's Arms at Wigtown," Mr. Stevenson says, "it is not likely that the talk would run on Covenanters. Nay, at Muirkirk of Glenluce, I found the beadle's wife had not so much as heard of Prophet Peden." It was a blameworthy ignorance.

But the New Luce ministry was brief. Peden succeeded in prolonging it for a few months after Middleton's Ejectment Act came into force; but in 1663 he had to go. His last Sabbath was one which the youngest parishioner, even when he was a white-headed veteran, could not forget. Night had fallen before the minister left the church; the people clung to him, eager to keep him still. Every little while they broke into sobs; although he was himself shaken to the core of his being, he entreated them to be calm. At last he opened the door of the pulpit, and, having passed through it, closed it fast behind him; and, knocking on the pulpit very hard with his Bible three times, he repeated thrice these words: "In my Master's name I arrest thee, that none ever enter thee but such as enter as I have done, by the door!" The hireling must not stand where the true shepherd had stood, whose voice the flock knew and whom they followed. And so, indeed, it happened; because none of the curates and no minister who had accepted the Indulgence ever spoke from the place where Alexander Peden had published Christ's warnings and welcomes. Not for thirty years was the arrest lifted and the door re-opened. Then, in 1693, when the Revolution was fairly established, William Kyle was ordained in New

Luce, and took up the prophet's mantle, and in humbler fashion proclaimed the self-same message.

It is after his expulsion that Peden's romance commences. He is chief and monarch of those wandering heralds of God to whom, in that era of death and silence, the country owed the deepest debt. For three-and-twenty years the mountains and moors were his haunts ; we pant in vain after his unresting footsteps. If we look out from the vantage-ground of his native county of Ayr, sometimes he is north in Lanarkshire or Renfrewshire or Linlithgowshire, sometimes south in Dumfries or Kirkcudbright or Wigtown. Here he is remembered by a grotto, which is Peden's Cave ; and here by a rock, which is Peden's Pulpit ; and there by a shaded hollow, which is Peden's Bed. One of his friends, James Nisbet of Hardhill, son of him round whom such agonies gathered in the Killing Time, has drawn up an inventory of his own retreats, the scenes of his dangers and deliverances ; and the minister's catalogue would have been longer still. "The Lord's watchful providence," Nisbet narrates, "prevented me losing my life at all the following places—namely, when amongst the hurry of the enemy's cruel searches at my father's house of Hardhill, at the Bennet Hill, at Gelt Hill, at Garclagh Hill, at the Castle of Kyle, at Dornal, at Corsancone Hill, at Greenock Mains, at Cargilloch, at Wallaceton, at Cubb's Craigs, at Barlonochie, at the Heilsh Wood, at Hairstocks, at Carnduff Hill, at Friarmidden Moor, at Spango Glen, at Hoggan Burn, at Cairnscamb, at Leadloch, at Crossford, at Middton, at Burnhouse, and at Loudoun Wood." There is a wealth of movement and risk and rescue in a Covenanting hero's life.

And then Peden's adventures—how various ! how significant of his dauntlessness and mother-wit and

unstaggering trust! Once he showed a party of the enemy's horse the way to the ford. "You might have sent the lad," a friend expostulated. "No!" he retorted, "they would have asked questions at the lad, and he might have fainted and discovered us." Once, over among the glens of Antrim, he was pinched by hunger. He hired himself to a farmer to thresh his corn. The work was well done, and at night he had a comfortable bed in the barn. But in the dark and in the day, as his fellow-servant reported, the stranger was continually praying for the afflicted Church of Scotland, "naming a great many people who were in a furnace." So he had to confess his identity, and was received into the house as an honoured guest, and was a blessed instrument in the conversion of some of the neighbours and the civilising of others. Once, in the spring, when the rivers were big with melting snow, the troopers pursued him fast and close. Into a flood, where the current ran strong, and where it seemed that nobody could live, he plunged with his horse. The dragoons drew bridle, and watched; they did not dare to follow. He guided the horse skilfully to the farther side. Then, turning in his saddle, he saluted his baffled antagonists. "Lads," he cried, with the gleam of fun in his looks, "ye want my boat for crossing waters, and will certainly drown." But, as he galloped away, his accents were serious and wistful: "Consider where your landing would be. Ye are fighting for the devil, and riding post to him. O think of it!" Many a time the mist shrouded him, at the crisis when his capture appeared inevitable. "Cast the lap of Thy cloak," he would pray in touching anthropomorphisms —"cast the lap of Thy cloak, Lord, over puir auld Sandy"; and God covered His child with His pinions, and under His wings His servant found refuge. No

wonder that an intense reality rang through his thanksgivings. Early on a certain morning, after sleeping with some others in a sheepcote, he took a walk along the margin of the stream which rippled through the moor. He was absent some time. When he returned, he saluted his associates with that bracing verse of the 32nd Psalm—

> Thou art my hiding-place; Thou shalt
> From trouble keep me free,

adding, in his picturesque dialect, "These and the following are sweet lines. I got them at the burnside; I will get more to-morrow; and so we shall have daily provision, and go on in His strength." Mr. Meredith writes of the men whom he loves, that "their aspect is an enlivenment, whatever may be the carving of their features": and the sentence may be snatched from its context and appropriated to "savoury Mr. Peden." His cheerfulness made others cheerful. His might have been the motto of another Covenanter, *Sub pondere cresco*—I grow, and aspire, and prosper, under the loads meant to drag me down.

Yet he did not always escape the snares so assiduously laid. Proscribed after Pentland, though he had left the insurgents before the decisive moment, he was captured in June 1673, when he was holding a conventicle at Knockdow, between Ballantrae and Colmonell, in one of the pleasantest bits of southern Ayrshire. Brought before the Privy Council, he was consigned to prison on the Bass, to remain there for four years and three months; and then, for fifteen months more, the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, that "grave for men alive," shut him in. Confinement had its special irksomeness for one whose life had been so unfettered; but he did not murmur. We have a letter written from the Bass to Patrick Simpson, minister

of Kilmacolm, who had sent him some gifts gathered by friends—a letter full of dignity and delicacy. He thanks the benefactors for their kindly dealings with him, "unworthy of bonds and most unworthy to be remembered in bonds." He portrays the sorrows of a captive: "We are close shut up in our chambers; not permitted to converse, diet, worship together; but conducted out by two at once in the day, to breathe in the open air; envying, with reverence, the birds their freedom, provoking and calling on us to bless Him for the most common mercies. Again we are close shut up, day and night, to hear only the sighs and groans of our fellow-prisoners." But there is no loss of faith. "He knows wherefore we are reserved and what is appointed for us, Who out of the eater brings forth meat. When darkest, it will be light; and most care, least care. O for grace to credit Him, hitherto never cumbersome, and His Cross, in whatever piece of service, in bonds or freedom, He cuts out!" One does not find Alexander Peden sojourning of his own will in a land of sand and thorns.

In December 1678 he was out of the Tolbooth, to enter on fresh experiences of trouble. With sixty others he was sentenced to banishment. They were put on board a vessel in Leith Roads, to be conveyed to America. But he assured his brothers in the kingdom and patience of Christ that "the ship was not built that would bear them over the sea to any of the Plantations"; and thus, in fact, it turned out. For in London they were all liberated, perhaps because Lord Shaftesbury was courting the goodwill of the Presbyterians. Peden made his way gradually back to Scotland; and, for the seven years of conflict that remained, he divided his ministry between his native country and the north of Ireland, going, as he phrased it,

"from the one bloody land to the other bloody land."

If we have no portrait of the man, his friend, Sergeant Nisbet, has limned the likeness of the preacher. "Such," the Sergeant says, "was the weighty and convincing majesty that accompanied what he spoke, that it obliged the hearers both to love and fear him. I observed that, between every sentence, he paused a little, as if he had been hearkening what the Lord would say unto him, or listening to some secret whisper. And sometimes he would start, as if he had seen some surprising sight." The vivid words bring the weather-worn prophet before our eyes; and we are beholders of his native kingliness, of the awe and the affection he inspires, of his pauses and sudden starts, of his most brotherly familiarity with his Lord. Such a man was certain to be credited with supernatural powers; and, because his commerce with the Throne was unbroken and his discernment of men was shrewd and clear, the ascription was not wholly foolish. Often his forecasts were simply the convictions to which he had been led by a keen observation and an alert wisdom; Norna of the Fitful Head, if she had shared his sympathies, would have predicted as he did that, at Rullion Green and at Bothwell, the saints should be "broken, killed, taken, and fled." And if, here and there, the premonitions and presentiments are more inexplicable, what can we do but fall back on the axiom, as true in Britain as in Israel, that *the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them His covenant*? Peden was the friend of God, and therefore the thin veil which hides the future became sometimes more transparent and diaphanous.

As Nisbet hints, he could mount in preaching to great heights—rugged, to be sure, but sublime and

solemn. In one sermon he spoke of the living who yet are dead ; for " when God comes to call the roll of Scotland He shall find many blanks—dead ministers, dead professors, dead men and women though going upon their feet." He instanced different classes of the pulseless, bloodless, soulless folk. There are those who " are plunging in the world," and who excuse themselves by the plea that they must labour for their livelihood. " O sirs," he cried, " will ye trust God and give Him credit ? If so, He will help you at all your work. I will tell you what He would do for you. He would plough your land, sow your corn, shear your corn, sell your corn, and bring home your money. He will even, as it were, rock the cradle, if it were necessary, for you. He will condescend as low as ye desire Him." Then there are the others who have a religious profession but no inward holiness. " I fear Christ hath quitted many of you," their monitor said, " and given you the farewell clap upon the heart, and He will reprove you no more " ; and can there be an exodus more grievous ? Peden could not speak without expressing himself in sentences full of piquancy. " For you," he declared, " the poor broken-hearted followers of Christ, to whom He hath given grace to follow Him in the storm, I tell you, Grace is young Glory." Or what better delineation of the Church can we conceive than this ?—" Where is the Church of God in Scotland at this day ? It is not amongst the great clergy. I will tell you where the Church is. It is wherever a praying young man or young woman is at a dykeside in Scotland : that's where the Church is." Or again, he would encourage his hearers to talk face to face with Christ : " If there be one of you, He will be the Second. If there be two, He will be the Third. Ye shall never want company." Frequently he drew his illustrations

from what he had himself seen. "There was a poor widow in Clydesdale as I came through, that was worth many of you put together. She was asked how she did in this evil time. 'I do very well,' says she; 'I get more good of one verse of the Bible now than I did of it all lang syne. He hath cast me the keys of the pantry-door, and bidden me take my fill.' Was not that a Christian indeed?" It was no marvel that men listened to such an interpreter of the secrets of heaven.

But, as the sands of life ran out in the hour-glass, and as the thunder-clouds massed themselves threateningly over the country, it was more difficult to persuade him to expound his Lord's message. A time had come, he thought, when ministers and people must dedicate their strength solely to pleading and entreaty; they must take no rest and give God no rest. So, when they begged him still to be their teacher, he would answer, "It is praying folk alone that will get through the storm." "O John!" he said, as he laid his heavy hand on John Clerk of Muirbrook in Carrick, "there shall be dark days, such as the poor Church of Scotland never saw the like, nor ever shall see if once they were over. If a poor thing should go from the East seabank to the West seabank, seeking one to whom they might communicate their case, or that would tell them the mind of the Lord, he shall not find one. Many a conventicle has God had in thee, O Scotland! but erelong God will hold a conventicle that will make Scotland tremble. He sent forth faithful messengers to preach to thee; but erelong He shall preach to thee by fire and sword. Yet"—for Peden was an inveterate hoper, and always he saw "a rose bud in the distant East"—"yet, John, the Church shall arise from her grave; and, at the crack of her winding-sheet, as many as had a hand in her burial shall be distracted

with fear. Then shall there be brave days for the Church, and she shall come forth with a bonny bairn-time at her back. O John! I shall not see these days; but you may." *A bonny bairn-time:* it is a tender metaphor. If the prophet was without little ones of his own, he had glimpses of the heaven which lies about the infants, and he knew nothing so fair and good as that the boys and girls should find their hearth and schoolroom and playground in the Jerusalem which he loved with all the passion of his soul.

In truth, there was no gentler heart. Let one story prove the sweetness of his temper. It was an age when faith in witchcraft was rife, and when, in the courts of law no less than in the ruder tribunals of the country-side, cruelties well-nigh unbelievable were inflicted on poor creatures suspected of necromancy and the evil eye. But Peden chose the better way. Once, when he was addressing a crowd, an old woman, with a name for everything uncanny, sat before him. He went to her, and, placing his two hands on her head, "I offer Christ to thee," he said in tones authoritative and kind. She had a bad master, he told her, and she would never "make a bawbee of him"; why not, then and there, renounce the devil's service, and turn to the Master Whom it was the preacher's joy to obey? And the witch-wife did as he bade; and from that day the neighbours saw the change; and years after, when she waited for death, she "expressed her great thankfulness that she had the good fortune to hear Mr. Peden." To her, in her ignorance and peril, he was the mouthpiece of the King of Love.

Gladly would the Cameronians have enrolled "auld Sandy" among the captains of their tenacious soldiery. But, though his beliefs and theirs were akin, he never allied himself with them. Probably their rule was

somewhat too rigid for his larger catholicity. Yet he honoured the men who were ardent to root every doubtful plant, darnel or poppy or mustard, from the cornfields of Jesus Christ; he saw in them the truest of his spiritual brothers. For a while, indeed, there was variance between him and young James Renwick. They differed in their estimates of the Earl of Argyll's ill-omened expedition, Peden welcoming a movement whose aim was to drive a Popish king from the throne, while to Renwick the enterprise seemed too exclusively political and secular. They stood apart, these leaders in one army. But, when the call came to the older man to pass within the veil, he purged mind and heart from every shred of bitterness. He sent for Renwick, who hastened to his side at once, finding him "in very low circumstances, with few to take care of him; for seldom had he unclothed himself these years, or gone to bed." Tears mount to the eyes as we read what followed. When the boy of twenty-three entered, Peden raised himself on his elbow, and looked at him. "Sir," he asked, "are ye the Mr. James Renwick that there is so much noise about?" "Father," the other answered, "my name is James Renwick; but I have given the world no ground to make any noise about me, for I have espoused no new principle or practice, but what our Reformers and Covenanters maintained." "Well, sir," commanded the dying man, "turn about your back." It was done. "I think your legs too small and your shoulders too narrow to take on the whole Church of Scotland. Sit down, sir, and give me an account of your conversion and of your call to the ministry, and the grounds of your taking such singular courses in withdrawing from all other ministers." Renwick told the sacred story—how from his childhood the Lord's voice had spoken with him; how on

three successive mornings, in a retired place in the King's Park, which he used to frequent before he went abroad, he got very signal confirmations of his call to the ministry; what his reasons were for contending against tyranny and defections, and for keeping up an active testimony against all the evils of the day. And, when he ceased, Peden said, "Ye have answered me to my soul's satisfaction, and I am very sorry that I should have believed any ill reports of you. But, sir, ere you go you must pray for me; for I am old and going to leave the world." Then Renwick, "with more than ordinary enlargement," poured out his soul for the travel-worn pilgrim whose course was almost finished. The prayer ended, Peden took him by the hand, and drew him towards himself, and kissed him. "Sir," he said, his last suspicions scattered, "I find you a faithful servant to your Master. Go on in a single dependence on the Lord, and ye shall win honestly through and cleanly off the stage." And now it was his turn to pray; and he pleaded that God might spirit, strengthen, support, and comfort young James Renwick in all duties and difficulties. Was there ever a lovelier peacemaking? We rejoice that it was enacted on this side of death, before Peden and Renwick reached that desirable country where, as Francis Quarles puts it, "Martha's reconciled to Mary."

When he felt that the end was very near, Alexander Peden crept back to the old home at Auchincloich. But even then there was no rest for him; the Government kept up its constant search. He left the house, and hid himself in a cave close at hand. Sometimes he would say, "Carry me to Ayrsmoss, and bury me beside Ritchie, that I may have quiet in my grave; for I have had little in my life." But instantly he would add, the prophet's vision unscaling his sight

once more, that it mattered nothing where his body might be laid, because it would immediately be lifted again. And so it actually was. He died in January 1686, no more than sixty years old, exhausted by his countless privations. As soon as he was gone, the Boswells of Auchinleck, anxious to guard from insult what remained of their friend, caused his bones to be interred secretly in their own family vault. But the soldiers discovered the gracious deed, and rifled the tomb of its prey. Up to the hill above Cumnock they took the body, and there, in spite of every remonstrance, they suspended it on the gibbet. When it was cut down, it was buried afresh in contempt, like a criminal's, at the foot of the gallows-tree. In death as in life, Peden was dowered alike with the love of love and with the scorn of scorn.

But see how God avenges His own elect! Until these waning years of the seventeenth century the churchyard of Cumnock had been in the village below. But now men and women began to carry their "unforgotten dearest dead" out to the Hill of Reproach, that they might sleep the sufficient sleep by the side of Alexander Peden. Little by little the place became the hallowed graveyard of the town; and, as Professor Veitch sings,

> Hearts were drawn to the saint lifted up,
> Christlike in the glory of shame.

He does not lie alone to-day, that part of him which was mortal and corruptible. Round him on every side he has his own friends of the West Country.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

DUNNOTTAR AND THE BASS.

NEAR Stonehaven, on a huge mass of conglomerate rock which rises from the restless waters of the North Sea to a height of almost 160 feet, stand the ruins of Dunnottar Castle. The great keep had a lively history in the years when it was still roofed and inhabited, as he knows who has read Dr. John Longmuir's wise little book. Here, however, we are concerned with but one of its chambers—a chamber whose four walls, in King James's time, were witnesses of many cruelties and wrongs. The Whigs' Vault is about fifty-five feet long, fifteen and a half feet broad, and twelve feet high. It has two tiny windows, which used to be secured by strong iron bars. Cut in the stone of the walls, at an elevation which removes them to more than the height of the tallest man from the ground, are a number of horizontal niches. These have their memories of anguish and brutality. For the keepers, in the black months of which we are thinking, would force into them the hands of refractory prisoners; and there the unfortunates hung, sustaining the whole weight of their bodies, until it pleased the iron gaoler to set them free.

In eleven weeks, in the summer of 1685, the Whigs' Vault in Dunnottar was the beholder of sufferings which were more painful, and tyrannies which were less defensible, than those which the fortress of a

feudal baron has seen in its long lifetime of despotism and unrighteousness.

These were the days when the authorities in London and Edinburgh were apprehensive that Argyll, and the ships and men he was bringing from Holland, might work grievous mischief, and might cause them a world of trouble. It was not politic, they told themselves, to keep so many fiery-hearted Covenanters massed together in the Tolbooths in the High Street and the Canongate. On Monday, the 18th of May, they hurried the captives down to Leith, to lie overnight in open boats, and to be ferried at daybreak next morning across the Firth to Burntisland. Dr. Hay Fleming, who is student and lover of each pin and cord and tassel in the tabernacle of the Covenant, has told us that there were in all 224 of these prisoners, and that, after thirty-six men and four women had satisfied the Laird of Gosford at Burntisland that their Presbytery was scarcely of the decisive sort which will make no concessions, and had in consequence been sent back to Edinburgh, there remained 184 whose destination was the vault in Dunnottar. But on the march through Fife and Forfar a few escaped, and, within a short space after their arrival at the woeful ending of their journey, some died. Thus we arrive at that catalogue of 167—of whom forty-five were women and 122 were men—which is preserved in the office of the Sheriff-Clerk of Kincardineshire.

Let us try to conceive the horrors of it. Into the Whigs' Vault all of these men and women were huddled by the Governor of the Castle, George Keith of Whiteridge. It was ankle-deep with mire. It was a cramped cell, where they were without air to breathe and without room to sit down. They were closely confined within it for days. Although some were sick and on

the verge of death, their friends were denied a candle in the dark, to minister to their needs. The provisions allotted them were the coarsest, and for these they were charged an excessive price : the soldiers compelled them to pay even for the cold water which they drank. After a time, forty of their number were transferred to a dungeon underneath the vault itself, a sort of Mamertine Dungeon. It was still worse than the prison they had left. Its inmates had no light except what reached them through a slit in the wall. They might have been dwellers in the grave. Then, after another interval, a real alleviation of their distresses was granted them. The Governor's wife caught a glimpse of their pitiful condition, and her gentler heart was shocked at what she saw. She induced her husband to give the women two rooms which they should have as their own ; and for their brothers in tribulation she contrived to gain a few trifling privileges.

Yet their misery was only a shade less intolerable than it had been. At length twenty-five determined to make the attempt to escape. At the risk of their lives, they let themselves down to the steep rocks overhanging the sea. But fifteen were recaptured : they were so enfeebled by the degradations and pains to which they had been subjected that they could not run for anything but the shortest distance. For them more excruciating agonies were reserved. They were carried to the guard-house, where they were bound and laid on rough low benches. Between the fingers of their hands kindled matches were placed ; and, lest the flame should flicker out, the soldiers, standing round, blew it into an intenser glow. For three long hours the torture was continued ; until William Niven lost one of the fingers of his left hand, and

Alexander Dalgleish died of his wounds and of the inflammation which resulted from them, and others had the bones of their hands reduced to ashes. In Nicholas Ferrar's Story Book—that quaint manual of interludes and discourses and dialogues recited in the Great Room at Little Gidding fifty years before the terrible wrongs of Dunnottar—there is the tale of Theodorus, a youth of Julian the Apostate's day, who for singing psalms was by the Emperor's command tormented from morning to noon. Afterwards he was asked how he had endured sufferings so great with constancy and cheerfulness. "I wanted not the sence of Paine," he said, "but there stood by mee a Young Man, that ever and anon with a fine Linen wiped away the sweat, and sprinkled my body with a most cold water, whereby not only the heat and the smart of the stripes and wounds was mitigated, but I was so refreshed and delighted as, when I was taken down from the Engine of torment, it grieved me more than before." Niven and Dalgleish and the rest had, surely, the presence of the divine Young Man—Him at Whom the Jews hurled the taunt, *Thou art not yet fifty years old.* In their later age, they were able to repeat the ancient victory of Theodorus.

Many of their companions in tribulation are worth remembering. There was John Fraser, for example. From 1678 to the end of 1684 he had been the associate of Alexander Shields in London, helping him in his ministry to the Scots who had fled to the shelter of the great city from the troubles at home. On one of their meetings the King's soldiers broke in, and most of the worshippers were seized and fettered, Shields and Fraser in the number. Those who had been brothers in toil, and now were brothers in trial, were, however, to be separated in captivity, for, while Shields was sent

DUNNOTTAR CASTLE.

to the Bass, Fraser became one of the inmates of the Whigs' Vault. He was among the forty transferred after a time to the deeper midnight of the dungeon below, where he contracted weaknesses and pains that never quite left him through his subsequent years. And yet he had a long and useful service still to fulfil on Christ's behalf and the Kirk's, because it was not until 1711 that he died in his Ross-shire manse at Alness. With him we may link William McMillan, a preacher from Galloway, who for many a day had been familiar with prison-cells and indignities. Before Bothwell Brig, having been apprehended on account of his assiduity in conducting the meetings in the fields, he had lain in durance through three summers and winters; and, after the Covenanting rout, the stone walls of many gaols—Dumfries and Wigtown and Edinburgh—shut him in. Now he made acquaintance with Dunnottar, although there his health was so precarious that some little relaxation of its agonies had perforce to be granted him. And the time would fail to tell of William Hannah from the parish of Tundergarth, and William Campbell from Middlewelwood in Ayrshire, and James Forsyth of Lochmaben, and Robert Goodwin of Glasgow, and Quintin Dick of Dalmellington. They had their sisters in sorrow, in courage, and in honour—Euphan Threpland, and Agnes Harestanes, and Jean Moffat, and Janet Fumerton, each of whom knew that "port of rest" which Samuel Daniel commended to the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, "a heart prepar'd that fears no ill to come."

But Patrick Walker, the biographer of the Men of the Covenant, is perhaps the best-known among the confessors of Dunnottar. It is he who has preserved for us the wonderful letter which Peden, in one of the

weeks of July, sent him and his fellows, a letter of richest comfort couched in homeliest words. "If ye think Christ's house be bare and ill-provided, harder than ye looked for, assure yourselves Christ minds only to diet you and not to hunger you; our Steward kens when to spend and when to spare." . . . "Grace and glory comes out of Christ's lucky hand." . . . "He's the easiest Merchant ever the people of God yoked with; if ye be pleased with the wares, what of His graces makes best for you, He and ye will soon sort on the price; He'll sell good cheap, that ye may speir for His shop again, and He draws all the sale to Himself." . . . "Now, when it is come to your door either to sin or suffer, I counsel you to lay your count with suffering; for an outgate coming out of any other airt will be prejudicial to your souls' interest." . . . "There shall not be a pin in all your graces, but God shall know whether it be crooked or even; He will never halt until He be at the bottom of men's hearts." . . . "I defy the world to steal a lamb out of Christ's flock unmissed; what is wanting at the last Day of Judgment, Christ must make them all up." . . . "Christ deals tenderly with His young plants, and waters them oft, lest they go back; be painful, and lose not life for the seeking. Grace, mercy, and peace be with you." These are among the Cardiphonia of an epistle as sweet and strong as that which St. Peter sent to the Strangers of the Dispersion, when they marvelled at the fiery trial which tried them.

After the brief blaze of Argyll's insurrection had exhausted itself, the prisoners of Dunnottar were released. At Leith they were offered the Oath of Allegiance, and thirty men and seven women, their spirit gone after treading such a Dolorous Way, repeated the subservient sentences. But the majority,

"stooping into a dark tremendous sea of cloud," did as Paracelsus did—"pressed God's lamp close to their breasts." They refused to conform. They were sent away, in a ship which scarcely had turned Land's End before a fatal fever broke out on board, to the King's Plantations on the American continent.

The reader of *Catriona* is well acquaint with Andie Dale, the Prefect of the Bass, as David Balfour jocularly called him, the shepherd and the gamekeeper of that small and rich estate. "Ay," Andie would say, "it's an unco place, the Bass"; and the untranslatable Scots adjective, his whilom captive felt, was the only one to describe the Plutonic stronghold on which he found himself detained. "It was an unco place by night, unco by day; and these were unco sounds, of the calling of the solans, and the plash of the sea and the rock echoes, that hung continually in our ears." There were Covenanters who had an experimental knowledge of the "unco place." From 1673 to 1687 some of their number were always there. Lauderdale had bought it, for the exorbitant sum of £4000 sterling, from Sir Andrew Ramsay, the Provost of Edinburgh, and had transmuted it into a state prison. To its dreariness and isolation, for periods which ranged from a few months to more than six years, the Privy Council sent nine-and-thirty of the troublesome soldiers of the Kirk.

One of them, James Fraser of Brea, delineates the rock as he saw it between the January of 1677 and the July of 1679. In stormy weather, he tells us, it is girt about with the thunders and reverberations of the waves, which will toss themselves up to the fortress and pour into the court in front of the prisoners' chambers. Round the whole circumference, which

is some three-quarters of a mile, there is but one place of landing: every other front is too high and too steep. And you must have a full sea when you land; for, if the tide is at the ebb, you will need to climb on hands and knees up the artificial steps—steps, each of which is so distant from its neighbour that, now and then, you must get the help of some one above you. On the south side stands the Governor's house; and, a little higher, one comes to the gaol and the quarters for the garrison. From these, by windings cut in the crag, there is a path which mounts to the summit. It will repay you to make the ascent, because on the top various pleasant things are to be found. There is grass sufficient to feed twenty or twenty-four sheep, which are there very fat and good. There is a garden too, where herbs grow, and, among the herbs, a few cherry trees, the fruit of which Fraser had several times tasted; and, just beneath the garden, a chapel for divine service—but, alas! the soldiers have profaned the house of prayer into a magazine for the storing of their ammunition. In these uppermost parts, moreover, the visitor discovers sundry walks. Of necessity, they are tantalisingly short: threescore feet in length they may claim to have, but no more. Yet the caged men in those dark and narrow dungeons below are glad when they are permitted to seek them out. There they can be solitary, musers and talkers with God, who meantime are not interrupted by the coarsenesses and mockeries of their keepers: there, indeed, they are able to entertain themselves. A strong place the Bass is, as well as an "unco" one. On its southern face cannon are planted; but on its other aspects it is sufficiently defended by nature, so huge is it in its height and so frowning in its looks. Two dozen warriors, if they are courageous, James Fraser thinks, will defend

it against millions of men ; and, in fine, it is only expugnable by hunger.

The good man, according to his wont, makes the best of his unlovely prison ; of the martyrs it has been written that " he who lies broyling on a Gridiron in others' eies lies in his owne Conceit upon a Bed of Pleasure." But incarceration on the Bass was far from being a holiday experience. Some of the cells had only one small window, and it was placed at such a height above the floor that the occupants could see neither earth nor sky. Others of them looked out upon nothing but a stone pavement between two rigid walls ; and up and down this pavement the sentry paced, watching the movements of his cribbed and cabined victims. In the winter the rooms were many a time full of smoke, so dense that it threatened to suffocate those who were condemned to live under its inky pall. And, here and there, there was a Black Hole yet loathsomer and more frightful than its companions, as Thomas Hog of Kiltearn knew. In his dungeon serious illness overtook him, and he petitioned the Council to give him his freedom. Some of its members were disposed to grant the prayer ; but Sharp said No, protesting that Hog could do them more hurt sitting in his elbow-chair than twenty others could by travelling through the country, and that, if there was one place on the Bass hatefuller than another, he ought to be consigned to it. That was the Archbishop's sentence ; and, when the prisoner heard it, he declared that it was as severe as if Satan had been the penman. So they dragged him down by a subterranean alley to a dismal den, and left him there, in " a hideous cavern, arched overhead, dank and dripping, with an opening towards the sea which dashes within a few feet below." With Thomas Hog the worst had come to the worst.

But then, as in kindred instances of suffering for righteousness' sake, a miracle happened. His sickness disappeared; soon he was perfectly well. When, in subsequent years, he spoke of his Grace of St. Andrews, not a syllable of resentment escaped his lips. "Commend him to me," he would say laughingly, "for a good physician."

In truth, it was the habit of the prisoners on the Bass to esteem their granite walls and iron bars a hermitage. Peden did so, and Major Joseph Learmont, and the Campbells of Cessnock, and Gilbert Rule, and Alexander Shields. Our brave field-preacher, John Blackader, was sent to the loneliness of the cliff in 1681 and died there four and a half years afterwards, every request of his friends for his release proving fruitless; but he moved always in a large place, and his epitaph in North Berwick churchyard assures us that, as an older John had found Pisgah in Patmos, so "no chains could bind his heaven-aspiring soul." Or let us hearken to John M'Gilligen, the minister of Fodderty. "Since I was a prisoner," he writes, "I dwelt at ease and lived securely. The upper springs flowed liberally when the nether springs were embittered; and I have had the experience of that saying, *Tanta est dulcedo cœlestis gaudii ut, si una guttula defflueret in infernum, totam amaritudinem inferni absorberet*": a saying which is a veritable trumpet-call and pæan of victory—"Such is the sweetness of Heaven's delight that, if one little drop of it were to flow down into hell, it must vanquish all hell's gall and wormwood," transfiguring this Marah of Marahs into an Elim where we may have "rest beneath the palm tree and joy beside the well." Thomas Ross, taken from his Morayshire parish to the rigorous crag, survived his release for only a few months; but he, also, had nothing except a psalm of praise on

his lips. "I am persuaded," he said, "and my soul has been triumphing these three years bypast in seeing that the delivery of the Church and people of God is coming." "I assure you," he sang, as he passed from earth to heaven, "there is neither rock nor mountain between me and Christ." Or here is Robert Trail, son of the minister of Greyfriars who went with James Guthrie to interview the Marquis of Montrose, ere the fearless soldier met his doom. Robert Trail's sojourn on the Bass was shorter than that of his comrades; he seems to have had friends with influence sufficient to procure his liberation. But, during his two months there, he learned much of that familiarity with the Throne of Grace which he was to describe in later years with such pleasantness and power as to make Ebenezer Erskine his confessed and thankful debtor. On a Saturday in 1721, about twelve of the day, the founder of the Secession wrote in his Diary that all the forenoon he had been studying Mr. Trail's exposition of the verse in the Hebrews, *Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need.* "I bless the Lord," he added, "Who directed that honest man to preach and write on this subject; and I bless the Lord That brought his book to my hand. I read some of it with tears of joy." And as for Fraser of Brea, no persecution could make his heart bankrupt or could lessen his fruit-bearing. "Every day," he records, "I read the Scriptures, exhorted and taught therefrom, did sing psalms, and prayed with such of our society as our masters did permit to worship God together, and this two times a day. I studied Hebrew and Greek, and gained some knowledge in these Oriental languages. I likewise read some divinity, and wrote a Treatise of Faith, with some other miscellanies,

and letters to Christian friends and relations." He could scarcely have done more if he had been at home in his northern manse.

Silvio Pellico, in the narrative of his imprisonment, pictures a dungeon in Milan, on the walls of which he read the legends inscribed by those who had tenanted the chamber before him. Some were mere names and dates; some, rude and degrading sketches; some, sentiments of resignation and religion; some, scoffing atheism. Those Covenanters who sojourned in the old keep on the Bass Rock, with the surging and sobbing sea beating round them, left in their cheerless rooms only the high tradition of fortitude and godliness.

MONUMENT TO JAMES RENWICK, MONIAIVE.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HE WAS OF OLD KNOX'S PRINCIPLES.

IF James Renwick was not absolutely the last of the Scottish martyrs—for in the Ayrshire fields, George Boyd, a boy of sixteen, was shot in the summer of 1688—he was the last who died a public and judicial death in the cause of the Covenant. The roll of witnesses, whose testimony was sealed with blood, could not have had a nobler ending and colophon. The very letters of his name seemed full of spiritual significance to those who loved him, and who mourned when he was torn from their head. "I am Christ's Meek Servant," or else, "Mine Marck is *Ever the Same*" —these were the halting anagrams which they elicited from "Master James Rhenvick." The art was forced and defective; but the reverence was limitless. He was their dearest, kingliest, best, whom the scaffold had taken, and their cup of sorrow overflowed.

Renwick was born in Nithsdale, in the village of Moniaive, in February 1662. His parents had little worldly wealth, the father being a weaver by trade; but, like other Scottish peasants and toilers, they dedicated their boy from his infancy to the ministry of Christ's Church. In the child's gracious behaviour they began soon to see tokens that their hopes for him were to be amply fulfilled; "by the time he was but Two Years of Age," his biographer, Alexander Shields, says, "he was discerned to be aiming at Prayer,

even in the Cradle and about it." There were other premonitions too — shadows in the Dumfriesshire Nazareth of the Edinburgh Cross. His father, dying when the lad was thirteen, was already firmly persuaded that his son's day of life should be short—short, but eminent and far-shining. Yet it was not without tribulation of soul that young Renwick found himself amongst believing men. He was a student and a graduate of the University of Edinburgh ; and, at college, he had his own agony of intellectual struggle to pass through. For a while he wandered in a labyrinth ; he felt uncertain of the foundation-truths of religion. Once, " being in the Fields and looking to the Mountains, he was so strongly assaulted with Temptations of Atheism that he said, ' If these were all devouring Furnaces of burning Brimstone, I should be content to go through them, if so be that thereby I could be assured that there is a God.' " He could have sympathised with Rutherfurd, who speaks of the sceptical questions with which the good are assailed, and adds in a pregnant parenthesis, *Expertus loquor.* It was through the wilderness that he entered the land flowing with milk and honey. He faced the spectres of the mind, and laid them, and came to find a stronger faith his own. And we, whom the same spectres trouble, are drawn into nearer brotherhood with him, because he had these sharp contendings of spirit, and because the clouds threatened to blot out his Sun.

When peace had returned, and God was firmly enthroned in the citadel of the soul, an incident happened which determined the character of his future. In the July of 1681, in the crowd at the Mercat Cross, he saw Donald Cargill done to death, and the resolution awoke within him that he must take up that torch which the older confessor was compelled to lay down ;

he and no other should be Cargill's son in the faith. Thus we discover him among the Mountain Men, a member of the United Societies, as eager as any of their ranks for the battle against the tyrannies of the time. It was they who sent him to Holland, to Rotterdam and Groningen and Leeuwarden, that he might complete the studies which were preparing him for the office of preacher. There, when he was twenty-one, he was ordained to the high and precarious calling; and in the summer of 1683 he was again in his own country, the "rendezvous of hell" and yet the gate of heaven. How he had longed, during his temporary exile, for the hour of home-going! "O, mind sweet Scotland!" he wrote to one correspondent; and to another, "I am not a little sorrowful at the very heart that I am not in Scotland, for nothing that ever I was trysted with was such an exercise to me as my being detained out of it is"; and, on still another occasion, "I think that if the Lord could be tied to any place, it is to the moors and mosses in Scotland." The fire of the patriot leaped and flamed within James Renwick.

In November 1683, at Darmead in the parish of Cambusnethan, he preached his first sermon, out under the open sky, to a great congregation. Of set purpose he selected for his text the passage from which Donald Cargill had spoken last: was he not unfurling anew the standard which had fallen from the veteran's hand? It was the invitation of the Book of Isaiah, the heavenly call to a perplexed and tortured Church to confide in the guardianship of God: *Come, My people, enter thou into thy chambers and shut thy doors about thee; hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast.* If any one imagines that Renwick was merely an ecclesiastic and a controversialist and a man of war, he needs but to read this sermon in order to be disabused of the error.

It is full of evangelical tenderness and fervour. The intense desire to make his hearers acquainted with the living Saviour governs and illuminates and quickens its pleading sentences. The preacher lingers over the opening word of the verse, the word which Christ never tired addressing to labouring and heavy-laden men : "We must proclaim this word *Come* to you as long as you are here, until you be transplanted out of your spiritual warfare into celestial triumph. O sirs, come, come ! Ask what you will, and He will give it. O, come, come ! " A century and a half after the Cameronian's day, over in Würtemberg, another young spokesman of the Crucified Lord carried the same message to his countrymen. He was but five years older than Renwick when he finished his course ; but, as in the case of the Covenanter, the effect of his teaching was wonderful. People flocked from distances of twelve and sixteen miles to listen, and under his spiritual power their heads were bent involuntarily, so that the congregation resembled a cornfield with the grain bowing beneath the sweep of the wind. "I have but one sermon," he said : "Come, sinners, and look on Christ. I preach the Lamb that was slain ; that draws hearts—O brothers, that draws hearts ! It is a pity that we have so many words which do not go to Him. But I have found that he who preaches Christ never runs done. We get done with our wisdom, for it is a vessel, and a vessel has a bottom ; but the love of Christ is an abyss, and out of His fulness we receive grace for grace." Ludwig Hofacker and James Renwick were close of kin.

After the conventicle at Darmead there began for Renwick, who was scarcely more than a boy, a life of unremitting effort. In four years' time he was dead ; but into the brief ministry he crowded the

labours of a quarter of a century. He was perpetually preaching; it was the task in which he delighted most. But this was not all. Within twelve months he is said to have baptized more than six hundred children; for fathers and mothers rejoiced to have their little ones introduced to the family of faith by a man behind whom they heard the steps of the divine Master. And he wrote Informatory Vindications, to defend his creed and his comrades and himself from the slanders which were heaped on them. Plainly he did not understand what idleness meant. It has to be remembered, moreover, that he was not physically strong, like Alexander Peden—he had no "heavy hand" to lay on the shoulder of a friend; he was delicate and fragile. In a letter written in the concluding months of his life to Sir Robert Hamilton, we catch a pathetic glimpse of the weakness against which he had to fight. "My business was never so weighty, so multiplied, and so ill to be guided, to my apprehension, as it hath been this year; and my body was never so frail. Excessive travel, night wanderings, unseasonable sleep and diet, and frequent preaching in all seasons of weather, especially in the night, have so debilitated me that I am often incapable for any work. Sometimes I fall into fits of swooning and fainting. When I use means for my recovery, I find it someways effectual; but my desire to the work, and the necessity and importunity of people, prompts me to do more than my natural strength will well allow, and to undertake such toilsome business as casts my body down again. I mention not this through any anxiety, quarrelling, or discontent, but to show you my condition in this respect. I may say that, under all my frailties and distempers, I find great peace and sweetness in reflecting upon the occasion thereof; it is a part of my glory

and joy to bear such infirmities, contracted through my poor and small labour in my Master's vineyard." He makes us think of David Brainerd, riding through the endless woods of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, intent on gathering the Red men into the kingdom of God, all the while that consumption was eating into his frame. Indeed, he makes us think of Jesus Christ, Whom zeal for the Father's house consumed.

His flights and concealments and hairbreadth escapes were thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa. On a July day in 1684 he was travelling, in company with other three, to a meeting. Suddenly they espied two dragoons riding towards them ; but, because at first they saw no more than two, they continued to pursue their own way. As soon as they were within word and shot, the enemy disclosed his real strength. There was a company of over twenty. It was hopeless for four men to contend against such odds, and they turned and fled. Renwick's three companions were captured, although one of them had received eleven wounds before he yielded. But he himself, with the King's soldiers close behind him, galloped to the top of a low hill called Dungavel. When he was almost at the summit, he judged it best to dismount from his horse ; for he was too conspicuous a target for the matchlocks of his antagonists. He threw himself on the green grass, and crept on hands and knees to the shelter of a little cairn that crowned the hill. Behind the cairn, on the farther slope, where for a minute or two he would be concealed from the troopers, he found a pit ; and "it entered into my mind," he says, "that it was ordained of God for hiding me." He lay down within the hollow, ready for whatever the divine will might be, even if a moorland death or a march to the gallows were in store for him. Still the conviction was strong

that the last stage of his journey had not yet arrived. Over and over to himself he repeated the verses of the psalms: this, *Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity,* which he crooned a hundred times; and this, *He shall give His angels charge concerning thee,* a promise which came to his spirit with such conquering force that he lifted his head to see the angels; "but, considering my folly in that particular, I was made to laugh at mine own witlessness." There, in the hole on the hillside, he remained hidden and still until sunset, sometimes praying, sometimes praising, and sometimes weeping over the fate which, he was convinced, had befallen his friends. Then, when he thought that he might venture forth, but yet remembered his ignorance of the country and of the whereabouts of any house which was likely to give him welcome and shelter, he asked God to lead and guide him. And the Father heard the cry of the child; for, after he had tramped about four miles over the heather, he encountered a companion, whom he could trust implicitly, and went with him to his home, and kept a meeting there, although the militia were searching the whole district for the proscribed preacher. "The world is full of miracles," cried John Howe; "we are compassed about with such, and are such." Renwick, himself a constant miracle, moved in a realm where the miraculous was the occurrence of every day. Across the wine-red moors, and up the mountain-slopes, and down the glens, through all those western shires which he described as "flowered with martyrs," the legions of heaven accompanied him as bodyguard and retinue.

Nowhere have we such a revelation of the man himself, in his mingled bravery and gentleness, as in his letters. They may not have the "Oriental fragrancy" of Samuel Rutherfurd's, but they breathe

their own aroma ; if they are not garden roses, they are the violets and hyacinths of the woods. Certainly Renwick shares his forerunner's limitless enthusiasm for Christ. "Though I had ten thousand times ten thousand years," he says in the March of 1684, "yea, the faculty of angels, I could in no ways lay out mine obligations to free grace ; but behoved, when I had babbled my fill, to seal up all with this, *Christ is matchless.*" Two years later, "to the honourable Societies of Strangers at Leeuwarden in Friesland," he breaks out in similar raptures : "They that have been most ravished with His love, and most eloquent in the praise of His comeliness, will see that they have been but, at best, babes learning to speak. O, what shall I say ? He is the wonderful, glorious, and inestimable Jewel ; the incomparable Pearl of price. O, who would not choice Him ? who would not give away themselves to Him ? Let a man look through heaven and earth, and seek a portion where he will, he shall not find the like of Christ." For a Master so supremely good, in a service so desirable, one may greet difficulty and hardship and hostility with smiling face. "O precious Kingdom ! " exclaims our pilgrim along the highroad of the Cross ; "and O noble way that He is taking this day to enlarge it, by stretching out the borders thereof with blood ! His house is a costly house, and it is well worthy of costly cementing." Borne for Him, reproaches become "badges of honour," and is it not "more sweet to be swimming in the swellings of Jordan for Christ than to swelter in the pleasures of sin " ? "Love," Renwick declares, his prose assuming the melodies of poetry, "love is a resolute soldier ; love is an undaunted champion ; love's eye is so much taken up with contemplating the Beloved that it cannot see dangers in the way, but runs blindly upon them,

and yet not blindly, because it knoweth for Whom and for what it so ventureth." The race is beset with toils, as he can testify who maintains it "through many damps and deeps"; but nothing will persuade him and his brothers to forsake it for the path of dalliance and ease. "Our natures would have the way so squared as we might travel without a rub; but it lieth through many a rencounter. We would have it through a valley of roses; but it lieth through a valley of tears. We would have it so as to be travelled sleeping; but it must be travelled waking and watching and fighting. We would have it to be travelled with laughing; but it must be travelled with weeping. But, whatever folks do think, the way is pleasant to the believer, and a sight of the recompense of reward maketh bold to pass through every opposition. If they were possible, ten thousand deaths, ten thousand hells, would seem nothing to a soul who gets a sight of Christ at the other side." The world's most splendid boons cease soon to satisfy a hungering spirit; "the earth is round and the heart of man three-nooked, and therefore this cannot be filled by that." But the poor man who walks with God, even when shadows and tempests are round about Him, fares, summer and winter, through a good land and large: "Away with scrimpit sense, which constructs aye God's heart to be as His face! Faith is a noble thing; it soars high; it can read love in God's heart when His face frowns." James Renwick has learned it from experience. Out on the hills at midnight, "when the curtains of heaven have been drawn," the quietness of all things brings to his mind the deep and silent and inexpressible ocean of joy, in which the whole family of the higher house are everlastingly drowned; each star leading him out to wonder what He must be Who is the Bright and

Morning Star, and Who makes His people to shine as stars in the firmament. And, on such ineffable midnights, would he exchange places with Lord Perth, or Viscount Dundee, or King James in his palace of Whitehall? No, no! "Indeed, if I may term it so, I am much obliged to my enemies; for, though they purpose my misery, yet they are instrumental in covering many a fat table to me; and, while they are pining away in dusk envy and pale fear, I am feeding in peace." They are the beggars, and he is the prince.

For some years the voice of the penman of these beautiful letters was raised alone on behalf of the Covenant; even Peden, as we have seen, dismayed by the excesses of Lag and Earlshall and Claverhouse, had given himself to praying rather than to preaching. On Renwick's head, therefore, the fury of the Government was poured in its fullest flood. "We command and charge all and sundry our lieges and subjects," an edict of the Privy Council runs, which was issued in September 1684, "that they nor none of them presume, nor take upon hand to reset, supply, or intercommune with the said Mr. James Renwick, rebel aforesaid; nor furnish him with meat, drink, house, harbour, victual, nor no other thing useful or comfortable to him; or to have intelligence with him by word, writ, or message, or any other manner of way whatsoever, under the pain of being esteemed art and part with him in the crimes foresaid, and pursued therefor with all rigour to the terror of others. And we hereby require all our sheriffs and other officers to apprehend and commit to prison the person of the said Mr. James Renwick wherever they can find him." It was a pitiless proclamation; but it proves how warmly and how widely the Cameronian preacher was loved that, in spite of its threatenings, he remained

secure from his persecutors for more than three years after it was promulgated. In every part of the Lowlands he could count his leal friends, who were prepared to succour him however the men in authority might rage. The slight, bright-haired stripling, from whose lips the word of God flowed in gentle stream, had twined himself about their hearts ; they would willingly have suffered for him themselves. Sir Robert Stopford, who commanded one of the ships with which Nelson chased to the West Indies a fleet nearly double in number, says in a letter, "We are half-starved and otherwise inconvenienced by being so long out of port, but our reward is that we are with Nelson." It was what numbers of the Covenanters would have said : our reward is that we are with James Renwick. Yet he was misled by no illusions ; day after day he told himself and others that he was marching towards his death. "I think," he wrote to a lady, "we are not yet entered our Jordan ; for though we have come through a miry and thorny wilderness, yet our Jordan is before us, and it will be very deep but it will not be very broad. When the Ark of God enters it, it shall be like to drown ; but it shall suddenly and admirably win to the farther side." His own Jordan was assuredly to be deep, but happily not very broad ; erelong he would stand on its higher banks, the brimming floods breasted and left behind.

In May 1685, with two hundred men surrounding him, he rode into Sanquhar, and affixed to its Market Cross a Declaration couched in terms akin to those of the memorable document which Richard Cameron had fastened to the same spot five years before. In 1686 he was for some weeks in the north of England, preaching in its fields and villages whenever an opportunity was given him. In the wintry days of December

he took part in the General Meeting of the United Societies, at which Alexander Shields was ordained to the ministry. In the springtime of 1687 he and Shields framed and, later in the year, published the *Informatory Vindication.* It is the apology for the stricter party among the Covenanters. It defends them from the charges brought against them, not only by undisguised foes but by those many of whose beliefs were identical with theirs. Especially it explains why they could not own all the ministers of the Kirk—why they felt constrained in conscience to hold aloof from the fellowship of their brethren ; and were not on that account to be denounced as guilty of schism, and of marring needlessly the peace of Jerusalem. The argument is clearly stated and forceful, and yet the pages are not lacking in the celestial grace of charity. For, says Renwick, "we do not look upon all these ministers that we withdraw from, upon more or fewer of the foresaid grounds, to be no ministers, yea or no more ministers of the Church of Scotland, or that their pastoral acts are invalidate or null ; but only that we cannot lawfully embrace them as *our* ministers, and concur with them in the public work, as they are now circumstanced." Through chapter after chapter, compactly welded and carefully reasoned, the book journeys with firm step, until it reaches this characteristic final sentence : "We add no more, but desire that this be taken as the unbosoming of the genuine thoughts, and exhibiting the mind and sentiments, as to the controversies of the present time, of a poor, wasted, wounded, afflicted, bleeding, misrepresented, and reproached Remnant and Handful of suffering people, who desire to throw down what God will throw down, and to build what He will establish when He comes : to Whom be the kingdom and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." He who

wishes to appreciate the ecclesiasticism of James Renwick must mark and digest the *Informatory Vindication.*

But the hour approached when he was to be delivered up. At Peebles, in the end of 1687, he had a narrow escape from capture. In Edinburgh, a month or two later, he was taken. He was lodging in the house of a friend on the Castle Hill, where his voice was overheard in prayer, and recognised. The next morning an attempt was made to arrest him; but, avoiding those who entered the room, he ran down the Castle Wynd to the head of the Cowgate. There he was seized, and given over to the City Guard. When Graham, the captain, saw him, he was astonished. "What!" he said, "is this boy that Mr. Renwick whom the nation has been so troubled with?" Hurried to prison, he fell on his knees, and offered himself freely to God, asking only that the cruelty of his enemies might be so far restrained that they should do nothing more against his body than take his life. He was highly strung and sensitive, and had suffered much from the dread of torture, wondering often whether among the pains of boots and thumbscrews he could continue faithful to the last. His entreaty was answered; on the day before he died he could bear witness, "I have found Christ's Cross sweet and lovely, for I have had many joyful hours and not a fearful thought since I came hither." And when his mother spoke of how she shrank from seeing the head and hands which she had fondled set up in derision on the gates of the town, "You shall never see that," he smiled and assured her; "because I have offered my life to the Lord, and have sought that He will bind them that they may do no more; and I am much persuaded that they shall not be permitted to torture my body,

nor touch one hair of my head further." Already, in the phrase of his great contemporary who wrote *The Saint's Everlasting Rest,* Renwick had the malignant planet Saturn under his feet.

The Privy Council condemned him on three charges : that he refused to acknowledge the King's authority ; that he would not pay cess to His Majesty ; that he counselled his followers to come armed to their meetings —charges the truth of which he admitted at once. They reprieved him for a week after the sentence of death had been passed ; and during its course they tried by every means to shake his constancy, or, at least, to persuade him to apply for pardon and release. But their endeavours were futile ; he had set his face like a flint towards the consummation of his good fight. Once his mother asked him how he was, and he answered, " I am well ; but, since my last examination, I can hardly pray." Then, when he saw her glance of distress, he added, " Being so much taken up with praising, and so ravished with the joy of the Lord."

Those responsible for his execution knew in what odium the crime would involve them ; and, almost to his latest minute, they strove to induce him to furnish them with the pretext for setting him at liberty. But he clung to his consistency rather than to his life. He would part with no fragment of the truth, although there were accents in which at times his message had been uttered that seemed now to his scrupulous conscience over-emphatic and severe. On the morning of the day on which he suffered, he sent his last salutation to Sir Robert Hamilton : " I do still adhere unto the matter of my Testimony," he wrote, " but I think the manner of expression is in some things too tart." Love ruled him to the end—to that death of which

he said that for him it was "as a bed to the weary." At length the drums beat for the guard. "Yonder," he cried with brightening looks, "is the welcome warning to my marriage. The Bridegroom is coming. I am ready! I am ready!" Round the scaffold in the Grassmarket an immense crowd was grouped; but he was permitted to say very little to the people: the rattle of the drums went on through the death-scene. He sang the 103rd Psalm, and read the nineteenth chapter of the Book of the Revelation, and prayed aloud. "By and by," he exclaimed, turning his face upwards to the bleak and wintry skies, "I shall be above those clouds; then I shall enjoy Thee and glorify Thee without intermission for ever." Once more the young preacher of twenty-six had the better of his enemies. Once more, while they pined in dusk envy and pale fear, he fed in peace.

It was the 17th of February 1688 when James Renwick was martyred. Before the year was out, the Stuarts were in exile, and the persecution was closed. He died as the herald of a more gracious day. "He was of old Knox's principles," his adversaries said, when they noted his unassailable steadfastness. But we may take our farewell of him in words which were written by one who loved him dearly: "When I speak of him as a man, none more comely in features, none more prudent, none more heroic in spirit, yet none more meek, more humane and condescending. . . . He learned the truth and counted the cost, and so sealed it with his blood."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LO, THE WINTER IS PAST.

WHEN James Renwick died, the persecution had been prolonged for twenty-eight years of daily alarms and miseries. It is not easy to arrive at an accurate computation of the victims of the sorrowful and weary time. John Howie in *The Scots Worthies* may overshoot the mark, and yet he cannot be far from the truth. Eighteen thousand, he calculates, endured either death or "the utmost hardship and privation." Of these, seventeen hundred were banished to the American plantations; and, out of the seventeen, two hundred were lost in shipwreck. To the northern islands of Scotland, then almost a *terra incognita,* seven hundred and fifty were exiled, to wear out an existence which would have been forlorn enough if it had not been sweetened by supernal consolations. Those sentenced to imprisonment in the Tolbooths of the towns, and the dungeons and keeps of the country, are reckoned at two thousand eight hundred. Those killed in skirmish and insurrection were at least six hundred and eighty; while no fewer than seven thousand sought voluntarily an asylum under milder and friendlier skies. In the fields and on the hillsides five hundred were slain in cold blood; and three hundred and sixty were executed after some form of examination had been perfunctorily and summarily hurried through. It is impossible to count

the men and women and children who succumbed to rain and frost and fatigue and hunger in their wanderings across mosses and mountains. When everything is remembered, John Howie's figure of eighteen thousand cannot be much in excess of the grim reality.

But even the long winter of the Arctic world yields place to summer and sunshine. The days lengthen. The ice melts. The flowers appear on the earth. And the end of the travail and anguish of the Scottish Church was at hand.

King James touched nothing which he did not mismanage and spoil. His policy was a curious mixture of tyranny and toleration. A Romanist himself, he was resolved to grant new liberties to his Catholic subjects. But he dared not single them out alone for the enjoyment of favour ; the country, he realised, was too fervently Protestant to permit such a preference. Of necessity he embraced other excluded folk in the largess he distributed. In Scotland, the year 1687 saw no less than three Indulgences issued under the royal seal. These suspended "all penal and sanguinary laws made against any for nonconformity to the religion established by law," and gave sanction to His Majesty's "loving subjects to meet and serve God after their own way and manner, be it in private houses, chapels, or places purposely hired or built for that use." Only against the Conventicler did the lightnings continue to flash forth ; the Acts which Parliament had decreed for the suppression of the gatherings in the open fields were left in full force ; for impenitent Cameronians it seemed that there could be no whisper of mercy and no outgate into freedom. Yet here were large measures of release, which might carry in them the promise of a hopefuller

era. If the followers of Renwick denounced them, there were Presbyterian ministers, in prison or banishment or hiding, who welcomed James's Indulgences, and returned to their homes under the shelter of their provisos. But even they, profiting although they did by the altered current of affairs, had no confidence in the man who brought it about.

They could not but see that he was a despot of the purest type. The emancipation he allowed them was their birthright, to which they had an inalienable claim; they ought never to have been defrauded of it; and, now that it was restored, the acknowledgment should have been made that the King gave them merely what was their due. But there was no such admission. On the contrary, the liberty was described emphatically as a singular boon, bestowed in virtue of "Our sovereign authority, prerogative royal, and absolute power." It came from an autocrat, who might withdraw his concessions as arbitrarily as he had granted them. They must have remarked, also, how he tore down with one hand what he built up with the other. While the Indulgences preached toleration, the Killing Time ran its unhindered course, and men were still butchered on the moors or dragged to execution in the Grassmarket. There was no effective quenching of the fires of persecution, no sheathing as yet of the sword which had been dipped so deeply in Covenanting blood. And it was not a hard matter to divine the motive which underlay the surface clemency. Had there been no Roman Catholics to secure from disabilities and penalties, the bluebonnets would have been kept in the heat of the scorching furnace. Not because they were pitied, not because at length some sense of their tragic woes had touched the stony heart of the monarch, was the

relaxation yielded, but solely because those who stood at the opposite pole from themselves in the religious world were in need of roomier space and an ampler air.

And Scotland dreaded nothing so profoundly as the return of Roman Catholicism. The peril crept close to her in those months. James induced many of the nobles to send their children abroad, that they might be educated in Jesuit colleges. At home, under the care of zealous priests, schools were established, where the boys and girls of the poor were taught without fees. Popish ecclesiastics, brought from the Continent, walked about the Edinburgh streets in their monkish dress. Protestant books and pamphlets were suppressed as "insulting to the King's religion." The highest honours in the country were conferred on men who had abjured the creed and Church of their youth, in order that they might insinuate themselves into the graces of their bigoted sovereign: James Drummond, the Earl of Perth, was Chancellor, and his brother, Lord Melfort, was Secretary of State. Things were much amiss when even Bluidy Mackenzie was angered into revolt, and resigned his office rather than help James to travel farther along the path of absolutism and priestcraft. For nearly two years, from May 1686 until February 1688, he ceased to be King's Advocate, his place being filled, curiously enough, by Sir John Dalrymple, the ally and friend of the Presbyterians. But he, too, had soon to go; he had no satisfaction in executing the behests of the tyrant on the throne. For a few brief months Sir George Mackenzie came back, to administer the law with much less virulence than formerly; he realised that the catastrophe was not far off, and that the days of the dynasty were numbered. By and by the first

mutterings of the impending storm were heard. The mob sacked the chapel which the Chancellor had fitted up in his town house, and pelted the Countess with mud; and, when the soldiers from the Castle attempted to disperse the rioters, they found themselves greeted with volleys of stones. The weather portents could not be blacker or more ominous.

Then momentous tidings came in from England. The seven bishops were tried for their refusal to read the King's proclamations, and were acquitted; and Westminster Hall rang with the shouts of the delighted multitude. Anglican and Nonconformist joined hands, Tory and Whig made common cause against the injustice of the Throne. In June 1688 an event took place which accelerated the crisis. The Prince of Wales was born. South and north of the Tweed the nation understood now that the fate of Protestantism was irrevocably sealed, unless something decisive was done without delay. If a Catholic son should succeed to the heritage of a Catholic father, there could be but one result—the destruction of the religious liberties of the Commonwealth. There was no more dallying. The fateful address was sent to the Hague, to William Henry, Prince of Orange and Count of Nassau, stadtholder of the republic of the United Provinces. Shaftesbury signed it; and Danby; and Devonshire; and Lord Lumley, who parted from James only because he loved his honour and his country more than his King; and Edward Russell; and Henry Sidney, Algernon's brother; and Compton, the suspended Bishop of London. They implored William to cross the seas at once, and to constitute himself the deliverer of the land. The rest is a familiar story. How, in the first week of November, the Dutch fleet rode safely in the harbour of Torbay. How all the land grew

vocal with cries of "No Popery!" and "A Free Parliament!" and "The Protestant Religion!" How, after one abortive effort at flight, James, between two and three o'clock in the morning of the 23rd of December, stole through a Rochester garden to the banks of the Medway, and boarded a frigate, which landed him at Ambleteuse on the French coast. How, after many debates over troublesome points of procedure, William and Mary were proclaimed King and Queen in February 1689. The Glorious Revolution was complete.

In Scotland there were to be tumultuous experiences before the reign of orderliness and quiet was fairly inaugurated. On the eve of his departure from Holland, William had sent a Declaration to the northern kingdom. He spoke of its lamentable condition under the arbitrary rule of the Stuarts, of the extravagant privileges extended to men whose faith was abhorrent to the bulk of the citizens, of the terrorism exercised over the Judges, of the autocratic powers which had been claimed and wielded without ruth and without limit. He offered himself to the Scots as defender of the Protestanism they loved, and of the civil freedom which they were in danger of losing outright. The Privy Council forbade the Declaration to be published; but in the western shires, always the peculiar home and fortress of Presbytery, it was widely disseminated. Within the walls of many a cottage, and at the meetings for worship, its terms were read; and hearts beat more quickly, and eyes were filled with tears. The men and women of the Covenant knew that their redemption drew nigh.

By the end of the year, Edinburgh was crowded with the supporters of the Prince of Orange; and

those who championed the discredited King could make no headway in the endeavour to retrieve his falling fortunes. A disturbance in the streets frightened Lord Chancellor Perth into flight; after a week or two, he was captured in the attempt to escape to the Continent; and for four years he lay in prison. The Catholic chapel at Holyrood was demolished; and the townsmen and the trainbands burned in a bonfire its ornaments and Popish books and paraphernalia of idolatry. This was the time, too, when the "rabbling" of the curates went merrily forward in the capital and over the country.

These pitiful curates had not a friend outside the threshold of their own families. Their methods of conducting the service of God had not differed very greatly from the severe simplicities of the Presbyterian order; for Scottish Episcopacy in the seventeenth century was devoid of liturgical forms and of the pomps of ceremony and ritual. But by nine-tenths of the inhabitants, alike in the burghs and the little rural villages, they had themselves been held in unmitigated dislike. They came as usurpers, the tools of a tyrannical system; and, being in most instances unacquainted with either learning or godliness, they had never been able to live down their initial disadvantage. Now that they were dismissed, nobody wept over their going. And yet, hirelings and intruders and "graceless graces" although they were, the wish rises in the mind that they had been handled with more forgivingness and magnanimity. No doubt, it is "matter of admiration," as Wodrow says, "that the provoked people ran not to a far greater length"; and Patrick Walker marvels much at his own leniency and that of his Cameronian kinsfolk. "How would they tremble and sweat," he asks—the miserable and

obnoxious preachers—"if they were in the Grass-market, going up the ladder, with the rope before them, and the lad with the pyoted coat at their tail?" It is a pertinent question; but, for all that, the "rabbling" was a process neither dignified nor generous. Some three hundred were ejected from church and manse. The incumbent was led to the town's Cross, or to another convenient spot where the people were accustomed to congregate. His indictment was solemnly recited. Not the slightest injury was done to his person, and no scrap of his property was harmed, except the fringed gown that he wore—a vestment which was viewed with special aversion. This was torn from him, and trampled ignominiously beneath a hundred protesting feet. The ceremony finished, the disrobed man was marched to the boundaries of the parish, and there cast off without word or look of pity or regret or goodwill. Thus, after many days and much provocation, the Earl of Middleton's puppets were, somewhat rudely, unsaddled and turned adrift.

The "rabblings," however, did not terminate the battle. Fighting on the graver and grander scale was imminent. In April 1689 the Convention in Edinburgh framed the Claim of Right, declaring that "King James the Seventh, being a professed Papist," had "forfaulted" his royal place, so that "the Throne was become vacant"; and, after the interval of a day, William and Mary were proclaimed at the Mercat Cross. But, some weeks previously, one man, whose name has figured often in these pages, had determined to strike a resolute blow on behalf of the old order. John Graham of Claverhouse, whom James had created Viscount Dundee, finding that the city was no longer a safe home for a partisan with his past history and his present sympathies, had ridden away northward.

He knew that he could rely on the aid of all those Highland clansmen who hated the Campbells of Argyll. They clustered round him in Lochaber; and, for nearly half a year, he maintained with extraordinary daring and skill a guerilla warfare against the Government. It is the portion of his biography on which it is possible to look back with something akin to pride. If he fought for the cause of oppression, he fought with unflagging spirit and persistent loyalty. Of him it may be said, as was said of another, that nothing in his life became him like the leaving it. The end, splendid and unforgotten, came on the heights of Killiecrankie. On the 27th of July, after sunset, his men, few in number, half-starved, weary with their toilsome campaigning, rushed down the hillside on General Mackay and the King's troops. They threw away their guns as they ran pellmell to meet the bayonets of their enemies. They broke into wild and unearthly cries. They swung their broadswords and axes to right and left with terrible effect. The Royalists were panic-stricken, and fled. Many were drowned in the foaming waters of the Garry. Many more were slaughtered. The rout was as thorough as it could be. Yet the sorest loss was with the followers of James. Claverhouse had received his death-wound a few minutes after the conflict began. A bullet pierced his side below the breastplate, as he rose in his stirrups to wave his plumed hat and to cheer his Highlanders and Irishmen in prospect of the fray. The bravest ally of the Stuarts, and the prime antagonist of the Covenanters, was gone.

Three weeks later, at Dunkeld, the last scenes in the strife were enacted. William Cleland, the young poet and captain of Drumclog, had, in those stirring days of 1689, raised and marshalled his regiment of

Cameronians—men of character and religion, who rejoiced to serve under such competent command for the wage of sixpence a day. To these Cameronians the task fell of defending Dunkeld against the Highland army, which was expected to attack the town as it swept southward on its victorious progress towards the Lowlands. It was an army flushed into arrogance by its recent triumph over King William's General. It was six or seven times as numerous as the small force which stood in its way. Its success seemed sure. The Covenanters themselves feared that their position was untenable. They sent a deputation to Cleland, suggesting that they should retreat while there was still the chance of doing so without reproach. But the word "retreat" had no place in the dictionary of their captain. "I have been bidden to hold Dunkeld," he said, "and for me, I shall stay here although every man in the regiment leaves me." "We will never do that," they replied; "but the officers have their horses, whereas we cannot ride for it, if it should come to the worst." Cleland turned to his orderly. "Lead out the horses, and let them be shot," he commanded; "and you will know that we shall stand by you, if you stand by us." But all the misgivings had been dispelled. "No!" the men cried—"we trust our Colonel and our officers." The duel which ensued was tremendous. The outposts of the Cameronians were driven in; but from dyke to dyke they retired in good order, until they had massed themselves together in one steadfast phalanx. Against this the Highlanders charged, with swords in hand, as they had done at Killiecrankie, only to be met by the pikes and halberts of their adversaries, and to be repulsed again and again. After a time the bullets of the Covenanters were exhausted; but lead was cut from the flat roof of

Dunkeld House, and melted in furrows dug in the earth, and the struggle went on. From seven in the morning until noonday it raged, and then the clansmen abandoned their onslaught and fled in disorder to the hills, while the Cameronians paused and sang their loud thanksgiving to God for His mighty acts. After Dunkeld, William's power over Scotland was uncontested and safe. But Colonel Cleland, like John Graham, died in the smoke and fever of the battle. At an early point in the fight he was shot through both head and body, as he went from post to post encouraging his officers and men. "Carry me into the house behind us," he said, "that they may not lose heart when they see how I am wounded." While they obeyed his request, he breathed his last. After the turmoil had sunk into calm and the day was won, the soldiers who loved him prepared his resting-place in the nave of the old cathedral, near the western door. There he lies "where he longed to be," on the ground guarded so manfully against overpowering odds by those good comrades whom he had trained in the art of war.

A hundred difficulties confronted King William in his settlement of the Scottish Church. If he was himself a Presbyterian by predilection and profession, he was surrounded in London by Anglican advisers; and he was well aware that, in spite of the "rabblings," many northern parishes were occupied still by the curates. Among these eddies and shoals and contrary tides, it was a perplexing problem to know in which direction to pilot the vessel. Some of the historians have insisted that the King desired to find the solution in the establishment of a modified and carefully guarded Episcopacy; but we look in vain for confirmation

of the statement. The fatuousness of the Scottish bishops had, surely, made such an issue an incredibility. In the beginning of November in 1688, when the Revolution was almost an accomplished fact, thirteen of them signed and sent to James one of the most obsequious and fawning letters ever penned. They spoke of him as "the darling of heaven." They said that his "long, illustrious, and unparalleled line was the greatest glory of this ancient realm." They avowed their intention of inculcating, more strongly than they had yet done, the duty of allegiance to His Majesty as "an essential part of religion." Having heard rumours of an invasion from Holland, they prayed with impassioned ardour that "God would still preserve and deliver" their beloved monarch "by giving him the hearts of his subjects and the necks of his enemies." It was a document as stupid as it was servile. It prevented the prelates from having any share in the ecclesiastical reconstruction of Scotland.

One most persevering pleader on behalf of Episcopacy was Sir George Mackenzie. On a winter's day, in London, he dined with the Archbishop of Canterbury and with others of the English prelates. He confessed that in his own country the bishops had done much harm; but he added that they had now come to their senses. He implored the Primate to use his influence with William in their favour. He himself wrote an appeal to the Prince. In its sentences he argued that, while in England the Reformation had been brought about by the royal authority, in Scotland the movement had been solely the result of popular passion and violence, and that nothing was so inconsistent as Presbytery with the respect and reverence due to the sovereign. But he spoke to ears

that remained unconvinced ; and soon his own public career was at an end. When, in the spring of 1689, the Scottish Convention offered the crown to William and Mary, he ceased to take an active part in the affairs of the Kingdom. There are pathetic stories of how, at this time, he would wander for hours through the Churchyard of the Greyfriars, and how men saw him there alone at midnight on the eve of his final departure from Edinburgh. Some would fain have had him punished for his severities and injustices as Lord Advocate ; but the Whig government was too tolerant to encourage such reprisals. The last two years of his life—he died in 1691—were spent in quietness, sometimes in Oxford and sometimes in London. John Evelyn, with whom he had crossed foils in one of the mock-duels of literature, met him in the former town at the table of the Bishop of St. Asaph's. He testifies to his persistent attachment to Episcopacy and as persistent dislike of the Covenants. Who was it, cried Sir George, who first introduced Presbytery to Scotland ? He had his own astounding answer to the question. It was a Jesuit priest in disguise, who had done the mischief back in the spacious times of great Elizabeth. He began the system of extemporaneous prayer. He feigned himself the champion and propagandist of unliturgical devotions and evangelical sermons. And he lived for years without being discovered for what he really was !

The new Church must be modelled on the old Presbyterianism of John Knox and Andrew Melville and Alexander Henderson ; but to get it done was no child's play. In July 1689 the first step was taken. Then "a lawful and free Parliament"—an institution whose face and likeness the nation had not seen for years—rescinded all those Acts which had maintained

that in the Kingdom of Jesus Christ there are officers superior to the elders or Presbyters of the New Testament. The Episcopalian hierarchy was stamped with disapproval and was robbed of its diadem. In the succeeding April, when the Parliament entered on its second session, other notable decisions followed. Those Covenanting ministers who had been ejected, when Charles and his councillors upset everything which Scotsmen counted dear, were restored to the parishes they had known and taught and yearned over in the older and better era. Not more than sixty of them survived; and who will say with what thoughts, lying too deep for tears, the sixty wind-beaten men went back to the scenes where the ministries of their youth had been fulfilled? At the same time the fines and forfeitures imposed during the persecution were cancelled; and the decrees passed against Conventicles, with the tests and oaths and penalties of eight-and-twenty bitter years, were repealed. It was as when the tossing billows of a protracted storm subside at last, and again the sailors can breathe freely; or as when the dawn of an Emancipation Day releases the serfs whose vassalage has been long-continued and humiliating; or as when the hero Beowulf slew the Grendel with his own hand-grip, and the helpless lands of Hrothgar awoke to a happiness as strange as it was blessed.

The midsummer of 1690 brought the most significant enactment of all. On the 7th of June it received the imprimatur of Parliament. It provided for the perpetual corroboration of all laws "made against Popery and Papists, and for the maintenance of the reformed Protestant religion." It ratified "the Confession of Faith as the public and avowed Confession of this Church." It established "the Presbyterian

church government and discipline," as these had been set up in 1592 ; for were they not " agreeable to the Word of God and most conducive to the advancement of true piety and godliness " ? And it appointed " the first meeting of the General Assembly to be at Edinburgh, the third Thursday of October next to come." In this great statute the thirty-three chapters of the Westminster Confession were printed in full, and so the theological fiats of the Jerusalem Chamber form to this hour an integral portion of the law-book of the Scottish nation. Little remained to be added when things had proceeded thus far. In the middle of July, patronage was abolished ; and, if to the heritors and elders there was conceded the right to propose the fitting minister to a vacant congregation, the parishioners themselves kept the power either to accept him or to refuse. The Kirk had risen from the dust, and was robing herself afresh in her beautiful garments.

Much has been written both for and against the Revolution Settlement. It certainly was not perfect. The mailed hand of the State was by far too prominent. King and legislature planned all, decided all, confirmed and approved all ; and the Church had scanty opportunity of making her voice heard ; to a large extent she was treated as a negligible quantity. Some of the concessions, too, were granted reluctantly and with bad grace. William, while he wrought an urgent and marvellous deliverance for Britain, was not a man to kindle the white heat of enthusiasm and the red glow of affection. He was reserved and austere ; and it was only in the moment of battle and the crisis of danger, as Macaulay tells us, that the coldness thawed and his nature took fire. Many a desirable boon he spoiled by the grudging manner of its bestowment. A more fundamental defect still, in the eyes of those

Covenanters whose consistency was undeviating and firm, was that the Settlement ignored some of the most memorable attainments of the past. It did not revoke the Act Rescissory, by which the Drunken Parliament had erased in a trice much that was brightest and worthiest in the Church's record of achievement; it left the wicked decree untouched. For this reason mainly, the Cameronians deliberately elected to stand outside the General Assembly of the Revolution period. Three of their preachers, Alexander Shields being the most famous, did find a home within its bounds; but only three. The inflexible majority, true to themselves and hating all paltering and accommodation, refused to countenance arrangements which were not the highest but merely the next to the highest. Thankful as their inexorable souls were when "the new sun rose bringing the new year," they recognised with sadness that even this nobler and joyfuller epoch was not that *acceptable Year of the Lord* for which they had prayed and bled.

But, if the Settlement had unmistakable shortcomings, it was the parent of abundant good. It put an end to the pains and wrongs of persecution. It gave the people of Scotland the Church for which they cherished an ineradicable love, and the ministers whose enforced absence and silence they had mourned. It ushered in the gladder age which still runs its course, when conscience is freed from the hateful dictation of palaces and consistories and unjust Courts of Justice, when national and religious despotisms are clothed with merited dishonour, and when men and women dwell in a wide room. The disciples of Richard Cameron and Donald Cargill and James Renwick, if they would fain have had the enfranchised State and the comforted Church permeated by a still diviner atmosphere, were

to a great degree the human architects of those liberties which the country welcomed with overflowing gratitude, and in which she read the promise of a stable and prosperous future. They might be disappointed, as all knights and votaries of the ideal are disappointed. But tens of thousands reaped the bountiful harvest of the seed they sowed in a wild and stormy spring, and praised God for the valleys covered over with corn.

EPILOGUE.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY MEETS AGAIN.

THE Parliament of 1690 had invited the General Assembly of the Church to meet once more; and, on the 16th of October, the invitation was obeyed. Thirty-seven years had come and gone since Cromwell dispersed the last gathering of Presbyterian ministers and elders—years crowded with labours and sacrifices and griefs. As the members took their places in the old Assembly Aisle of St. Giles's Church, what visions they saw! what battles they fought anew! what scaffolds rose, stark and yet glorious, before the eyes of the mind! They could not forget that they had travelled to their inheritance out of the house of bondage and through a land of pits and snares. It was natural and right that they should give their earliest sessions to the exercises of solemn fasting and prayer, to meditation on the words and ways of God, and to adoring praise of Him Who had led them so wondrously to the city of habitation.

Lord John Carmichael was the Commissioner of the King — a man prudent, intelligent, of quiet and equable temper. There were present, Principal Rule says, one hundred and sixteen ministers and forty-seven ruling elders. "For the age, piety, learning, and gravity of the members," writes one who had his seat in the Assembly Aisle, "it is much to be doubted if they were not equal, if not superior, to any

convocation of churchmen that ever were in Britain in our day." Men were there who had carried gun and sword at Rullion Green and Bothwell Bridge; men who bore branded on their bodies the marks of the rack and the thumbscrew, and who could tell of the horrors of Dunnottar and the Bass; men on whose heads the Government of Charles and James had set a price, and who had been laid under the ban of intercommuning, so that it was a capital offence to let them have a morsel of food or to hide them from their pursuers. There was pathos in the meeting of these veterans of the faith, whose hair was grey and whose cheeks were furrowed. Yet there was much cheerfulness too. An old legend relates that Lazarus never smiled after he left his charnel-cave and returned to Mary's house; but, although they had passed through seven deaths, the Covenanters had not forgotten how to smile. Like the Little Brothers of Assisi, they were the merry men of the Lord.

Hugh Kennedy was chosen their Moderator. He was a Protester of the antique type, *an early disciple,* as was Mnason of Cyprus, who accompanied St. Paul from Cæsarea to act as his host in Jerusalem. Not one of the others who did not respect him for his saintly character and his well-tried attachment to the Kirk. He had been so keenly opposed to Prelacy that the Malignants nicknamed him "Bitter Beard." But they mistook the man altogether. His brethren assure us that his disposition was gentle and sweet and helpful, and that he brimmed over with pleasantry and good humour.

> It was his nature
> To blossom into song, as 'tis a tree's
> To leaf itself in April.

Round the Moderator some ministers are grouped, who have been with him in the crucible of affliction.

One is old Gabriel Sempill of Jedburgh. He assisted when the Covenants were renewed at the Town Hall of Lanark, in those wintry days of 1666 which saw the insurgents on their road to defeat at Pentland. He is, we remember, a gentleman by birth, being the son of Sir Bryce and the grandson of Lord Sempill. Often he has been the comrade of John Welsh and John Blackader in their adventures and deliverances and field-preachings ; but, whilst they have gone to be with Christ in the upper sanctuary, he has escaped his perils "with the skin of his teeth," and is eager to do his part in rebuilding the desolated and ruined Church. "Eminently countenanced of God with success in the work of the Gospel" Gabriel Sempill has been ; and he stands in the Assembly of 1690 with a vigour so unimpaired that Thomas Boston, when he hears him speak in a yet later year, is compelled to marvel. "I was in a manner amazed," the listener confesses, "for his words went out through me and in through me, so that I said in my heart, Happy are those that hear thy wisdom!" The Conventicler's natural and supernatural force is not abated.

William Veitch sits not far away, the husband of heavenly-hearted Marion Veitch, and the friend who did his utmost for the Earl of Argyll. And, beside him, is his chief companion, Gilbert Elliot, who will be Lord Minto soon and a Judge on the Edinburgh bench. Once, when he was a young advocate, Elliot contrived to bring about Veitch's acquittal and to save his life. "Ah, Willie, Willie!" he whispers to him now, "had it no' been for me, the pyots had been pyking your pate on the Netherbow Port!" But the shrewd minister has his retort ready. "Ah, Gibbie, Gibbie! had it no' been for me, ye would have been writing papers yet for a plack the page!" These are

the quips and jests which enliven the Assembly's serious toil.

There, too, one can look up into the serene face of a man most gracious, whose name alone might fill St. Giles's Church with odours of spikenard—devout and apostolic Thomas Hog of Kiltearn. We have not forgotten how, on the Bass, Archbishop Sharp was his good physician ; but, indeed, nothing and no one could hurt Thomas Hog, for his life was hid with Christ in God. He spent whole nights in prayer ; and to this day his sanctity is recalled in the north country, by those who love to meditate on the years of the right hand of the Most High. Four summers before the Revolution took place, he predicted that the change was certain to come, sending this message to the Prince of Orange out of the distresses of the Killing Time : " Tell him that I have assurance of the Lord that, though the Church of Scotland is under a dark cloud now, yet it will be over quickly, and that he shall be the instrument of her enlarging and shall be King of these realms." Now his prophecy was realised, and his joy was full. The fidelity of the martyr accompanied him to the ending of his pilgrimage. He ordered his grave to be dug on the threshold of his Highland church, and on the tombstone he bade them write the admonition : " This stone shall bear witness against the parishioners of Kiltearn, if they bring ane ungodly minister in here." The mightiest transports moved and thrilled Thomas Hog.

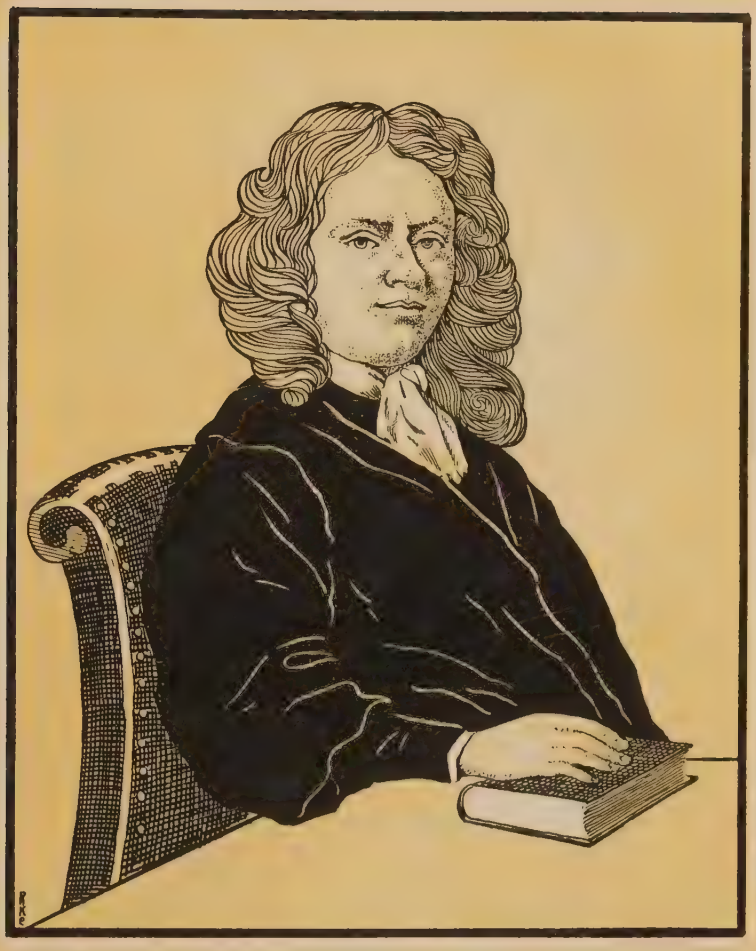
A true spiritual brother of the saint was Henry Erskine ; and he also was a participant in the debates and verdicts of the Assembly. Forty-five years later all Scotland was to ring with the words and deeds of his sons, Ebenezer and Ralph. To his preaching, too, Boston, " whose golden pen to future times will

bear his name," ascribed, under God, the awakening of the new life in his soul. But Henry Erskine is worth knowing for his own sake. He had a great fortitude. When he stood before the Privy Council with the instruments of torture fastened on his hands, Sir George Mackenzie ordered him to preach no more at the meetings in the fields. But he would not be browbeaten. "My lord," he replied, "I have my commission from Christ, and, though I were within an hour of my death, I durst not lay it down at the feet of any mortal man." There spoke the stout confessor who feared his unseen Master so much that he felt no meaner fear. And he had a childlike faith. Once, in the cottage at Dryburgh, the meagre stock of provisions was consumed at supper-time, and in the night the children awoke crying for bread. Their father had none to give them, but he trusted the better Father to send the supply. So meanwhile he took down his gittern, and played to the bairns, and comforted their mother with the promises of God. And erelong some one knocked peremptorily at the door, and a stranger on horseback left a bag stocked with food, and became surly when he was asked who he was and from which quarter he had come, and rode immediately away into the dark. Above Henry Erskine's head, let the weather be fair or foul to his neighbours, the sky was always blue. In his heart, every month of the twelve, the birds sang, and the flowers bloomed, and the river of the water of life made happy music.

These men of the Covenant were saints, "first and last and midst and without end." But there were members of Assembly somewhat different in their temperament, more politic and more courtly: Dr. Gilbert Rule, for example, the Principal of the University of Edinburgh, who was to distinguish himself

in after years by his writings in defence of Presbytery ; and David Blair, minister of the Old Church, son of the famous Resolutioner of St. Andrews and parent of the poet of *The Grave.* Rule's spirituality and Blair's was, no doubt, genuine ; and yet it was not of that masterful and illimitable and unearthly sort which invested Hog and Erskine with the fragrance and the glory of the sons of God. There were threads of attachment which bound them tightly to the world of the seen and temporal.

The prince of this party, who was in constant attendance at the sitting in St. Giles, though he represented the Court in London rather than any congregation or Presbytery in Scotland, was William Carstares. " He surely," says a eulogist in the *Coltness Collection,* " was one of the greatest clergymen who ever embellished any church." And so, beyond question, he was. But the greatness is not altogether of the ethereal kind. The diplomatist was blended in Carstares with the disciple, the statesman with the Christian. His was a potent voice in Parliament, although he never sat in the legislative chamber. His was a prevailing and unceasing influence with the King, although he wore the Geneva gown of an unpretending preacher. His father, John Carstares, had shown him a rare example of lifelong faithfulness, and he had himself undergone the agony of the thumbkins. But he was of a more modern school than the old Covenanter. The virtues of the resourceful man of affairs were united in his nature with those of the servant of Christ : courage and address, sagacity and wit and caution, patience and conciliatoriness and charity, moderation and tolerance. Many different estimates of him have been bequeathed to us by his contemporaries. " He is the cunningest dissembler in the world, with an air



WILLIAM CARSTARES.

of sincerity," his ecclesiastical and political antagonists maintained. "Through all the vicissitudes of fortune," his friends replied, "he preserved the same humble spirit and simple worth, the same zealous piety, the same amiable and affectionate heart." "I have known him long," King William declared with a warmth which he did not often manifest, "I know him thoroughly, and I know him to be a truly honest man." One approaches a personality that bulks largely in the public view from the angle of hostility, or from the angle of reverence, or from the angle of intimate and brotherly fellowship, and how diverse the personality seems! It is a tribute to Carstares's real magnitude that he moved men to feelings so various and contradictory; a lesser soul would not have appeared so kaleidoscopic. And, doubtless, there were elements of truth in all the portraitures.

He could do fearless things. On one occasion he risked the loss not only of his master's favour but of his own head. In 1694 the King wished to impose on the Church in Scotland terms which her members could not have subscribed without forfeiting every shred of their spiritual independence. He said that, if they refused to obey his orders, the General Assembly of that year must be dissolved. Either issue—that of submission or that of resistance—meant the downfall of Presbyterianism. Carstares did not hesitate. It was late at night when he heard the character of the despatches which William was sending to his Commissioner in Edinburgh. At once he hastened to the messenger, just setting out on his journey, and in His Majesty's name required him to deliver up the royal letters. It was done. Then he hurried to the King's apartments. William was asleep. He awoke him. He told his astonished sovereign that he had come, at

this untimely season and with such temerity, to beg for his own life. "Of what crime," William asked, "have you been guilty that you deserve to die?" He produced the despatches. At first the King frowned and fumed; but Carstares craved the privilege of an interview. Before it was over, William acknowledged his error, and bade his monitor throw the fatal letters into the fire.

And he could do things most kindly and chivalrous. There is a story narrated by his first biographer, which helps us to understand how thoughtful he was and how generous. Among the ejected curates none was more scurrilous in his denunciation of Presbytery than Robert Calder. One day this accuser of the brethren visited Carstares, and the leader of the Church noticed that his clothes were worn until they were threadbare. He surveyed him narrowly from head to foot, and, as he went out, asked him to return two days afterwards. No sooner had he left than Carstares sent for his own tailor, "and desired him to make a suit of clothes that would answer himself as to length but not so wide by two or three inches." They must be ready by the hour when the curate was expected to reappear. Calder came back, to find his host scolding the tailor in angry terms for mistaking his measure. It was impossible, he cried, and his visitor was compelled to acquiesce, that ever he could wear clothes so lacking in proportion and grace. "'Then,' says he, 'they are lost if they don't fit some of my friends; and by the bye,' adds he, 'I am not sure but they may answer you: be so good as to try, for it is a pity they should be thrown away.'" After some persuasion the guest complied, and discovered, to his surprise, that they fitted as if they had been made for him; and thereupon Carstares ordered the clothes to be packed up and sent to the poor man's

lodging. And this was not all; for into one of the pockets he slipped a ten-pound note, and when the curate wanted to restore it, "By no means, Calder," he protested; "it cannot belong to me; for, when you got the coat, you acquired a right to everything in it." It is seldom that the coals of fire are heaped so cleverly and so unselfishly on the head of an enemy.

When we recall such incidents as these, we do not feel very sorry that, in the Assembly of 1690 and its immediate successors, the authority of William Carstares was paramount. Though Richard Cobden's talk was of trade and tariffs, of wages, profits, rents, loans, debts, budgets, it is easy to see, writes Professor MacCunn, that there was room in him for much besides the things which were perforce most upon his lips. "Who was it, that vacant half-hour at Shrewsbury, who sighed for the knowledge of mullions and architraves that had been denied him? Who was it laughed at the Paisley manufacturer who wished to exploit the classic Doon for water-power? Who was it who never ceased to yearn for the peace and simplicity of country life? Who was it stirred the heart by his tribute to the heroism of those Quakers who held life light amid the horrors of the Irish famine? Who was it declared that, had he the casting of the rôle of the actors on the world's stage, he would not suffer a cotton mill to have a place in it?" Men are less materialistic, and more mystical and friendly with the skies, than their critics and detractors are willing to admit. There are moments when their nature opens out into unexpected beauties; theirs, too, are the consecration and the poet's dream. And if there was no small infusion of worldly wisdom in Carstares's scheming, active, capacious soul, there were sublimer qualities as well. He, also, was "nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars."

Under the high crown of old St. Giles we may leave the fathers of the Scottish Church, as they busy themselves in deliberation over the concerns of the goodly heritage which has been restored to them. They have been conducted from midnight darkness and trouble into a region of light and peace ; *hiems abiit moestaque crux.* In their hearts and on their lips are the expressive sentences of the Jewish singer, whose Babylonian captivity is past and gone—

If it had not been the Lord who was on our side,
Let Israel now say;
If it had not been the Lord who was on our side,
When men rose up against us:
Then they had swallowed us up alive,
When their wrath was kindled against us:
Then the waters had overwhelmed us,
The stream had gone over our soul;
Then the proud waters had gone over our soul.
Blessed be the Lord,
Who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth.
Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers:
The snare is broken, and we are escaped.
Our help is in the name of the Lord,
Who made heaven and earth.

END OF VOL. II

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